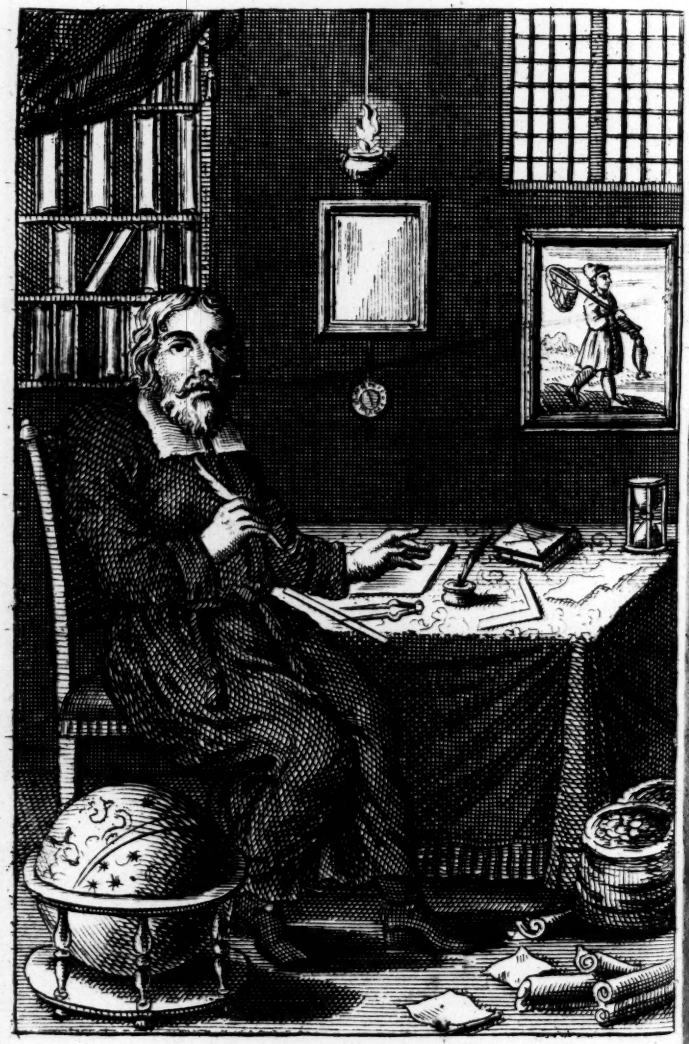
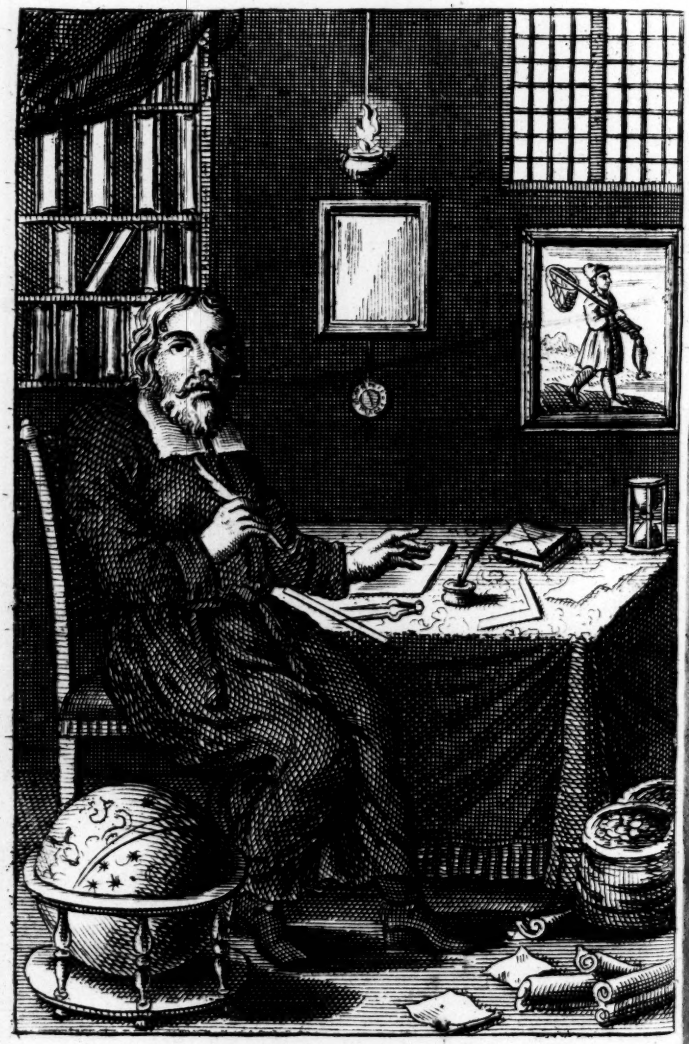


Mohamet the Turkish Spy



Mohamet the Turkish Spy

A CONTINUATION OF LETTERS Written by a Turkish Spy AT PARIS.

Giving an impartial Account to the Divan at *Constantinople* of the most Remarkable Transactions of *Europe*, and discovering several Intrigues and Secrets of the Christian Courts, especially of that of *France*; continued from the Year 1687, to the Year 1693.

Written originally in Arabick, *Translated into* Italian, *and from thence into* English.

LONDON,
Printed for *W. Taylor*, at the Sign of the *Ship* in *Pater-Noster-Row*, 1718.

#60-463

A

CONTINUATION

OF

LETTERS

Written by a

Gentleman

A

PARIS.

Giving an Impartial Account to the Divan, or Conversation of the most Remarkable Transactions of Europe, and Discoveries of Intrigues and Secrets of the Cabinet Courts, especially of that of France; continued from the Year 1687, to the Year 1693.

Translated out of Arabick. Printed from the Original manuscript Bagdad.

LONDON,

Printed for W. Hawkins, at the Sign of the Cock in Pater-Noster-Row, 1718.

THE PREFACE.

IT was not so much the Success of the former Volumes of these Letters, that has promoted their Continuance; but the Excellence of the Subject, the Beauty of the Manner, and the delightful Variety they present us with, convinc'd me that it was impossible but they should please.

If it were possible to give the Reader (in the Translation) the same Ideas he would conceive, were he to read the Original; could I translate, or indeed could our Language express the Story with the same Vivacity, the same Spirit, and the same Energy of Words as the old exquisitely qualified *Arabian* delivered it, how much superior would it be to what it now appears; with what Pleasure, with what Raptures and Extasies must it be received?

But 'tis not to be done: I may translate the Words, and I have some Hopes the Reader will suggest that I have done my Duty; but to render the sublime Flights of the incomparable

Mahmut, his bright Ideas, his ſurprizing Turns of Wit, and Flights of Fancy; I ſay, to render theſe exactly in our Language, is as difficult as 'tis for a Painter to repreſent the Paſſions, or a Carver to make his Figures ſpeak.

It is obſerv'd by the Curious, that the moſt difficult thing in the Limners Art is, to repreſent a Perſon ſinging; ſuppoſe it be the Picture of a young Lady, the utmoſt he can do is, to ſhew her Countenance bright, the Company liſtening, and appearing pleaſed; but alas towards the Sound, towards the Charm of her Voice, and the Beauty of her Judgment, he can do no more than paint her with her Mouth open, which is the meaneſt Poſture ſhe can, with Decency, be ſhewn in; and unleſs the other Paſſions diſcover it, ſhe may as well be ſuppoſed to be ſwearing, ſcolding, ſick, or any thing elſe, as well at ſinging.

We can no more repreſent the Eloquence, the Spirit, the ſprightly Turns, and the happy Genius of our accompliſh'd, inimitable *Arabian*, by the moſt laboured and ſtudied Tranſlation into *Engliſh*, than a Limner can paint the Voice, and give the Muſick of the Song in the Geſtures of the Lady.

But when I have acknowledg'd this, the Reader, I hope, will not find that all the Care has been taken to make old *Mahmut* ſpeak *Engliſh*, I ſay, all the Care that conſiſts with one very ſollicitous to pleaſe and oblige, as well as to divert and inſtruct.

Above all, I have followed that ſure Rule in our Tongue, and which, were it obſerved, would,

would, I believe, be acknowledged to be the best Rule in all Tongues, (*viz*) to make the Language plain, artless, and honest, suitable to the Story, and in a Stile easie and free, with as few exotick Phrases and obsolete Words as possible, that the meanest Reader may meet with no Difficulty in the Reading, and may have no Obstruction to his searching the History of things by their being obscurely represented.

It was objected, I know, to the former Volumes of this Work, that the *Turk* was brought in too much debasing the Christian Religion, extolling *Mahomet*, and speaking disrespectfully of Jesus Christ, calling him the *Nazaren*, and the Son of *Mary*, and it is certain the Continuation must fall into the same Method; but either *Mahmut* must be a *Turk* or no *Turk*, either he must speak his own Language or other Peoples Language, and how must we represent Words spoken by him in the first Person of invincible *Mahmut* the *Arabian*, if we must not give his own Language; and how can this Work be a Translation, if we must not translate the very Stile of the Original?

Let those who think they have Cause for any Observations of this Nature observe, that all Care possible is taken to represent such Passages in Terms that may give no Offence, and with this Caution to the Reader, that when he reads those Parts, he is desired to take them as the Words of the *Arabian*, not the Words of the Translator; and if any thing may be said to be left out of the Original, it can only be such Places where *Mahmut* may have

have taken more Liberties than might be proper for the Repetition of Christian Readers.

On the other Hand, it will be observed, in Defence of the Translation, and of the good Intention of the Translator, that as honest *Mahmut*, upon many Occasions, speaks very honourably, and even reverently of our Saviour, and particularly of the perfect Laws and Rules of Faith and Doctrine, and speaks with Detestation of the Apostacy of his Followers, and of the unworthy Behaviour of those who profess to be his Disciples and Worshippers; so the Translator has not fail'd to take all Occasions to do Justice to the Original in all those Cases in particular.

It is true, the Translator has some Letters on these Subjects which he has not thought fit to make publick, because of the nice Palates of a censorious Age, who will take all Advantages to insult the Publication of such a Stile, while yet they concern not themselves to hear the Deity of our blessed Lord insulted every Day in publick, by those who call themselves Believers, and even the Being of a God denied by a much worse Infidelity than that of a *Mahometan*.

It is an Observation not unworthy the Remark of our *Arabian*, and may be very useful to those that read him, (*viz.*) that the practical Atheism, so rife in the World in this Age, is a Sin engrossed among Christians; that the *Mahometans* know nothing of it; and that it is not heard of among the Mussulmans, that any Man should arrive to that Degree of Hardness in

in Crime, as to deny the Being of a God, whose Glory the Light of Nature so evidently reveals.

These Letters are not only a Record of History through the Years they refer to, and that not only respecting *France*, but all the Parts of the Christian World; but they are fruitful of improving Observations on many Subjects, as well Religious as Moral.

It is true, our *Arabian* grows ancient, and we find him casting his Thoughts upon the Pleasures of their *Mahomatan* Futurity; but as Christians should, when they grow nearer a future State, have their Minds ting'd with the Glories they expect; so we find his Understanding so far from a Decay by his Years, that he speaks of religious things with so much the more Relish and Taste, as if he realliz'd on Earth the Heaven he expected.

He must have very few Thoughts about him who cannot see that the older our Author grows, the more profitable and instructing his Writings will be, and yet we do not find his Fancy so confin'd, but that he ranges through all the Regions of Science, speaks of the Politicks of State, and Progress of Armies, with as true Deductions and as clear a Judgment as ever.

If our Correspondent at *Vienna*, to whom *Mahmut* committed his Papers, and to whom they were faithfully delivered by his Successor, does not deceive us, we may expect a yet greater Variety, towards the Conclusion of his Residence, than has yet seen the Light, and per-

perhaps some Remains of things omitted in the Time of former Publication, which, as they come to Hand, shall be communicated with the greatest Exactness, whether they may exactly correspond with the Chronology of former Publications or no; and tho' there may seem a little Confusion in such a Retrospect, yet I doubt not the Beauty of the Subject shall make full Amends for any Disorder in the Dates.

This has been the Reason why, even in this Volume, some Letters, especially of speculative Subjects, may come a little out of the Order of Time, which, I think, is a thing of so trifling a Nature, compar'd to the Advantage of their Publication, that it needs not the least Apology for it.

A TA-

A TABLE OF THE LETTERS and *Matters* contain'd in this Volume.

VOL. I.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

MAHMUT, an *Arabian* at *Paris*, to *Musa Emo Saban Reis Effendi*, or Secretary of State to the Grand Seignior. page 1

He complains of his having been so long exiled from his native Country, and conjures him to procure his Return, and invites him to a Meeting in Paradise.

II. To *Hassan Ebio Mirza Zebir*, great Mufti, or High-Priest of *Mahomet*. 5

He writes a sharp Satyr upon the Practice of the Nazarens, *in joining Mirth and warlike Musick to their Worship, and tells a Story how the* French *manag'd their* Te Deum, *joining the Noise of Cannon, Drums, and Trumpets, with their Praises.*

III. To *Cicala Bassa Beglerbeg* of *Romania*. 12

He gives him an Account of the Revolution in England, *and particularly how the Oversight of the* French *King was the only Occasion of the Enterprize of the Prince of* Orange *taking Effect.*

IV. To the most heavenly Pattern of Wisdom and Purity *Hassan Mirza Zebir*, Prince of the Mufties. 17

He gives him an Account of the Scandalous Conduct of some Popes, and tells him the Story of the Pope who declar'd the Story of Christ to be a Fable and a Cheat.

V. To *Hassan Amiel Zucharava*, Aga of the Janizaries. 22

He gives him a State of the approaching Confederacy, and a Character of the King of France, *of his formidable Power, and of his Generals and Officers.*

VI. To *Merat Abdimelcher*, Kadeleskar of *Natolia*. 27

He relates the Cruelty of the French *in the Desolations of the* Palatinate, *and the Absurdity of destroying Mankind, and then giving God Thanks for it.*

VII. To the Kaimacham. 31

He relates the Beginning of the War between the King of France *and the Confederates, and gives a farther Account of the Ravages of the* French *in the* Palatinate.

VIII.

VIII. To *Morat Abdiel Elzagrad*, Keeper of the Tomb of *Mahomet*. 33

He gives an Account of the Imposture or Absurdity of the Papists in preserving Reliques; how they are imposed upon by it; and tells a Story of the Merchant of Rochel, *who sold a Piece of an old Skull, taken up in a Church-Yard, as a Relick of St.* Thomas, *for* 20000 *Crowns, to the Bishop of* Marseilles.

IX. To *Imanzani Mehemet*, Kadilesker of *Romelia*. 37

He treats of the Abuses of the Papal Chair; of the Opposition made to Popery by the Hugonots; of the Pope being Antichrist, and tells him the Story of the Impostor Pope Joan.

X. To the venerable, sage Guide of Wisdom, Prince of the Law of *Mahomet*, and High-Priest of the *Mussulmans*. 42

He sends him an Account of the Death of Pope Innocent XI. *who the Hugonots call the Protestant Pope.*

XI. To the illustrious Leader of the Armies of the invincible Emperor of the Faithful, *Mehemet Orchanes Ogli*, Vizier *Azem*. 45

He congratulates the Mussulmans Empire, upon the exalting a Man of such Merit and Experience to the high Office of Grand Vizier. He gives him also an Account of the mighty Preparations for War in France, *both by Sea and Land.*

XII. To the Aga of the Janizaries. 48

He compliments him upon the Victory obtained by him over the Christians at the Battle of Nissa, *and sends him one of the Accounts of that Action, as it was published in* France.

XIII. To the most perfect in Wisdom and Virtue, the upright Instructor among the Faithful, *Vahimi Effendi*, Publisher of Truth, and Teacher of wise Sayings in the Presence of the Grand Seignior. 52

He jests with the popish Celebration of Days, particularly that of the Nativity of Christ, while they cannot agree upon the Time; and that of Good Friday, *while they know not whether it be a Feast or a Fast.*

XIV. To *Simeon Ben. Habbakkuk*, a *Jew* at *Salonicha.* 57

He tells him a Story of an Abbot in France, *who wrote* 17 *Volumes in* Folio, *being a Collection of sacred Relicks, and how Cardinal* Mazarine, *knowing the Cheat of those things, suppress'd the Books: He makes a Parable from the ridiculous Labours of the said Abbot to the thirty Years fruitless Labour* Simeon *had spent to restore the Authority of the Oral Law, and of the* Jewish *Misna, Talmud,* &c. *and exhorts him to give it over.*

XV. To the Kaimacham. 63

He gives him an Account of the abdicated King of England *taking Sanctuary in* France, *and how the King of* France *espouses his Quarrel against all* Europe.

XVI. To *Mahumed Nassuff*, formerly Bassa of *Caramania, Reis Effendi*, or chief Secretary of State. 67

He gives him an Account of the mighty Efforts of the King of France, *both by Sea and Land; how he bears up against the whole* Nazaren *World; of the Defeat of the Confederate Fleet, in the Sea-Fight at* Beachy-Head; *also an Account of the Battle of the* Boyn *in* Ireland.

XVII. To *Amurath Puelogli, Chaious Bassa* his Brothers Son, newly advanced to that Office. 71

He blames him for forsaking his Studies for a Servile Place at Court.

XVIII. To the perfect Judge, Mirror of Uprightness, and Distributer of Justice to the Faith-

Faithful, *Morat Ebbuchebh*, Kadelesker of *Salonicha* and the Isles. 74

He complains of the Mussulmans being secretly addicted to Wine, and adjures him to put the Laws in Execution strictly against it.

XIX. To the Kaimacham. 77

He gives him an Account how easily the French Gens d'Arms *defeat the* German *Horse, and wonders they should be so terrible to the Spahis; he tells them the Advantage which the* French *found in mounting their Troops with large heavy Horses, and moves them to have the* Ottoman *Cavalry so mounted.*

XX. To *Kara Hamaizath. Ungwair*, a Searcher of ancient Knowledge, a learned aged Emir at *Tacsebbassara* in *Arabia*. 81

He discourses of the Learning of the ancient Arabians, *the Testimony of the* Jews *and of other Nations to it, and proves that* Job *and his three Friends were of* Arabia.

XXI. To *Draout Zemaoglan*, his near Kinsman, under Clerk, or Deputy to the *Reis Effendi*, or Secretary of State. 86

He complains, that tho' he is in the very Secretary's Office, he sends him no News; but he is faign to learn the Affairs of the Grand Seignior, and the great Actions in the War, from the French *and* Dutch Gazettes; *he upbraids him with unnatural forgetting him, who is his nearest Parent, being his Father's Brother, and expatiates on the Principle of Sympathy, and a Converse of Souls.*

XXII. To the *Reis Effendi*, or Secretary of State. 90

He rejoices to hear of the Victories which the Mussulmans Army obtains over the Christians, particularly he mentions the taking of Nissa, *the Reduction*

of

of Servia, *and the Defeat of General* Heuster *in* Transylvania, *where he was taken Prisoner*, &c.

XXIII. To *Solyman Hugzani Oglou*, Aga of the Janizaries. 93

He expresses his Joy and Acknowledgment for having received Orders and a Sum of Money from him by the Grand Seignior's Command.

XXIV. To *Morat Abdomazar Ephiesmar Oglou*, a Student in the Law of *Mahomet*. 97

He exclaims against the Christians for being professed Atheists, and denying openly the very Being of a God, and triumphs that this is a Sin unknown among the Followers of Mahomet.

XXV. To the Prince of the Servants of God, Guide of the Faithful, Mirror of Wisdom and Council, the venerable *Esad*, high in the Favour of the Grand Seignior, and of our great Prophet *Mahomet*. 101

He gives him an Account of the Banishment of the Vaudois, *Subjects of the Duke of* Savoy. *Of their gallant Attempt to return by Force into their own Country, and the Success of it.*

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

TO *Mustapha Osman*, a Dervice of *Adrianople*, his Friend. 107

He acknowledges to have received the joyful Tidings that the Grand Seignior has granted him leave to return home; he discourses to him of the Extreams of Joy on such Occasions, which he compares to the sub-

subterraneous imprisoned Winds in the Earth, which occasion Earthquakes, &c.

II. To *Mahomet Tershekkah*, Vizier *Azem*. 114

He gives him an Account of the Death of the Duke of Lorrain.

III. To *Amurath Zahabbezin*, a proselyted *Jew* reconciled to the Doctrine of *Mahomet*. 121

He treats of the Degeneracy of the Jews *from their ancient Law, and proves that Degeneracy gave Rise to the Christian Religion, and also to that of* Mahomet.

IV. To *Mahomed Elmakem*, Student in History at *Trapezond*. 126

He gives him an Account of the Antiquity of the Arabians, *their Knowledge in Science, their Fame in the Wars, and their exquisite Learning.*

V. To the Kadilesker of *Natolia*. 132

A strange Relation of a Fit of Devotion in the King and whole Court at Versailles, *and of the true Design of it.*

VI. To *Morat Husain Abdeilomar*, Kaimacham of *Constantinople* 139

Of the Victories of France *over the Confederates, particularly at the Battle of* Flerus, *a Fight at Sea with the Confederate Fleet, and the Battle at* Sallusses *in* Piemont; *in all which the* French *are victorious.*

VII. To the Kutziler Aga, chief Eunuch, or chief of the Seraglio. 143

How the Victories of the Grand Vizier in Hungary *saved the King of* France *from utter Ruine; he exhorts the Port to take the Advantage and make Peace with the Emperor, seeing they may now make their own Terms.*

VIII. To the Kaimacham. 146

His Opinion of the Prince of Orange, *as he calls him, meaning King* William III. *and an Ac-*

counts

count of the great Congress at the Hague *in Compliment to the Prince, and of the forming the grand Alliance there against* France.

IX. To *Hoganquin Zemel Atran*, a Student of Antiquity at *Zaabbachz* in *Arabia*. 152

A Search into Antiquity for the Original of the Heathen Gods.

X. To the Captain Bassa. 157

Of the great Victory of the English *and* Dutch *over the* French *Fleet, and the Burning their Ships at* La Hogue.

XI. To *Amurath Zuhabbezim*, a proselyted *Jew* at *Trapezond*. 161

He confutes the Doctrines of the Talmudists, *and other* Jews, *concerning the Interpretations of the* Jewish *Laws by the Rabbins, and shews him, that to introduce a traditional Explanation of* Mahomet's *Law would be equally ridiculous.*

XII. To the *Reis Effendi*. 167

Of the Eruption into the Kingdom of France *by the Duke of* Savoy, *and the Distractions it put the whole Kingdom into.*

XIII. To *M. Ebn Allwazhhair*, a learned Man studying Astronomy at *Hadramurt* in *Arabia*. 171

He treats of the Improvements made in Science by the Studies of this Age; of the Difference between the ancient and the modern Philosophy.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

TO *Issuff Oglan*, Bassa, Teacher of the Exercises of Arms to the young Janizaries at *Constantinople*. 179

He shews him the Necessity of exercising the Janizaries into the Use of the same Discipline, the same way of fighting, and the Use of the same Arms with the German *Soldiers.*

II. To *Mehemet Asdan Cuprioglí*, victorious Conqueror of the *Nazarens*, Restorer of Glory to the Faithful, the right Hand of Honour, the Star of Praise, mighty Supporter of the tremendous Throne of the invincible Sultan *Achmet*, on whose Head be eternal Benediction. 184

Of the French *K. investing* Namure, *when he was surrounded with Enemies; the Consternation it put his Enemies into, and an Account of the Siege.*

III. To the Aga of the Janizaries. 189

He treats of the exquisite Management of the King of France, *in supporting his Power under the Weight of such powerful Enemies, and exhorts him to exercise the common Soldiers of the Mussulmans Empire to Arms, as the Janizaries are.*

IV. To the Aga of the Janizaries. 193

Of the King of France *proclaiming a publick Biram or Fast, and of the prodigious Success of his Arms which followed it.*

V. To the venerable Mufti, sage Mirror of celestial Wisdom, the inlightned Prince of the Oracles of Vertue, Guide of the true Believers to the Glories of Paradise, and Keeper of the Garden of Pleasure. 199

He gives him an Account of the miserable Degeneracy of the Christians into Atheism and Deism, and observes that the Mussulmans are not tainted with that Crime.

VI. To *Ali*, Bassa, Chief of the Engineers, and Seraskier of the *Morea*. 204

He gives him an Account of the French *taking the Castle of* Montmelian.

VII. To *Ibrahim Ebn Alhazar Reis Effendi*, or Secretary of State. 209

Of the Person appointed to succeed him.

VIII. To the Aga of the Janizaries. 212

Of the Defeat of the Germans *on the* Rhine *by the*

Duke de Lorge, *and the taking the Duke of* Wirtemberg *Prisoner.*

IX. To *Zema Ellmahannon*, an old Dervice of *Damascus.* 218

He exposes the Epicurean *Philosophy, and argues strongly the Necessity of a first Cause.*

X. To *Ali*, Bassa, Chief of the Engineers, and Seraskier of the *Morea.* 222

He gives him an Account of the Fortifications of Dunkirk.

XI. To the Kadilescher of *Romelia.* 226

He relates to him the Conspiracy of Captain Granval, *to assassinate the King of* England; *and reproaches the Ministry of the King of* France, *for being concern'd in so villainous an Action, which is justly abhorr'd by the Mussulmans, tho' against their worse Enemies.*

XII. To *Ali*, Bassa, Chief of the Engineers, and Seraskier of the *Morea.* 232

He sends him Plans of the Fortifications of several of the King of France *his Towns.*

XII. To the Kaimacham. 239

An Account of the Siege of Mons *in* Flanders.

XIII. To *Mahomed Elmaken*, Student in History at *Trapezond.* 245

He gives him an Account of the Earthquake at Jamaica, *and therewith a Summary of the History of Earthquakes in these Parts of the World, and the Fable of the Island* Atlantis, *which, he says, was swallowed up, with* 500 *Millions of People.*

XIV. To *Simeon Ben. Habbakkuk*, a *Jew* at *Salonicha.* 252

He tells him a Story which happened in the Earthquake at Jamaica, (*viz.*) *how the* Jews *call'd upon Jesus to save them; he thence takes Occasion to speak of the Belief or Opinion which the* Mahometans *have of Jesus Christ.*

BOOK

A TABLE.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

TO the Selictar-Aga, or chief Sword-Bearer. 257

He tells him a Story of the great Lake at Thoulouse, *into which the* Goths *threw an immense Sum of Money, and wonders the King of* France *does not order it to be emptied.*

II. To the grand Mufti. 262

He gives a full, but dreadful Account of an Earthquake in Sicily, *in which above an Hundred Thousand People perished; and takes Occasion to mention with Detestation the Ingratitude, the Superstition of the* Roman *Clergy at* Messina, *in ascribing their Deliverance not to God, but to an old Woman, meaning the Virgin* Mary, *who calls the Woman* Mary *the Mother of Jesus.*

III. To *Hassan El Abmenzai*, Steward to the Sultanness of *Alfaraiza*. 266

He gives a philosophical Account of the Necessity there is of having some Body to communicate our Joys and Griefs to; he relates his own Excess of Joy when he had received the News of his being recalled, and of his Successor being named; from which Joy he fell into the contrary Extreme of Grief and Despair, his Successor having died upon the Road at Chaalons.

IV. To the Mufti. 270

He writes him a Story of Michael de Molinos, *the famous Quietist, and how he was betray'd to the In-*

Inquisition at Rome *by his Friend the Cardinal* de Estrees, *at the Instigation of the Jesuits.*

V. To the Grand Vizier. 275

He tells the Story of the Duke of Luxemberg *being accused of Sorcery and Witchcraft, and afterwards gives a large Account of the great Battle of* Landen, *and his Victory over the Confederate Army there, led by the King of* England.

VI. To the Selictar Aga, or chief Sword-Bearer to Sultan *Achmet*, Lord of the illustrious among Men, Prince of the Kings of the three Corners of the Earth. 281

He ridicules the Christians Orders of Knighthood, and particularly that of the golden Fleece, which he calls the Order of a dead Sheep.

VII. To *Mustapha Osman*, a Dervice of *Adrianople*, his Friend. 286

He tells him a merry Story of the popish Superstition at Brussels, *building a Chapple in a House of Office.*

VIII. To *Muley Hamet Mahomoxxi*, an *Egyptian* at *Medina*, a Master in the Study of Magic, 288

He gives an Account of the famous Clergy-man with the shaking Wand, who discovered Murthers, Thefts, Adulteries, &c.

IX. To the Kaimacham. 293

An Account of the Burning the fine Palace of the Elector Palatine *at* Heidelburgh, *and the Disgrace of the Baron* Hiedesdorf, *and Governour of that Castle.*

X. To the Captain Bassa. 297

He gives him an Account of the French *falling upon the* English *and* Dutch Turkey *Fleets.*

XI. To the Grand Vizier. 301

A particular Account of the great Victory of the French *over the Duke of* Savoy *at the great Battle of* Marsiglia.

A Con-

A Continuation of LETTERS *written by a Spye at* Paris.

VOLUME I.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

To Musa Emo Saban Reis Effendi, *or Secretary of State to the Grand Seignior.*

Thou hast formerly seen and approv'd my Letters to *Cicala Bassa, Beglerbeg of Romania*, and commandest me to write also to thy self; approving, as thou sayest, my way of Informing my Friends of the State of Things in this Country. It solaces my Soul, in the midst of my languishing Distemper, of which I inform'd the *Chaimacam*, my late Friend, and in which I had felt so much pain; I say, it solaces my Soul to find my performances approved by him, to whom I owe my Commission, and the being remembred, after having been forty and eight Years, as one buried alive, among Infidels, and Strangers.

But in particular it gives Youth to my Spirits, and fires my Soul with an inconceivable Joy, that thou giveſt me the promiſe of ſending me a Succeſſor in this nice Employment, thereby giving me hopes of being recalled, that I may once more ſee my native Country, in which lie the Bones of my Father and Brethren, and where I ſhall be able to die, as my Soul deſires, even at the Gates of the thrice happy and bleſſed *Mecca*; where lie the Remains of our moſt holy Prophet, ever miraculous, and performing deeds of aſtoniſhment to the Eyes of all thoſe who are allow'd to look three foot above the Ground on which they ſtand.

I conjure thee, happy *Saban*, now thou art Exalted to the High Poſt of a publick Miniſter: I ſay, I conjure thee by the hoary Beard of thy Father and Grandfather; by the Faith of a *Muſſulman*, and true Believer; by the Fire that deſcended and drank up the River *Arath*, that our Prophet might go over; by the Moon and thirteen Stars, which gave him light thro' the Deſart of *Lybia*; by the Blood of ten thouſand *Jews* and Infidel Chriſtians, Sacrificed at his Interment, and by the Tomb of *Mahomet*, and all the *Emirs* and Pilgrims there attending with inceſſant Devotion, that thou forget not thy baniſhed *Mahmut*, grown old in the Service of the Illuſtrious King of Emperors, and Lord of Nations, and wearing paſt the capacity of performing the Offices requir'd of me; forget me not, I ſay, righteous *Muſa*, but procure my Releaſe, that

I may

I may not die among Dogs, and be blended in Earth with Infidels, and Enemies of *Mahomet*.

It is time, sage Counsellor of the Wise, it is time, and justice requires that a faithful Servant, continued 48 Years in the Exile of a Secret Employ, and having with the utmost fidelity discharg'd my self, even to the satisfaction or confusion of those who envied me this Trust, should at last have liberty to come home and die in the Arms of my Friends, and be deposited in the Dust with the Faithful.

The Troubles of Life can have no greate Reward, than to end in peace; it is the great Victory over the vicissitudes of this World, the great Triumph that Wise and Good Men hope for, to lie down in the Grave, and be gather'd to the invisible Mansions, in a State of Tranquillity, and at the Door of the blessed. Wherefore do millions travel in Pilgrimage to *Mecca*, and desire to have the Felicity to die there, but because they believe they shall from thence be immediately transported into Paradise, in the view of our great and sublime *Mahomet*? And what need have I of that difficulty, who am a Native of *Arabia*, justly styl'd the happy; doubly so, (*viz.*) by the Clime, and by the sacred Treasure reposed there: I say, who am a Native of *Arabia*, and who, in returning to my own Country, shall be happily scituated even in sight of the miraculous Monument of our Prophet, where I desire to end my Days in a manner suitable to one, whose Life has been devoted to the Interest and Honour of my Country.

Take it then into thy Power, exalted *Mussa*, and think thy self fortunate, that thou art able to make one Happy Man, and to have one ancient Friend always blessing thy Charity, and sending up incessant Prayers for thy Health, and be not doubtful of finding a Successor equally quallified for this Employment, however nice; and if thou wilt have the Goodness to send the Person hither to me, I will continue with him till I have shewn him the way of Conversing with Mankind in this Place; so as to make this Jealous Nation easie in his Society, open to his Enquiries, and not suspicious of his Employment.

Do this, Generous *Saban*, with a Friendship suitable to that thou bearest for me in former Years, when thou and I were Equals and Camrades in the Oda's of the *Tekeh* at *Trapezond*; and let not Fate, which has exalted thee above thy Friend, cause thee to forget, that as thou art already full of Years, as I also am; so it is not many Days but we shall be levell'd in the Dust, and be equal again, till we meet in the Garden, and rejoyce in the Royal Palace of *Eden*; where not the highest in Human Glory, but the most perfect in Vertue, shall be receiv'd with the greatest Splendor into the Regions of Eternal Delight.

Paris, *4th of the 1st Moon, in the Year* 1687.

LET-

LETTER II.

To Hassan Ebio Mirza Zebir, *Great Muffty, or High-Priest of* Mahomet.

ILLUSTRIOUS, Reverend, Resplendent Image of the blessed Lawgiver; I kiss the dust of thy sacred Feet, in reverence of that pure and unspotted Holiness that shines in thy Person, and which is truly Hereditary to the Chair of thy Office. I cannot sit here surrounded with the Pageantry of Devotion, and see the ridiculous *mimicking* of these Infidels, in what they call Religion, without some Heavenly Meditations, which I offer at thy Feet, in Honour of the more pure Institutions of our Great Prophet.

These Christians here, finding the harsh and uncouth Model of their Religion, consisting much in Celibacies, restraint of Liberty, Monastick Severities, *&c.* which they had drawn their People into the practice of, instead of Religion, would not go down with the People, or relish well with those who they knew, even from the barrenness of the Principle they went upon, could have no true taste of it *as Religious*; I say, these Christians, in order to make amends for their other Fopperies, are fain to bring as much Mirth as they can into their Worship, that the common People may have something in Religion to tickle and please

them; that so if they cannot hold them by the sublime, they may by the sensitive part of their Worship, as the Enthusiasms of certain Hereticks which I remember in *Arabia*, which were animated by Fumes, and smoak of Herbs of an intoxicating quality, used on purpose by their Dervices, to keep up the delusions of their Principles.

There is no talking with these Men upon these Points; for should I but ask one of them to be ingenuous, and confess on what occasion they introduced so many antick Gestures, such variety of Pictures, such Adorations, and above all, such variety of Musical Instruments into their Mosques or Churches; and ask, whether it was not by the mechanism of those *addenda*, to possess the Minds, and move the Passions and Affections of their Proselytes; they would presently start at me, and cry out, *I was a Heretick*, and if I liv'd in some other parts of the Country, I should be certainly sent to the Inquisition: *This is a Devilish Ecclesiastick Judicature*, where they pass Sentence upon those who they think are in the least apt to prye too much into the sacred Impostures of their Religion.

Certainly, venerable Patriarch of the pure and faithful *Musselmans*, these *Nazareens* are the most detestable of all pretenders to Religion in the World; for at the same time that they call themselves the Disciples of their Prophet *Jesus*, they have brought into their forms of Worship, so many Innovations, and Traditional Corruptions, which himself never directed, that their Religion has now very little of the first Institution in it.

It

It is without question true, that this *Jesus*, who they are denominated from, was a very Holy Person, indued with Heavenly Wisdom; that he wrought innumerable Miracles, and left them pure Doctrines in Writings taken from his Mouth, and dictated to his Followers; and tho' we do not allow him to be any ways like to our most divine *Mahomet*; yet the Alchoran of this their Prophet *Jesus*, contains innumerable and excellent Precepts, which his Disciples for some Ages follow'd with great exactness, and suffer'd inexpressible Torments from the *Roman* Emperors and Government, in the defence of. But their Successors degenerating from the purity and the rectitude of Principle, which their said Ancestors retain'd, have corrupted their Religion to that degree, that it is now one of the greatest pieces of confusion and Buffoonry on Earth.

It would have fill'd thee with Indignation, Venerable and Holy *Mirza*, hadst thou been here the other day, when these *Nazareens* were paying their publick Thanks to their Prophet *Jesus*, who thou knowest they pretend to say is even equal with God. I went once into one of their Idolatrous Temples, or Mosques, to see the Pageantry of their Worship; which Curiosity led me to observe very particularly, because it was upon an occasion of Rejoycing, or Thanksgiving, as they call it, for taking of *Philipsburg*, a City of the Emperor on the *Rhine*; when I was not only astonished at the ridiculous folly of such a polite Nation as this is; but even provok'd with a holy rage, and I curs'd them by *Mahomet* three times, re-

ſerving it farther to thee to confirm the *Anathema*'s which they have reaſon to expect and fall under.

Verily it is ſcarce to be imagin'd how they can pretend, if they did believe the ineffable Glory of the Creator of Heaven and Earth, and that their Sacrifices were offered to him, that he would be Captivated by the noiſe of Fiddles and Bag-pipes, the ſhooting of Great Ordnance, the beating of Kettle-Drums, and the Clamour of Trumpets. But thus it was, for their great Rhapſody of Praiſe, which they call *Te Deum*, is thus managed. Behold juſt before they began their Song in the Moſque, 50 pieces of Canon were fir'd without, as if they intended to awaken their Prophet with the noiſe. Immediately after this, and juſt before the Door of the great Moſque, I was ſurpriz'd with the confuſion of 12 Kettle-Drums, five ſets of Trumpets plac'd at proper Diſtances, and 30 Drummers of the King's Guards of Foot, which for a quarter of an hour complimented their God with Tabor and Pipe.

As ſoon as this was over, an Anthem, ſo they call their Idolatrous Song which they Sing on theſe Occaſions, began within the Moſque, ſung by the Voices of Eunuchs, Boys, and Women, taught for thoſe wicked Purpoſes. Their Voices were indeed excellent, and had they been employ'd on Occaſions of Mirth and Delight, not for the debauching the Mind with corrupt Ideas in Religion, the Harmony of them was admirably fine: Theſe Singers are placed in Stalls for that purpoſe, in ſeveral gradations, as their Voices riſe; then followed

the

the *Te Deum*, which was sung with the like Voices, but mixt with innumerable sorts of Instruments of Musick, such as Fiddles, Base-Viols, Hautboys, Fifes, Cymballs, Timbrels, Harps, Organs, *&c.* and continu'd about half an hour, and then went off (as it all begun) with Drums, Trumpets, Kettle-Drums, and 50 pieces of Canon from without.

Tell me, sage Prophet, who guides the Consciences of the faithful in paying their pure and unmix'd Devotions to one undivided Eternal Being, the Great *ALLA*, and directs them with simple and humble Devotion, to send up Prayers five times a Day to his ineffable Throne. Tell me what coherence can this have with the sacred thing called Religion, or with the nature of Adoration, and giving praise? which ought to be perform'd by humble Creatures, to the Creator of Heaven and Earth, to whom they should rather appear as Penitent Offenders, with Mortifications and Sacrifices of sorrowful Hearts, trembling even in their Thanksgiving, than with a noise of Musick, and Voices of Triumph, as if they were Inviting their great Prophet to a Festival, or Masquerade.

I think often, when I reflect on these Infidels, that they must certainly have very gross Conceptions of God, and may well be said to think of him after the manner of Men; that is, that he acts after the manner of Men; it is not possible that they can reverence his Divine Being in that awful and humble manner as the true Believers, who washing their Bodies from outward defilement, conceive of God

with perfect Ideas, covering their Eyes, and retreating with Heavenly Solitude into the inmost Soul, to contemplate the Being, who is the Sum and Substance of inconceivable Glory.

The most which I meet with of Defence for the Barbarism of this Custom, is drawn by their cunning Dervices from the practice of the *Jews*, which they say was given them by their ancient Law-giver *Moses*. But this, were it just in it self, is most absurd in these *Nazareens*; because, as they themselves pretend to be Followers of their Prophet *Jesus*, who they say is the Messiah which *Moses* himself foretold them was to come, and to put an end to all his Institutions: also they do declare that this *Jesus* has fulfilled all *Moses*'s Law, and abolish'd all those things which belong'd to that Ceremonious Worship, setting up *a more sure word of Prophesie*, or Directions for Worship; [and also that in all this their said Prophet's Directions, which he left behind him, there is not the least Precept, Example or Direction for such monstrous things as Drums, Trumpets, &c. in Religious Worship. But that, on the contrary, he scourged all Pageantry which they had set up, out of their Great Mosque, or Temple, which was at *Jerusalem*, declaring that from that time, the Mosques where God would be Worshipped, should be Houses of Prayer only.

I say, notwithstanding all this, these designing Dervices, and their Pontifical Muffti at *Rome*, have introduc'd these incoherent Innovations, and set their People on work to mock the Immortal God of Nature in such a manner as I have given thee an account of.

With

With how much purer Devotion do the faithful Mussulmen prostrate their Souls in the humblest manner, saying Prayers of a sublime nature to that one great *ALLA*, the God of the Gods of all Nations; where the religious Servants of our Holy Prophets perform the Mysteries of Religion, by thy sublime Directions; Inspir'd with these, I am present by the power of Imagination every day, and please my Soul in this my state of absence, with fancying that I see thy venerable Person performing Divine Offices among the Faithful, who, prostrate at thy Feet, reverence with thee God, and his great Prophet *Mahomet*.

Wonder not, Heavenly Saint, if I am sometimes transported with these Ideas, to a degree that may seem Enthusiastick: Be assur'd my Dejections bear a proportion, after the fire of my Imagination is abated, and especially when I find my self embarras'd with Infidels, and doom'd here to Business, and Repentance.

I kiss thy Feet with the most profound Veneration of an Humble Slave.

Paris, the 8*th* of the 10*th* Moon,
in the Year of the *Nazareens*,
1688.

LET-

LETTER III.

To Cicala Bassa Beglerbeg *of* Romania.

I Direct these Letters to thee, by the Command of the late *Hali Bassa Chaimacam*, now in Paradise, whose Blessing be upon us:

As thou art by thy Title, Lord of Lords; and by thy Office, the first and greatest *Begterbeg* of the whole Mussulman Empire, the Right Hand of the Invincible *Achmet*, our mighty Emperor, and art entrusted by his Command, with the most eminent Affairs of his Government, during the absence of the Vizier *Azem*, now on his prosperous Expedition to the East.

I know that thy Martial Genius, as well as thy great Office, presiding over all the *Ottoman* Dominions in *Europe*, enclines thee to receive willingly an Account of the great Transactions in the *Nazareen* World; so I may call this Part wherein I Sojourn, for the good of thy great Master, and the Service of the whole *Ottoman* Power.

Thou art not ignorant, Wise and Valiant *Cicala*, of the great Overthrow of the mighty Emperor of the Islands, call'd here slightly the King of *England*; for know, this haughty Court gives slight and mean Titles to all their Neighbouring Princes; for this King of *England* is indeed a most powerful Prince, and his Empire, tho' not large in extent, yet in Power and Strength is exceeding great; principally found-

ed

ed in the prodigious Wealth, and the immense Riches of his Country, and People. He also possesses besides the great Islands of *Britain* and *Ireland*, I say he possesses infinite Tracts of Land, Islands and Colonies, in the remotest parts of the World.

Hali Bassa, the late happy *Chaimacam* of *Constantinople*, thy Friend and mine, Commanded me to write to him the History of the Fall of the King of that Country, call'd *England*; which I did at large, with the Character of his Person; for we now see him here taking Sanctuary in the Court of the King of *France*, who is his great Friend and Protector. But in Answer to this, our Friend *Haly* sent me his Commands to inform him how it came to pass that the King of *France*, or of the *Franks*, in whose Country I reside, who thou knoweſt is taken with us for the greatest King among the Nations of the *Messiah*; should at the same time that he profess'd so sincere Friendship for the *English* King, suffer that so mean and so weak a Person as the Prince of *Orange*, and who had no assistance but that of the *Dutch* to Support him, should Invade and attack his Friend and Allie the King of *England*, when he knew at the same time that the Subjects of the said *English* King were Malecontents, and enclin'd to Revolt; and my Answer to these things, he has wisely commanded me to send to thee; knowing, it seems, or believing by Inspiration, that the predestinated time of his Translation unto Bliss was approaching.

Know

Know then, Illustrious and Valiant Leader of the faithful Host, that true it is that the present King of *France*, is the greatest of all the Kings of the Christian Nations, abounding in Wealth, and immense Treasures, surrounded with Numerous and Victorious Armies; and it is no more to be questioned but that he is, and also then was, a sincere Friend to the *English* King, and would very willingly have prevented the Mischief which has since befallen him; nay, had he not been his Friend, yet Prudence, and Policy of State required that he would by no means have suffer'd the said *English* King to have been so Invaded; seeing he knew perfectly well that the Prince of *Orange* was not only a Warlike Prince in himself, but was also a profess'd Enemy to the Greatness and Ambition of *France*.

It is also true, that this King of *France* is now, and was at that time, in the very Meridian of his Glory, cloath'd with innumerable Triumphs and Trophies of Victory, which are the Envy and Grief of all the Nations about him; and that all those Nations would rejoyce to see the said *Prince of Orange* strengthned by the addition of the English Power, that they might joyn in Confederacy with him, to Bridle the the Exorbitance of the *French* Greatness, which begins to be terrible to *Europe*.

Yet most true it is, that nothing but the infatuation and unaccountable indolence of this great Monarch has, next to the irresistable Decrees of Heaven, brought this great Affair to pass; and this doubtless was the Reason why the illustrious *Chaimacam* enjoyn'd me with

such

ſuch earneſtneſs to acquaint him with theſe things; ſince to him, as I doubt not it will to thee, *who art as he was, well acquainted with the ſtate of things in theſe parts of the World:* It ſeem'd very ſtrange, that the King of *France* ſhould ſtand ſtill and look on, in a matter which ſo nearly concern'd his Friend and Allie, and in effect himſelf, and not prevent a mitchief big with ſuch dangerous Events.

I muſt then acquaint thee, that one falſe ſtep in the King of *France*, has been the Occaſion of all this Diſaſter to his Friend the King of *England*, and without which it had been impoſſible for the Prince of *Orange* to have brought any of his Deſigns to paſs, (*viz.*)

At the very juncture of the Preparations of the *Dutch*, the *French* King, as if he was Confederate with them, reſolving to puſh at the Emperor of *Germany*, ſends the Dauphine with a *French* Army of 60000 Men, quite out of the way to the upper *Rhine*, and cauſes him to ſit down before *Phillipsburg*; whereas had he cauſed 50000 Men to have advanc'd to the *Maes*, and but hover'd over the *Dutch* Frontiers, tho' without any attempt, the *Dutch* could never have parted with their Troops to make the attempt in *England*.

Theſe Meaſures they are now ſatisfied here were wrong, and the moſt formidable Enemy they have, is by this very ſtep ſtrengthned with the addition of thoſe Kingdoms, which alone are able to look the *French* Armies in the Face. But the Opinion thoſe People have of the invincible Power of their King is ſuch, that they value not the whole World; which Confidence may however

however be Fatal to them in the End. Indeed his Armies are compos'd of excellent Troops, but then it is to be consider'd, that they are not all composed of his own Subjects; nay, those which are of his own Subjects are not esteem'd his best Troops; but his Armies are composed of *Germans*, *Swiss*, *Irish*, *Scots*, and some *English*; and whenever a strong Confederacy shall so attack him, as that he shall not be able to make up the Loss of these, with Men of the same Nations, they will find the *French* Infantry inferior to any of the Neighbouring Nations.

But this must be granted, that the Officers of the *French* Troops are good; and it is to their Conduct, that the Glory of their Monarch is owing. There is a Saying which is made use of, when they talk of the *French* and *English* Nations by way of comparison, (*viz.*) that of the *French*; *If the Soldiers will but follow, the Officers will always lead*; and that of the *English*, *If the Officers will but lead, the Soldiers will always follow*; so that by the way, an Army of *English* Soldiers, led by *French* Officers, would be invincible.

How glorious are the Troops of thy Illustrious Emperor, in whose Cause both Soldiers and Officers, equally emulous of Glory, and of serving well the most invincible Monarch of the Universe, are equally ready both to lead, and to follow, and to fix the glorious Crescent, the Ensigns of our Great *Mahomet*, upon the vanquish'd Frontiers of the *Sultan's* Enemies; may thy ways be prosperous, and thy Arms

Victorious

Victorious in the Work of our mighty Master, till the Crescent triumph over the Cross, and the whole World becomes Tributary to thy Lord and Emperor.

Paris *7th of the 1st Moon*, 1689.

LETTER IV.

To the most Heavenly Pattern of Wisdom and Purity, Hassan Mirza Zebir, *Prince of the Mufty's.*

IF I were to salute thee, Venerable Majestick Guide of Truth, and Lover of the Faithful, in the Language of these *Nazareens*, when they address themselves to the great *Mufti* of their Religion; I should give thee, and more justly by far, the Title of *Soveraign Pontiff*, with the Addition of *your Holiness*; and acknowledge an Infallibility in judging and determining all religious Controversies, to be inherent to thy Office.

How effectually do all these Particulars shine in thy Person and Character, who art really holy, and sublimely wise, Titles which they presumptuously ascribe oftentimes to the Wickedest of Men; for thou mayst know, immortal *Zebir*, that these *Soveraign Pontiff*'s or *Mufty*'s here, who they address by the Stile of *his Holiness*, as above, are sometimes *the vilest Creatures in the Universe*; nay, they often are most wretchedly scandalous, drunken, perjur'd, lewd, and, in

in a Word, turbulent, bloody, and superlatively wicked: till the People themselves are ashamed of them, and have been oblig'd to depose them, either by the Help of the *German* Emperor, or the *French*; it would be too long to enter into the History of them.

This shall be the Glory of our holy Prophet, and shall eternize his Name, (*viz.*) that the great Prince of the Priests of *Mahomet* is a Pattern of just Men; inimitable for all the Endowments of the Mind; has a Soul equal to the highest Function upon Earth, I mean, the Heavenly Office of expounding infallibly the sublime Truths of our holy Alcoran; and interpreting, without Appeal, all the Doctrines of *Mahomet*.

But to give thee a true Idea of the pretended infallible Guide of these deluded *Nazareens*, the Story I am going to tell thee is recorded here even by themselves, of one of their Popes; being the same whose scandalous Conduct, in the Sale of his imaginary forg'd Pardons and Benedictions to the People, was the first Occasion of the Defection which *Luther* made among them; that famous Dervice, who, as I formerly wrote thee, was the Father of the Separation or Faction among the *Nazareens*: This Pope, or great Mufty, gave a living Testimony to what we, the true Believers, hold concerning the whole System of their Religion, (*viz.*) that it is a Fiction of the Dervices, contriv'd to delude the People; and this horrid Creature was, it seems, not able to contain the Truth, tho' it was so needful on his Side to be concealed; the Occasion, it seems, was, that seeing an immense and unexpected Sum of Money returned into his Treasury at

Rome,

Rome, from his Missionary Dervices, who he had sent Abroad to make Sale of Indulgences, Relicks, and other Frippery of the *Vatican*; He was so surprized with the unlook'd for Heap of Gold, that he cries out as in a Rapture,

Heu! quantum profuit hac fabula Christi. What prodigious Gain, says he, do we make of this Fable of Christ.

Immortal *Mirza*, if the Soveraign Pontiff, the supreme Mufty of the *Nazareens*, has declar'd the whole System of the Religion of their great Prophet, to be but a religious Cheat, a holy Fable; what need we any further Testimony? What greater Witness can the true Believers desire, to confirm them in the Heavenly Way, than the open Confession of the great *Papa*, or Father of the Christians, who has acknowledg'd that they are all Deceivers, and that the Story of their great Prophet *Jesus* is but a Fable?

Besides, do they not own that this their great High Priest is infallible in all he says or does? It is not many Moons ago, since at their Annual Tribunal of the holy Inquisition, so they call the most Hellish Constitution on Earth, where they held what they call an *auto de fe*, that is to say, a general *Audit of the Faith*, to give Judgment on those they call Hereticks; they burnt alive wthout Mercy, two Men, for saying their great Mufty was not infallible.

This we justly take hold of against them, and prove then, from the Mouth of their infallible Oracle, that all the Scheme of their Religion is but a Fable, a Cheat, a Piece of Dervice Craft to get Money; and, in a Word, illustrious *Mirza*, that their supreme Mufty or high Priest, is but a religious *Zavin*, or *Pick-Pocket*. Hea-

Heaven doubtless has infatuated these Infidels, and given them up to dote on the grossest Absurdities; otherwise they could never swallow such open and notorious Impositions: Conversing once with a Sect of the *Nazarenes* here, whom they call *Hugonots*, one of them told me, their great Prophet *Jesus* did foretel, that in the last Days of the World his Disciples should do thus, (*viz.*) *That they should be given-up to strong Delusions, and to believe Lies:* That he was a Prophet of God, that thou knoweſt we do believe, though we believe him to be inferior to our most holy Prophet *Mahomet*; But assuredly, if he prophesied that his Followers should in the latter Days believe Lies, and be given up to strong Delusions, there is no Question, but in that he has been a true Prophet.

These *Hugonots* are by far an honester and wiser Sect of the *Nazareens*, than those who are called *Catholicks*, and therefore have been persecuted, and even extirpated out of the Kingdom of *France*; and they do not fail to expose daily, when they are in Companies and Societies where they can do it freely, the Cheats the Impositions, and the Absurdities of the *Catholicks:* There are divers Sects of these People, who have broken off from the great Mufty, and they are denominated either from the Countries where they live, or the Patrons from whom they derive their Opinions; as *Lutherans* from *Luther*, *Calvinists* from *Calvin*, and the like; and though I look upon these to be, as above, the better Sort by far, as to their Morality, and as to their Principles; yet they differ again one from another, and separate even in

Cha-

Charity and Affection, as much as the *Ottomans* and *Persians* do, about the Successors to our Great Prophet *Mahomet*; Nay, they have likewise proceeded to Persecution, and even to Blood.

If Love and Unity be the Band of Religion, and the Pledge of a Title to Paradise; questionless the Mussulmen enjoy the best Tokens of the Felicity which we look for in the Garden of God; for no such Divisions are seen among them as reign in these Parts of the World, where every Man sets up a Religion of his own, and walks in the light of his own Vision; thinking it his Duty to damn all the rest of Mankind to the Infernal Pit, who are not of his Opinion; and, if I am not wrong, there is a Man among these Christians, who has given a Scheme or Plan, which he calls *Heresyography*, in which he gives an Account of the Dissentions of the several Sorts of Christians; and, I think, he reckons up about threescore and fourteen Sects, who all call themselves the Followers of their great Propher. So uncertain is the Light by which these Men are directed, so imperfect the Rules and Doctrines which their great Prophet left them, as the fundamental Law of their Obedience; or rather, so ill do they observe his Rules, and obey his Dictates; for we know that their Messiah left them excellent Rules, as the Principles of Life to guide to the Celestial Paradise; but so degenerated are these his Followers, that albeit they are called by his Name, yet very little of his first Institutes are found in the model of their Religion. Nay, they are daily fighting and shedding Blood

about

about the single Question, of what it was their Prophet did command, and what he did not; and who shall or shall not interpret the Mind and Will of their Prophet.

Blessed be the Dust of thy sacred Feet, thou Lamp of Truth, and Light of Believers, whose Oracle the Faithful believe with Fear. In thy most pure Explanations of our holy Law, are no doubtful Reserves, among thy obedient Hearers, no Schisms or Separations, but all listen with Attention to the Law of thy Lips, speaking Words of Heavenly Solace, and guiding to the Mystical Fields, which surround the Gates of Paradise: Sublime *Mirza!* bless thy obedient faithful, devout *Mahmut*, and let Deceivers perish.

Paris, 5th *of the* 7th *Month, in the Year*, 1689.

LETTER V.

To Hassan Amiel Zucharava, *the Aga of the* Janisaries.

THOU wouldest be in thy Element, Great Captain of the innumerable Seminary of the Valiant Soldiers of the *East*; thou wouldest, I say, be in thy Element, if thou wert here just now, where nothing is to be heard but the Noise of War, and the daily Return of Couriers from the Armies in the Field, bringing Accounts of Victories, taking strong Cities, and possessing new Conquests one in the Neck of another, in such a Manner, that the King of

France,

France, who seems to be wondrous devout, and is constant in causing Thanks to be given in the Mosques and Temples of their Prophet *Jesus*, for every Advantage he gains, is obliged now to put three or four Conquests into one Thanksgiving, and discharge his Acknowledgments by wholesale; which makes some People jest with the King, and tell him, that he does by his God as he does by the People, make them take his Coin at what Price he pleases to put upon it.

The Truth is, these *Nazareens* make no Scruple to jest with the most sacred Things in their pretended Worship, and banter one another about it; which is to me a certain Sign, that whatever seeming Formalities they may have in their Religion, they believe little of the Thing themselves; but rather, have the same Opinion of it that we have, (*viz*) that it is all a holy Cheat, contrived to support the Priests who at first invented it, and made Use of only to get Money.

But to return to the Things which, I say, are in thy Element; here thou mightest see one King preparing, as I may very well say, to go to War with all the Kings of the Earth; in a Word, the King of *France* is already engaged in a War with the ancient Enemy of the Mussulmen, the Emperor of *Germany*; and has made divers considerable Conquests on the Frontiers of his Dominions, as I shall tell thee presently; he has, besides this, attacked the Dominions of the King of *Spain*, which lie on this Side, and are called the *Low Countries*. This will unavoidably end in a War with that King, who is Lord indeed of great Dominions, but has but a weak, proud, and pusillanimous People.

Besides

Besides all this, it is evident that he will bring a War upon himself from *England* and *Holland* in Conjunction, as he espouses the Interest of the King of *England*, who is fled to him for Assistance against the Invasion of the Prince of *Orange*, of which thou hast heard some Time ago.

This Prince of *Orange* is a Person of such Interest and Alliances among the *Northern* Princes of *Germany*, that, it is very probable, when *France* breaks, and declares War on that Side, there will be engaged against him, and in behalf of the Prince of *Orange*, all the Princes of the House of *Lunenburgh*, of *Saxony*, and of *Brandenburgh*; and perhaps also, the Kings of *Denmark* and *Sweden*.

Thou wilt be earnest after this to enquire what this King of *France* is, as well in Person as in Power; know then, that except the all-powerful Port, the Center of Glory, surrounded with innumerable Millions of Valiant Soldiers, Lord of the inexhaustible Nurseries of the *Spahis*, *Janizaries*, and *Timariots*, throughout *Asia*, *Egypt*, and *Æthiopia*; I say, except, or next to this, the King of *France* is the most powerful of all Princes. He is in Person a most glorious Prince, wise, politick, enterprising, boundless in Ambition of Glory and Empire, undaunted in his Attempts of the greatest Kind, and never disappointed, or to seek in his Measures.

He is surrounded with three hundred thousand Veteran Soldiers, led by the most experienced Officers in these Parts of the World; he is absolute Master of his Councils, and perfectly well serv'd in all his Commands; to make the least Slip or Mistake in his Service, is to lose the Honour of Serving: I'll tell thee a brief Story to confirm this.

An Officer of Note in his Armies the other Day, being Governour of a Frontier Town that was threatned by the Enemy, ſent away his Pack of Hounds, in which it ſeems he took great Delight; and was heard afterwards two or three Times to curſe the War, which was like to deprive him of the Pleaſure of the Hunting Seaſon, which was his darling Sport: The King being informed of it, ſent for him, and told him, ſince he lik'd his Sport ſo much better than his Service, he would oblige him in his own Way; and ſo ſent him into a great Foreſt, where he made him Game-Keeper, with a very ſmall Salary, in a Diſtrict of about 12 Miles extent; and ordered his Hounds to be ſent down after him, commanding him not to ſtir out of his Bounds; which this poor Gentleman has been obliged to ſubmit to; nor have all his Friends, or the Interceſſion of the great Officers of the Army, been able to get him reſtored, though he has a great Intereſt too.

The King ſhews many Times ſuch Teſtimonies of his Reſentment upon his Officers, when they do fooliſh Things; but as to misbehaving in Action, it is indeed ſeldom if ever ſeen here: it is impoſſible to deſcribe to thee what a general Face of Joy there is here in the Countenances even of the whole Nation at the Proſpect of the War; as if they were ſure of Conquest in every Thing they go about, tho' they are, this Time, going, as it were, to engage with all the World; and be ſurrounded on every Side with the Points of their Enemies Swords.

It is a ſtrange Thing to ſee the Accounts which come in every Day from the *Rhine*, the Frontiers of the *German* Empire, where the *French* Armies have ranged unreſiſted, both before and ſince the taking of *Phillipsburgh*: They have ſeve-

ral Armies on that Side under ſeveral Generals, though the Dauphine, who commanded the Siege, gives Orders to them all as Captain General, and Commander in Chief: The Marquis *de Boufflers* commands on one Side, the Count *de Montall*, an old Soldier, on the other, and the Marquis *de Uxelles* on a third; and they extend themſelves every Way: The firſt of theſe has taken *Mayence*, *Spire*, *Worms*, all *Imperial* Cities; they have ravaged the whole *Palatinate* with Fire and Sword, worſe than a Hoord of *Tartars* do when they make an Inroad into *Muſcovy* or *Poland*: They have put Garriſons into *Creutznach*, *Bacharach*, and *Heidelburgh*; the Dauphin has inveſted *Manheim*, and the Marquis *de Boufflers* is gone down the *Rhine* as far as *Coblents*: They have levyed Contribution even to the Frontiers of *Suabia* and *Franconia*, and raiſed immenſe Sums of Money from the Princes of *Wirtembergh*, *Baden*, *Heſſe*, and others; and from the *Imperial* Cities alſo; *Franckfort* alone has been obliged to pay them an hundred thouſand Crowns; *Wirtembergh*, two; and the Circle of *Franconia*, ſix: They have burnt ſix hundred Villages and Towns on both Sides the *Rhine*, and laid entirely waſt the moſt fruitful and pleaſant Country of the *Palatinate*; not ſparing the fine Palaces of the Prince, particularly that in the Caſtle of *Heidelburgh*, which was the moſt beautiful in all *Germany*: Nor do they ſpare even the Moſques or Temples of their Worſhip. So that theſe *Nazareens* are the moſt barbarous of all Nations in the World; for though they all profeſs the ſame Religion, and worſhip the great crucifyed Meſſiah; yet they permit their licentious Troops to deſtroy the Places ſet apart for his Service.

The

The People here, I confess, do not seem to approve of this new Way of making War, by burning and destroying of Cities and Towns which make no Resistance; but the Court give this Answer, that it is necessary at this Time, to make the Arms of their King dreadful, and to oblige the neighbouring *German* Princes to come in and pay the Contributions demanded, which indeed they have done, for Fear of the like Devastations; for all this while there has appeared no considerable Body of *Germans* in the Field, able either to attack the *French*, or to protect their own People.

Doubtless, renowned *Hassan*, the Effect of all this will be found to the Advantage of the Mussulmens Arms, and to weaken the Forces of the Infidels of *Germany* in *Hungary*, who dare to oppose thy Troops; for the intestine Broils of these *Nazareen* Nations have always been, and ever will be, the Advancement of the glorious Ensigns of *Mahomet*.

May Victory attend those who fight under the Banner of the faithful; whose Souls, if they fall in Battle, go immediately triumphing to Paradise, the Garden of inexpressible Pleasure.

Paris *the* 7th *Day of the* 5th *Moon*,
in the Year, 1689.

LETTER VI.

To Morat Abdimelcher, *the Kadeleskar of* Anatolia.

I Cannot refrain laying at thy sacred Feet, blessed Image of the Soveraign Law-Giver, what I meet with in this Part of the World, suited to thy sublime Station; and in particu-

far to that exalted Temper of thy Soul, by which thou frameſt Inſtruction out of the evil Actions of wicked Men, to the Advantage of the Juſt.

Thou art to know then, that the *French* Nation, where I live, have, under the Conduct of a moſt furious and victorious Prince, made War for two Years upon the Emperor of the *Nazarens*, and that with great Succeſs: That in the Proſecution of this War, and in Order, as they ſay here, to intimidate and terrify the *Germans*, he has cauſed his Troops to make the moſt dreadful Ravages upon the Frontiers, that can be imagin'd: They ſet Fire to the Villages in a moſt fruitful andpleaſant Country, call'd the *Palatinate*, in five Places at once, (*viz.*) on each Border of that Country, and at one Place in the middle; and ſuffered them to burn every Way, till they all joined in one Flame: It is not poſſible to deſcribe to thee the Deſolation made, the Ruin of innumerable Families, the Deſtruction of flouriſhing Cities, fine Palaces, the Murthers of Men, raviſhing of Women, and all Manner of Deſolations.

But the Reaſon for which I give thee an Account of this Affair in particular, is for what follows; that the King of *France*, after all theſe Cruelties and Inhumanities committed by his Command, or at leaſt by his Allowance, has ordered a Day to be ſet apart for a *Biram*, or Feaſt of Thankſgiving, and to give Thanks to God in all the Frontier Towns on that Side of his Conqueſts, for *compleating ſo glorious an Expedition*; theſe are the very Words of his Orders: The true Senſe ſhould have been, for compleating the Ruin of the moſt flouriſhing Country in that Part of the World, and ſcattering

tering an hundred thousand Families of miserable Inhabitants to seek their Bread; besides the Murther, Ravishments, and inimitable Cruelties practised by the Soldiers in the Action.

Surely these Infidels ought to be esteemed truly detestable, for their Notions of the great ONE GOD, who has created the World, that they can think it acceptable to his divine Purity, and to the Perfection of his Being, to destroy his Creatures, and depopulate his Creation; or that he can accept Thanks offered up to him for Actions, which, it is most certain, his Nature abhors. I remember to have seen some Lines published in the *English* Tongue, which, it is said, were thrown into a Mosque, in the Capital City of the *English* Nation, when they were giving Thanks to their *Nazareen* Prophet, for the Discovery of a Plot, for which some who had been found guilty of it were executed. The Lines, it was apparent, were made by some who were of the other Side, as follows.

Ye Hypocrites, leave off your Pranks,
To murther Men, and give God Thanks:
Forbear, for Shame, proceed no further;
For God accepts no Thanks for Murther.

They must have very gross Conceptions of God, I say, who can presume to give him Thanks for the Devastation and Ruin of their Fellow Creatures, and for the Rapine and Destruction which Men, given up to the Fury of their Lust and Rage, shall execute in the World; if the righteous Power of Heaven concerns itself with any of the Actions of these Enemies of his Glory, and has not resolv'd to give them entirely up to the Punishments of Hell, he will certainly testify his Resentment, not only for

the Crime of Blood and Destruction, in the Fact it self, but for that horrid Mockery of his Justice, in entitling him by their praises to the Rapin which is in their Hands; as if they were doing him an acceptable Service, in sending thousands of Souls into the Regions of Darkness, for the Caprice and Ambition of one Man.

But that which is still more particular in this religious Mockery is, that the *French* have obliged the very People of the Country it self to joyn in this Ceremony; and have even prescrib'd to them a Text to preach upon, being some Verse out of their ancient Writings thus, *Come, let us root them out, that they be no more a Nation.* This is the most horrible Imposition that ever I have met with of its kind; and is indeed acknowledged by many to be very barbarous, seeing these Men are all of one Religion, professing to be all Followers of the Prophet *Jesus* the *Nazareen*, their Messiah, and Teacher.

Sage Oracle of Heavenly Knowledge, thou wilt read this History of *Nazareen* Hypocrisy with a just Detestation of Soul; *Mahomet* has told us, that God, who is but one God, will punish those with Fire who mock his Power, and make a Jest of his righteous Government; teaching Cruelty and Injustice for Truth, and entituling God, *who is gracious and merciful*, to Robbery and Ravishment, Injury and Blood.

Paris, 10th *Day of the* 5th *Moon, in the Year*, 1689.

LET-

LETTER VII.

To the Kaimacham.

FRANCE has now paſs'd the *Rubicon*, ſhe has declared War againſt *Spain*, attack'd the Empire of *Germany*, and made the moſt powerful Prince of the *Nazareen*'s draw off his Troops from *Hungary*, and bring 127000 Men into the Field againſt this one Aggreſſor; and now, to crown all, She has broken with the Prince of *Orange*, who is newly become King of *England*, and with the *Dutch*, who are his Allies, and in ſhort, with all their Dependencies; So that the King of *France* is like to have above 400000 Enemies in Arms againſt him, by Sea and Land.

As for the Affairs of *England*, the King of *France* has furniſhed the old King with Men and Money, and ſent him to *Ireland*; where he has ſo well ply'd his Time, that he is Maſter of *Dublin*, the Capital of that Kingdom, and of the whole Iſland, except one little City in the *North* Part, called *London-Derry*; and that is beſieged with 20000 Men, and no Army in the Country to relieve it; hence it muſt needs fall into his Hands; ſo that King *William*, ſo they call the Prince of *Orange*, has his Hands full for ſome Time on that Side: And we ſee the King of *France* baffling all the reſt in ſo ſtrange a Manner, that if they do not concert their Meaſures better, all the mighty Armies they have now ready againſt *France*, will come to nothing.

For in the very Beginning of this Year, the *French* proceeding in their uſual Method of ravaging the Country, have actually burnt the Cities of *Spire*, *Oppenheim*, *Worms*, and *Frankendale*, to Aſhes, beſides other ſmaller

Towns on that Side; they ſay here, that the *French* have been very merciful in the manner of their burning of theſe Cities, (*viz.*) in that they gave the People Notice ſome Days before to remove; and they pretend now it was great Clemency, that ſeeing the Inhabitants did not flie, as they were ordered to do, they did not burn them alive with their Houſes.

To withſtand theſe Furies, the Emperor has been obliged to recal the Duke of *Lorain*, and 30000 of the beſt Troops they had in *Hungary*; ſo that, I make no doubt, but the Grand Viſier will have leiſure thisSummer to put the Reſolutions of the ſublime Council of Wiſdom, the *Divan*, in Execution; to extend the gloriousEnſigns of the *Grand Seignior*, to the Infamy of the Enemies of righteous *Mahomet*, and to retake the Towns which have been loſt the laſt three Years, when the Succeſs of the War, for our Sins, has ſeemed to go againſt us.

Theſe *Nazareens*, Infidels, Enemies to God and *Mahomet*, are at this Time, in a Word, all together by the Ears; and now, invincible Man of Valour, is the Time to gird on thy Sword, and to appear to the Confuſion of the Enemies of the Truth: May Victory attend thy already fortunate Troops, for now is the Time to tear up the Infidel Nations and Kingdoms by the Roots.

Yeſterday the King of *France* publiſhed his Declaration of War againſt the new-crown'd King of *England*, but in this Declaration he is ſtyled the Uſurper of *England*; this new incident will probably produce great Events, for the Prince of *Orange* is an implacable Enemy of *France*, and a Prince of unwearied Application to the War.

Paris, the 9*th* of the 5*th* Moon, 1689.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

To Morat Abdiel Elzagrad, *Keeper of the Tomb of* Mahomet.

ILlustrious Guardian of the invaluable Divine Treasure, far above earthly Riches, the Relicks and Ashes of all that was mortal of the immortal Man: Thou who art entrusted to look upon the Walls of that sacred Repository, to which devout Pilgrims approach, grovelling in the Dust, with their Hands over their Eyes, and creeping on their Elbows and Knees, not daring to behold the Place of Sanctity: How happy art thou above Kings, Emperors, and the most glorious Men on Earth; yet happy only in thy Purity and Humility, which originally advanced thee to the highest Pitch of humane Preferment; for how much more glorious is it to thee to keep the venerable Dust of holy Men, than to be Treasurer over all the Riches of the *Grand Seignior*, or to have an hundred thousand Millions of Purses in thy Keeping.

I think much of thy illustrious Office, when I see here in the Mosques of this seemingly devout Infidel, one, called the Keeper of the Relicks; surely there is not a greater Imposture on the Earth, than this of Relicks is among the superstitious *Nazareens*; in the Repositories of their Churches they have the Bones of any dead Carcase split into thousands of Pieces, and set into Rings enchased with Gold, surrounded with Diamonds; one is called the Piece of the Scull of one Saint, another is called a Splin-

ter taken out of the Finger of another; when perhaps it is in Reality the Bone of a Dog, or if of a Man or Woman, perhaps it is of some infamous Creature broken on the Wheel, or some Prostitute dissected by the Surgeon.

These are worn about the Necks of Kings, Queens, Princes, Ladies with Child, Virgins, *&c.* to preserve them from the Devil, from frightful Dreams, from Treason, to keep the Women with Child from Miscarriage, and the young Women from Fits, Frenzies of the Matrix, *&c.* and (which indeed is the Intent and Meaning of all the holy Fraud;) they are sold for these Purposes by the Priests, at an inestimable Price, and the Juggle sometimes comes to Light.

A Merchant of *Rochel* lately put an excellent Cheat upon the Dervices of a Convent or Cell of Religious, near that City; it seems the Merchant was in bad Circumstances as to his Estate, and upon the Point of turning Bankrupt, when a Ship coming into Port *Louis* from the *East-Indies*, he forms a Letter as written from *Goa* by his Brother; wherein he tells him of a most miraculous Relick of St. *Thomas*, being a Piece of the Scull of that blessed Apostle of their Religion, which had done the most wonderful Cures in the most violent Distempers of the Head and Brain; that it cured all manner of Lunacy and Distraction, adding, that he had Testimonials of the same from the Convent of Fryers, of those they call *Jacobins*, at *Goa*, where his Brother had been, and where all these miraculous Things were wrought; and that in particular it restored the Memory in one who had quite lost all Sense of Things past for some Years, by being put about the Neck (the Jewel hanging behind in the Poll) by the Hands of a Fryer of that Order, and the like: Having gotten

ten this Story put into Form, and finding the Fathers very earnest to obtain this Jewel, and willing to give a very great Price for it, he accordingly obliges himself to write to his Brother, to send it over by the next Ship; taking a Contract from the Fathers for 6000 Crowns to be paid upon Delivery.

Having obtained this Contract, he goes to *Marseilles* with it, where telling the Story as in Confidence to a Person there, he acquaints the Bishop of that Place; who being desirous to obtain so rich a Prize, and viewing the authentick Contract of the Fryers of *Rochel*, offers the Merchant 20000 Crowns for the holy Relick, if he will bring it immediately to him: The Merchant accordingly having all his Affairs ready, and having a Piece of an old Scull made up in an Enchasement of Gold, with the Date of the Year back about 230 Years before the Time, and the Names of two religious Men of *Goa* of the first planting that Colony, whose Names he had learnt, and the Work made so artfully, as to appear very ancient: I say, Having all these Things ready, he waits till an *East-India* Ship arriv'd at *Lisbon* from *Goa*, which is a Colony of the *Portuguese*; and then pretending to have received the Jewel, writes to the Bishop, who with great Solemnity received it, and paid him his Money.

This Story I do not avouch to thee of my own Knowledge, the Fact, if it were true, having been done some Years before my Coming hither; but many Cheats like this having been daily discover'd among them, this is worth Credit: Nothing is more strange to me, than that a Nation so intelligent as this is, should not long ago have been surfeited with these miraculous Fripperies; and yet so it

t is, that they receive the grossest Impositions of this Kind every Day.

I am told, indeed it is by a *Hugenot*, but one who gives such Testimony of it that it is not to be doubted; That there are deposited as Relicks in several Places, more Pieces of the Cross, on which they say, *Jesus* the Son of *Mary* was crucified, than ten Yoke of Oxen could draw; and yet we believe that he was not crucified at all, but was received up into Heaven from the Judgment Hall of the *Roman* Governour; and the *Jews* were obliged, that the People might not enquire what was become of him, to crucifie another Person in his Stead.

Besides all this, we have Reason to know that the whole Cross on which he was said to be crucified, is miraculously preserved in a Vault arched over with Gold, an hundred Fathom within the Earth, under the Foundation of the great Mosque, at the sublime Port, which was formerly a Temple of the *Nazareens*, dedicated, as they call it, to Saint *Sophia*; so that all this Story of Relicks is no more than a Legend of Forgeries and Fables.

And yet the great King of *France*, who, it must be own'd, is a wise, a sagacious, a penetrating Man, as well as a great King, never lies down in his Bed without innumerable Relicks of Saints, as they call them, hanging about his Neck, on the Curtains of his Bed, and on the Locks of his Chamber Doors, as Guardians and Preservatives to keep him from the Power of evil Spirits. Nay, there is no doubt but he has them upon him when he is solacing himself with his Concubines and Harlots, of whom he has very many, always attending his Pleasures.

The

The Beams of eternal Peace, shining from the Fire that burns over the Gate of Paradise, be thy Protector from Evil; Venerable *Morat!* thou needest no Reliques near thee, who art daily at the Gates of that blessed Repository, to which all the faithful come in Pilgrimage from the Ends of the Earth.

Paris, *the* 22 *of the* 8*th Moon,*
in the Year 1689.

LETTER IX.

To Imanzani Mehemet, *Kadilesker of* Romelia.

IN all the World there is not a greater Impostor than this great Mufty or Soveraign Pontiff of the *Nazareens*, whom they call the Pope; the Chair they sit in, and from whence they derive their pretended Infallibility, has been defiled with more Monsters than the Idol of *Bassamene* in *Arabia*, or the pretended Oracle of *Arsaballa* in the Desert of *Chusargha*; sometimes indeed they obtain a Person of some Morals to fill that mysterious Seat of Wickedness, *such was the late* Innocent XI. This, for ought I know, may be permitted, by the Subtilty of the Devil, to keep up the Delusion, that the People should not be so surfeited with the continual Crimes of the Pontiff, as to abhor the Pontificate it self. But even these Men of Morals have so much canting hypocritical Stuff mingled with their other Conduct; and permit such Frauds, such open Crimes, among their Sub-mufty's, such as their Cardinals, Bishops, Abbots,

Abbots, and the various Orders of their *Dervices* or Clergy, that certain it is, and nothing more visible, than that the whole Constitution is a stated universal Cheat.

I have been curious to search into theseFrauds, for the Confirmation of the true Believers; not but that we, the true Mussulmen and Believers of the Verity, know with a Certainty that permits us not to doubt that their whole System of this part of the Doctrine of the *Nazareens*, is a Delusion, and a meer Invention of their Dervices, to establish an Ecclesiastick Tyranny in the World: But it must needs confirm us all the more, and add infinite Satisfaction to us, to have this confessed and testified out of the Mouths of these Infidels themselves.

I lately read some Tracts written by some of the most learned of this Nation of the *Franks*, among whom I dwell, wherein they speak with the utmost Detestation of this great Mufty, called *Pope*; and not so much concerning the Character or Morals of the Person, tho' he who they have now elevated is but a very indifferent Person that Way, but even of the Pontificate it self; I mean, the Authority exercised,and the Principles professed by the See of *Rome* in general; that is, by the Pope, Cardinals, Bishops, and all the cloistered Crew, called the *Roman* Clergy.

This Author,whom they call Monsieur *Jeurieu*, is one of those who are here call'd *Hugonots*, of whom I have formerly written thee a large Account; who have long since disown'd these People I speak of: He is one of the most learned of these *Hugonots*, and is now banished this Kingdom for his refusing to acknowledge the Pope; but he is so far from complying, that in his

his Writings he offers to prove this Soveraign Pontiff, not only not to be the true Follower of *Jesus*, the Son of *Mary*, their crucified Prophet and Messiah, but an Apostate; and that his Chair is the Seat of the Beast; that his Power is not only not Christian, but *Antichristian*; that he is the great *FALSE PROPHET* spoken of in the Writings of the *Jewish Talmud*, and in the Registers of their *Rabbies*, which they call by the Name of Revelation. Nay, in one of his Books, he calls the *Roman* Establishment, which they call the Church, the great *Scarlet Whore*; producing sundry Predictions among the Writings of the Disciples of *Jesus*, which give a very express and particular Character of the *Papal* Tyranny, under such Denominations, prophecying her Downfal at last under the Allusion of the Fall of the City of *Babylon*; and that the Kings of the Earth shall hate her; (the Whore) that is, the *Papal Hierarchy*, and shall burn her Flesh with Fire.

Verily, Great Apostle of the true Believers, it seems to me that these Men, whom they call *Hugonots*, and who are the Followers of one *Calvin*, who succeeded *Luther* in the first great Defection from the *Roman* Doctrines of Religion; I say, these *Hugonots* are a sober, zealous People; much more upright and devout than the Followers of the Pope, and seem to me to have much the better of the Argument against them; for albeit they acknowledge that the Church of *Rome* was originally the Church planted by the Followers of *Jesus* of *Nazareth*, and continued faithful to the Institutions of the said *Jesus*, as dictated to them by his said Followers; yet they suggest, that by the Corruption of many Ages, and the assuming Disposition of the Popes, and their Dervices or Clergy, they have introduced

duced ſo many Innovations, ſuch Idolatrous Practices, and ſo many deteſtable Additions, to the firſt Doctrines left them by the Meſſiah, that there remains nothing with them of the firſt Inſtitution.

It muſt be confeſſed, *Jeſus* of *Nazareth* laid down to his Followers and Diſciples moſt pure and holy Rules, both of Religion and of moral Vertue: But it is true alſo that theſe Pontiffs, and their Followers, have filled them with ſo many horrible Impoſitions, that the Originals are not now to be known; eſpecially that of their worſhipping a Piece of Bread as a God, ſuggeſting that a few Words of a common Dervice can effectually tranſmutate the Species of Bread into the Subſtance of their crucified Meſſiah; an Idolatry horrible and deteſtable!

But I return to the Perſons of their Popes, to whoſe Crimes indeed all theſe Innovations in the Religion of the Meſſiah are owing; I have formerly mentioned to thee, and to thy happy Predeceſſor, now rejoycing in the Garden of Pleaſure, the Story of a Woman counterfeit, who was made a Pope, but by being gotten with Child by one of her own Servants, and deliver'd in the open Street in *Rome*, expoſed that Cheat to the World: The *Nazareens* ſtrive to reject it as a Falſhood, and charge it as an Invention of the *Hugenots*; but beſides that the Story is recorded long before *Luther*, or any of thoſe they call Reformers, were heard of; and is confeſſed by ſo many of their own Writers, there is no Room to doubt of the Truth; particularly one *Baptiſta Mantuanus*, a famous Poet among them, writing ſatyrically of Hell, as if he was ſhewing a Stranger the Place, and telling him where every great Perſon was to be found, has it thus;

Hic

Hic pendebat adhuc sexum mentita virilem,
Fœmina cui triplici Phrygiam diademata mitram,
Extollebat Papix, & Pontificalis adulter.
Vid. Pope Joan, *p.* 14.

The Sum of this shameful Story I find thus, in another of their own Authors, (*Viz.*) that of Ravisius Textor in officina, Lib. 11. *Scitum est ex Chronicis, & a majoribus scriptum Johannem Anglicum ab Ephebis sexum virulum simulasse, & tandem fatem nescio quo aut fortuna certè volente, ad Pontificatum pervenisse, in quo annos circiter duos federit post* Leonem IV. *Neque priùs innotuerit facti veritus, quam a quodam ex domesticis impregnata tandem emiserit partum.* This is, in a word, That one *Joan English* having conceal'd her Sex from a Youth, and appear'd as a Man, and pass'd her Studies (as another Author says) as a Man, was, by we know not what destiny, Elected Pope, and sat as Pope two Years, when being discover'd, and gotten with Child by one of her Domesticks, she was publickly deliver'd of it in the Street.

It seems also she died in the Child-birth.

But not to dwell on this Hellish Impostor, the Characters of the whole Successions of those Infidels, who they wickedly call *Holy Fathers*, were it given thee at large from the beginning, would astonish thee with their Abominations and Wickedness.

Bless *Mahomet*, and his true Followers, who have been thy truly Virtuous and Holy Predecessors, that the Chair of Sovereign and Sacred Jurisdiction in Matters Religious, has never been tainted with the impure Lives of the Possessors; but as thou art, so have been

those

those before thee, the bright Images of Virtue, Patterns of Religion, and exemplary Guides of Truth to the faithful.

Paris, the viiith *of the* 8th *Moon, in the Year*, 1689.

LETTER X.

To the venerable Sage Guide of Wisdom, Prince of the Law of Mahomet, *Great* Mufti, *and High-Priest of the* Mussulmans.

I SEND thee, bright Oracle of Truth and Virtue, a piece of News confirm'd from all parts of the *Nazareen* Dominion, (*Viz.*) that the Great *Caliph* of the Christians, Prince of the Dervices of the *Nazareen* Faith, is Dead; the Infallible Guide, as they call him here, the Mirror of Holiness, is sunk into Earth as a common Man.

If these Popes were really Persons of so much Perfection, so infallible in their Decrees, so replete with innate Holiness, as Men here pretend; and on the other Hand, the deluded multitude did believe their *Messiah* had but as much interest in the Cœlestial Paradise as we Mussulmans believe him to have, he would never suffer any of their Popes to go into the Grave the common way of all Men, but would certainly translate them directly into Paradise, as *Enoch*, *Elias*, and himself were translated.

But the Truth is, they know all this whole System of the Pontificate, to be a meer Dream of

of the old deceitful Dervices, who made a Trade of Religion, to dive into the Purses of their Votaries; and it appears, because their most Holy Fathers or Popes are no more Immortal, than they are Infallible; from whence I infer, that they are no more Infallible, than they are Immortal.

This deceased Pope was one of the honestest Men they have had in the Papal Chair this many Ages, if it may be allowed to call a Father of Lyes, an Impostor, and the Head of a Cursed Imposture, an honest Man; But to give him his due, he was honester than any of those whose Character I have heard of; he was a just inoffensive Man in his Morals, which very few of them are; and as to the pious Cheat of his Office, to give him his due, he left it just where he found it. Whether he had any Faith in the System, or no, I will not affirm, but am of Opinion that he had not, because he had too much Penetration to be imposed upon; and yet I think he had too, because he had too much Integrity to impose upon others. But that which reconciles the two Extremes is, that he was bred up in the Delusions, and perhaps receiv'd the first impressions so deep, when young, that his Reason could not prevail over them afterwards. And if it was so, it was no strange thing in a Religion, wherein one of the principal Rules of Faith is, to have it follow those who went before them; and value their Doctrine rather for its Antiquity, than the intrinsick of its Principles.

They called this Pope by the Name of *Innocent* XI. The *Hugonots* and *Protestants* every where cried him up, and he was called in general, *The Protestant Pope*; but this was principally on account of his Politicks, not his Religion; for

in the first he was a Patron of Liberty, in the last a Tyrant, and Bigot. But with this Explanation in his favour, that in the first, he acted Nature; in the last, he acted his Office.

They tell us a good Story of him here, which is an admirable proof of the generosity of his Nature, and the goodness of his Disposition: The Story says, That an *English* Gentleman coming to *Rome*, and being desirous to satisfie his Curiosity in seeing the Pope, his Holiness, as they call him, having some intimation that he was a Man of Learning, desir'd to talk with him; and using very great freedom in his Discourse; among the rest, says the Pope, if I mistake not, I saw you yesterday at the solemn Mass at St. *Peters*, so they call the great Mosque at *Rome*, where the Pope himself goes. Your Holiness cannot mistake, says the *English* Gentleman, smiling. The Pope understood him, and found he had really committed a Mistake, to say, if I mistake not, when he is called Infallible; and that the Gentleman had touch't the Point in Repartee. However, being a Person full of good Humour, he carried that off; and turning to another Subject; well, says he, you saw me in my Habits of Ceremony, what do you think now of the Pope's being Antichrist? The Gentleman was full of the Answer, but loth to give offence, and ask'd if his Holiness would give him leave to speak freely; with all my Heart, says the Pope, I promise you I will not be offended.

Why truly, says he, I will not affirm that the Pope is Antichrist; but in my Country, if there had been a Hue-and-Cry after Antichrist, and I had met your Holiness in the Dress you were in yesterday, I believe I should have apprehended you upon Suspicion.

The

The Pope, they ſay, receiv'd the Jeſt with much good Temper, but did not talk much with the Perſon after it; and the *Hugonots* and *Proteſtants* make themſelves very merry with the Story.

They publiſh a Letter of Politicks in *England*, which they ſay this Pope wrote to King *James*, when he ſought aſſiſtance from him againſt the Prince of *Orange*; in which they ſay he blam'd him for offering to break thro' the Laws and Liberties of his Country, on pretence of introducing the Romiſh Religion; but the People here cannot bear to hear of that Doctrine, which they ſay condemns the King in that very thing for which he ought to be Canoniz'd.

In a word, Pope *Innocent* was for every Nation enjoying their own Conſtitutions, and carrying Religion on by Religious Methods, not by Force, Armies, and Perſecution; but the Religion he call'd himſelf the Head of, would not long ſubſiſt upon that Bottom.

Paris, 16th *Day of the* 9th *Moon in the Year*, 1689.

LETTER XI.

To the Illuſtrious Leader of the Armies of the invincible Emperor of the faithful Mehemet Orchanes Ogli, *Vizier* Azem.

I Congratulate with an exceſs of Joy, thy advancement to the high Command whereof thou art now poſſeſs'd; and as no Man knows better than thy ſelf, how to execute the Office of

of prime Minister in a State of such boundless Dominion, so no Man knows more of thy Merit and Capacity for the Dignity than I, who have been witness to the Greatness of thy Soul, and thy indefatigable applications to Virtuous and Glorious Actions from thy Childhood. It is now, and at this distance, that I foresee thy Valour and Conduct will curb the Insolencies of the Infidels, and Enemies of *Mahomet*, and restore to the *Ottoman* Empire those Towns, which not the Valour of the *Germans*; but the Negligence and want of Experience in former Officers, have suffer'd to fall into their Hands.

Wherefore is it that the Court of the Grand Seignior has known such Changes, and that no less than seven Grand Viziers have been removed in five Years past. But that Fate, which has reserv'd the retrieving the Glory of the *Ottoman* Empire to a Hand and Head fitted by Nature for that Work, might not only bring thee to this high Station, but prepare for thee the Field of Victory and Peace.

I am not caressing thee for Gain, or swelling thy Vanity with words; *Mahmut* knows not how to be a Hypocrite; Flattery is the Sacrifice of Fools, and a Gift that Wise and Great Souls abhor. But it is reveal'd to me from the sacred Hills of *Besser*, *Abba*, and the Cave of Wonders: *Mahomet* said *Amen*, the Great Prophet joyn'd his Hands, and shouted: I heard the sound in Vision imperceptible, the Oracle speaks by my Mouth, CUPRIOLI *shall gloriously end this War, the* Infidels *and* Nazareens *shall sue for Peace, and it shall be given them.*

I live here in a Country of Enemies of *Mahomet*, yet the King of *France* is both like thee in Glory, and like thee happy in the most sublime

blime Undertakings: he is unſhaken in his Miſfortunes, and invincible in his Reſolutions; he receiv'd the laſt Year ſeveral Foils and Diſappointments; his Enemies in ſtrong Confederacy took from him *Maynce*, or *Mentz*, an Imperial City, and an impregnable Fortreſs; *Keyſerlauter* and *Bonn* alſo, two very ſtrong Towns, and with them large Countries depending on them.

But like *Anteus*, who the Poets feign was the Son of *Terra*, and had this benefit by his Birth, that when he was in wreſtling with *Hercules*, thrown to the Earth, he roſe up ſeven times ſtronger than before; ſo the King of *France*, made more furious by his Loſſes, makes ſuch preparations for an offenſive War this Year, as the like is no where to be ſeen, but at the ſtupendious Port where thou guideſt the Helm of Empire, and where all the Princes of the Earth do Homage.

The Preparations here are incredible, and the King reſolves to take the Field in Perſon, the Dauphine is to Command a ſecond and ſeparate Army, and the Duke of *Orleans*, the King's Brother, a third. Beſides which, he reſolves to have a Fleet of 100 Sultanas of the Line, that is, in the ſpeech of the Sea in this part of the World, of Men of War of 50 Guns and upwards, for no leſs Ships now fight in the Line of Battle.

The Face of the whole Kingdom is cover'd with Troops, and the Drums beat up in all parts; all the Diſcourſe is of Arms, and Equipages, and you would ſwear that all the People of *France* were to repair to the Borders, to ſee the Fate of *Europe* decided. The Great Cities and Towns are Tax'd at every one a Regiment of Soldiers, or leſs, according to their magnitude, which they report will amount to

120 Regiments, which shall bear their Names, and be Cloathed by the said Towns; and the Expence is to be re-paid in three Years after the Wars shall be over, or perhaps not at all; for this King is not very nice in observing the Promises which he makes, especially those to his own Subjects.

Fear and Courage in War attend bad or good Success, as the Rain and Heat do the thickness or clearness of the Air, and the Hopes of Men rise and fall, just as the Enemy they pursue, rises or falls before them. May early Successes crown thy illustrious Undertakings, that the ancient Courage of the Mussulmans may revive in thy Glory, and Victory may be the Handmaid of thy Wisdom, and Valour.

LETTER XII.

To the Aga of the Janizaries.

I Had no sooner heard of the Advancement of my old Friend, Comerade and Acquaintance *Mehemet Ogli*, to the illustrious Office of Grand Vizier, but it foreboded to me that the Affairs of the Glorious Empire of the World would take a new turn: Virtue and Magnanimity possest him from a Youth, he was the delight of Wise Men, and delighted in Valiant Men, and is now the choice of Wisdom and Valour it self.

As is the Man, so are those under him; his consummate Experience could not but dictate to him, that for the accomplishment of his great Designs, he must single out Instruments quali-

qualified by their Virtue and Valiant Performances, to undertake the greatest Actions.

When I heard that thou wert singled out by him from among thy Fellows, to be at the Head of the mighty Legions of the *Green-Vest*, and that the *Janizaries* were put under thy Command, I expected no less than what I have since found to be the Consequence of such Conduct, (*viz.*) the Overthrow of the *Nazareens*: I congratulate thy beginning of Success in this, and the defeat of 12000 of their best Troops, which I hear are the first Trophies of thy Conduct, and will let the whole Mussulman Empire know what they are to expect from the New Vizier, and those who fight under the Banners of *Mahomet*, by his Example.

Prostrate on the Earth, I congratulate thy Lord in the success of thy faithful Services. I will tell thee also in what manner the Infidels speak of this Action, even among themselves; for they have publish'd their own Shame from all parts.

First, thou mayst observe, that in all other Battles they give false Accounts, and relate such Actions, not as they really are, but as they would have them to be; that they may buoy up the Hopes and Spirits of their People, and keep up what they call the Reputation of their Arms; but this late Action in *Servia*, under thy Conduct, has been so conspicuous, that they have no false Colours sufficient to hide it, and are bound to relate it in its true Circumstance. Condoling with one another for the great Loss they have receiv'd, I will give it thee in some of their own Words.

'The Effects of the Great Changes at the 'Ottoman Court, says one of those *Nazareen*

Writers, begin to shew themselves in a manner which justly alarms the *German* Court; the new Vizier, and the new Aga of the *Janizaries*, both Men of a Martial Disposition, and of great Experience in Military Affairs, apply themselves to the Business of the War, in a manner quite different from those unexperienc'd People who went before them. In a word, we have had a taste of their Conduct, and it appears, that, suitable to the reputation of those two great Commanders, the Courage of their Soldiery is reviv'd, and the Hopes of the *Germans* in proportion declin'd.

'He goes on to give good Advice indeed to the *German* Generals, (*Viz.*) to expect blows; and to quicken their application to the War, having a vigilant and valiant Enemy to deal with, meaning the Vizier, and thy self.

'The Aga of the *Janizaries*, says he, not being able without indignation to see the *German* Troops insult the *Ottoman* Empire, even almost at the Door of the Capital City and Seat of their Emperor, resolv'd to attack the main Body of the Emperor's Forces, consisting of 5 Imperial Regiments of Foot, of 2500 Men each, and about 4000 Horse and Dragoons, who were posted at *Nissa*, and had ravaged the Country as far as *Uscopia* and Mount *Hemus*. To this purpose, ordering a Body of *Tartars* to pass the *Danube* about *Widin*, the Aga advanc'd with a Body of 8000 *Janizaries*, and 3000 *Sphais*; and coming up within four Miles of *Nissa*, joyn'd there with a Body of *Tartars*, and with some *Hungarians*, under Count *Tekely*, and the next Morning attack'd the Imperial Troops Commanded by the D. of *Holstein*. The fight was very fierce and bloody, the *Germans* defending themselves with great Bravery, 'till

after

'after an obstinate Battle of above four hours 'continuance, in which a great many Men 'were kill'd on both sides, the *German* Horse 'were oblig'd to give way, and were put into 'some confusion, and after some time more, to a 'plain flight, being pursued by the *Tartars* so 'closely, that only about 800 with the Duke 'of *Holstein*, escaped to *Belgrade*, the Duke him-'self very sorely wounded.

'The Infantry being now forsaken of the 'Horse, were surrounded and Charged in 'Front, and Flank, and in short, were entirely 'cut in pieces by the *Janizaries*, very few esca-'ping; and we hear since, that the Duke of '*Holstein* is dead of his Wounds.

I send thee this Testimony to thy Conduct, and to the Valour of thy Troops, being made by the Enemies own acknowledgment, and as an Earnest of what they ate to expect from the returning fortune of the *Ottoman* Troops.

Heaven, that always showers down Rewards upon the Faithful and Valiant, give continued Successes to thy Arms, 'till the Enemy vomit up their unjust Conquests, and thou givest Peace to the Just in the Name of God, and his Prophet.

Paris, 20*th of the* 3*d Moon, of the Year* 1690.

LETTER XIII.

To the most Perfect in Wisdom and Virtue, the upright Instructor among the Faithful, Vahimi Effendi, *Publisher of Truth, and Teacher of Wise Sayings, in the presence of the Grand Seignior.*

SURELY the Religion of these *Nazareens*, as they manage it here among their Dervices, or Priests, of whom there are innumerable Sects, is the most unaccountable mass of Contradiction that was ever heard of in the World. And to do justice to the Lord of Truth and Righteousness, who dwelleth in Unity, the great One God, who sent his Prophet, the Son of *Mary*, to instruct these Men in the way of right things; I say, to do justice to him, it must be declar'd that they walk not in his Precepts, as the true Mussulmen walk in the right Precepts of *Mahomet*.

It would offend thy Ears, ennur'd to hear the Words of Justice and Wisdom, should I give thee the detail of the Folly and Madness of these Hypocrites; were their Prophet Jesus here now on Earth, to see the Hypocritical behaviour of the several Sects of religious Thieves among them, and how they sell Pardon of Sins for Money, and send Souls into Torment, or Bliss, as their Friends are narrow or large in their Bounty to their Church, he would scourge them out of the Mosques consecrated to his Name, as he did the Money-Changers out of the Temple; for never was it so true as now, that his House is made a Den of Thieves.

But

But not only are the Religious among them a Crew of unſanctified Devotees, but the manner with which they carry on their Fraud, is in itſelf ſo ridiculous, that nothing is more aſtoniſhing, than that the People can be impos'd upon in ſuch a manner, and can take ſuch Abſurdities for Religion. For Example.

They Celebrate Yearly the Day of the Nativity of the Meſſiah Jeſus. But as if they were determined by Fate to be made ridiculous to all the Sons of *Adam*, they cannot reſolve among themſelves when it was. So tenacious alſo they are of their ſeveral Epocha's of Time, and of the particular Accounts which one or other keep, that each Country keep it according to their own way; ſome ten Days ſooner, ſome ten Days later than one another; and in the *Muſcovite* Country, I am told, they have no leſs than 5 ſeveral Accounts.

In a word, they know not when he was born. And did not we know the certainty of theſe things, by the unerring Revelation of our juſt Oracle the Alchoran, which came from Heaven, we might ask them how they knew he was Born at all, or that there was ſuch a Perſon upon Earth. But we are able to give them a Truer Account of their own Prophet, whoſe Pattern of Virtue we declare to them, would make them perfect, had they obey'd his Law with Sincerity and Faithfulneſs.

Neither are they better inſtructed in the Nature and Reaſon of keeping *Biram*, or a Feaſt on the Day of the Nativity of the Son of *Mary*; for if they acknowledge him to be a Preacher of Righteouſneſs, then ought his Followers to practiſe according to his Example; and when they Celebrate his Birth, in whom they truſt and believe, ſhould it not be to re-

commend his Law to one another, for the just observation of their People.

On the contrary, the Day of *Biram*, or Feast observ'd for the Birth of their Prophet JESUS, is a Day set apart for unbounded Licentious Vice, as Gluttony, Gaming, excess of Wine, and all manner of Liberty, in those Crimes in which these Northern Nations surmount even the wickedness of the Luxurious *Egyptians*.

I Swear to thee by the holy Soul of my Father and Grandfather, that there are not living in the Face of the Sun, such a Generation of Belly-Gods as the Dervices of this part of the World, who, under pretence of Sanctity, Abstinence, and profess'd Poverty, wallow in Sensuality, Gluttony, and Wine; and this is an aggravation of it, that the Day appointed to thank God for the Birth of their Great Prophet, is, as it were, set apart to provoke God to take from them the benefit for which their Prophet Jesus came among them.

Nor is it in vain; righteous Vengeance has filled them with their own ways, and the Laws of Virtue and Truth, which Jesus the Son of *Mary* left them to walk by, when he was taken up into Heaven, are lost to them, being swallowed up in Hypocrisie and Innovation on one hand, Ignorance and Immorality on the other.

An instance of their Ignorance I shall give thee in another Case, in which they are mockt by their own People: and this relates to another Day, which they keep as a Day of Devotion for the Crucifixion of their Messiah; this they call *Good-Friday*; but why it has that Name, they cannot tell us, neither is it known by one in five hundred amongst them what it is they

are

are to do on that Day, or how to behave, (*viz.*) whether with Joy, or Sorrow.

It was yesterday that they Celebrated this Day in the Great Mosque of this City, as also in all the lesser Mosques; but I name the Great Mosque, because when the People came to go into the Mosque, or Church, they found a Paper fix'd upon the Door, with the following Lines, in several Languages, that all sorts of People might read it:

Ye Hypocrites, pull off the Sacred Masque,
And of your selves this graver Question ask:

Whether you are in Earnest, or in Jest,
Whether Good-Friday *is a Fast, or Feast?*

If as a Feast you keep the joyful Day,
You joy that Judas *did your Lord betray.*

If 'tis a Fast, and all in Sorrow seem,
You mourn that Jesus did the World Redeem.

The People were so astonish'd at the Question, which not any of them could answer, that they read them with great attention, and many took Copies of them; so that it was to no purpose that the Bishop, hearing of it afterwards, sent his Officers to pull the Paper down, for they were immediately made publick over the whole City, and are repeated now in every Mouth with such pleasure, that the Dervices are provok'd to the highest degree, being banter'd and jested with about them in all Conversation. Nay, I am told the King himself could not forbear repeating them by way of Jest to his Confessor.

But that which made the greatest Disturbance was, that at the bottom of the Paper, there were three other Lines; upon the reading of which, it was observ'd, abundance of the more serious People began to consider whether they had best go into the Mosque that Day or no, and many of them really went back again. The Lines were thus:

Before you go to Church, resolve the Doubt,
That you may know what you go there about,
And not go Wiser in, than you come out.

Had this happen'd in *Spain*, *Portugal*, or in *Italy*, it is certain whoever had dar'd to take a Copy of them, or to repeat them again, especially by way of Jest upon the Clergy, as they do here, would have been clapt up in the Inquisition, and never have come out, but at an *Auto de fe*, with a *San Benitto* upon his Head. But the *French* are a People of so much freedom in their general Conversation, that they could never suffer the Yoke of the Inquisition among them.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

To Simeon Ben Habbakkuk, *a Jew, at* Salonicha.

THOU (my old Friend) art in my Opinion, ſtudying and ſpending thy Years, even to an extream Old Age, upon the weakeſt Foundation that any Man of ſo great Learning ever did, except an old Fryar here in *France*, who, they ſay, has been forty Years writing what he calls the Hiſtory of Sacred Reliques, they call him Father *le Pleſis*.

He has made a Collection of the Trumpery they call Reliques, which they tell me are digeſted into 17 Volumes in Folio; to which he has with much Labour added all that he could reckon up or gather, and perhaps invent, and having Dedicated them to Cardinal *Mazarine*, the Cardinal, who perhaps knew more of the Cheat than Father *le Pleſis*, ask'd him to let him ſee the whole Work, that he might cauſe them to be laid before the King, and obtain for him ſome mark of his Majeſty's Eſteem; the old Father tickled with this Compliment, brought his 17 Volumes in Manuſcript curiouſly written to the Cardinal, who took care of the Fryar indeed, and made him an Abbay, as we ſtyle them, *Nakib Eſcreff*, or Chief of the *Emirs*; I ſay, he made him Abbay of a Monaſtry of Fryars *Benedictines*, but never let him ſee his Books any more; and I am told, that after the Cardinal's Death, they were found in his Library, with this worthy remark upon them, under the Cardinal's own Hand, that they were a ſcandalous Medly of Ridiculous Tales, and ought to be ſuppreſs'd.

Be not angry, grave *Simeon*, if I think thou art ſtudying and labouring, ſpinning out thy Bowels, and employing thy fruitleſs Years in a production, which, when thou haſt finiſhed, will be of no profit, either to thy ſelf, or any one elſe; for as I have it from thy own Pen, thou haſt been this 50 Years tracing Antiquity, and the Learned Works of the Hebrew *Rabbins*, to explain and come at the Original of the *Talmud*, or Babylonian *Gemara*, the *Miſna*, and the Lectures of the *Gaonim*, and *Amoraim*, (*viz*) the Expoſitors and Doctors of the Oral Law of *Moſes*.

Alas, *Simeon*, I pity thy fruitleſs Labour, thou haſt gotten a Task endleſs as that of *Syſſiphus*, who was condemn'd to roll a great Stone up the Mountain *Æger*, which came back upon him immediately upon every lift he gave it, and always left him juſt where he began.

Miſerable Man, thou wouldſt do well to tranſpoſe thy Studies from the ſubſequent to the antecedent, and reſolve firſt the previous Queſtion, Whether there was any ſuch thing as an *Oral Law* committed to the Children of *Iſrael* by *Moſes*, yea or no? and till thou doſt this, 'tis all but begging the Queſtion to talk of the Authority of the *Miſna*, which in its pretence is a Body of Traditional Conſtitutions.

But did ever Man of Learning ſpend his invaluable time, in ſuch a fruitleſs Study as this? in which thou art ſure to arrive at nothing, but, in a word, to leave every thing more abſtruſe, dark and difficult than you found it.

I know it is in vain to urge to thee the words of Jeſus the Son of *Mary*, becauſe thy thoughts of him are not the ſame as we

Muſſulmen

Mussulmen entertain; for we believe him to be a Prophet sent from God, but thou believest him to be an Impostor; we believe he was Translated to Heaven, as was *Enoch*, and *Elias*, thou that he was Crucified; and that his Disciples, the better to carry on the Religious Fraud, doz'd the *Roman* Soldiers with an Opiate in some Wine, and having cast them into a deep Sleep, had stollen his Body away, and gave out that he was risen from the Dead.

But I say, not to mention the preaching of this Jesus, who expos'd sufficiently the folly and knavery of your Traditions, and made even the Notion of an Oral Law ridiculous in it self; I shall put thee upon this rational Enquiry, (*viz*) Whether *Moses* left any such Oral Law or not, and whether it does not appear rather to be the meer subtilty, craft and knavery of the *Rabbins*, pretending by suggesting such antient Institutions, and undertaking to explain and expatiate upon them, to gain reverence and respect among the People, and indeed making themselves Lawgivers; for it is evident that they have in the end given the same, or a superior Sanction, to the Tradition of the Elders, (*viz*) the *Misna*, the *Babylonian Gemara*, &c. as was given to the written Law of God handed to them by the Ministry of *Moses*, your great Prophet and Lawgiver.

Now, Sage *Simeon*, what is the Evidence you have that *Moses* gave any Rules other than those which he left in Writing? verily thou canst neither give Evidence of it, or lay down any probable Scheme or Reason of it. To give Evidence, none will pretend, nor do the most ancient Writers among the *Hebrews* go back to any time, when it can be said, by many hundred Years, that any was alive who receiv'd

those

those Oral Laws from the Mouth of *Moses*; the utmost Authority given by the Ancients, and with which your People seem so well satisfied, is this, that they receiv'd it by Tradition.

These Traditions are collected by *Rabbi Juda*, a Learned Sage Man, but he goes no farther back than *Simeon* the Just, who, by his acknowledgement, liv'd not till above a thousand Years after the Death of *Moses*, and knew nothing of what was left by *Moses* himself, but what was upon Record in the Books called the *Pentateuch*, except what was handed down to him by the Traditions, that is, in a word, the Corruptions of the Elders,

These Traditions then having no evidence of their Antiquity, thou wouldest do well, after the most curious search of Books, to resolve them as *Gaffir Evilmouah*, the Learned *Arabian* of *Medina*, did long since, into the corrupt Exposition of Dogmatick *Rabbies*, presuming, in Pride and Ostentation, to impose their sence upon the Divine Institutions of *Moses*, who also, to add an Authority, tho' surreptitious, and assumed, pretend that *Moses* was said to leave such Constitutions as explanations of the Laws of God; as if *Moses*, who was guided by the especial and particular Hand of Heaven, and had the pattern of every thing given him in the Mount, would not have been so just to the Children of *Israel*, and so just to God himself, as to have written, for their farther Instruction, every thing that had been necessary for their perfect understanding the Law of God, if it had not been sufficiently explain'd in it self.

Farther, it seems a reproach to God himself, if thou acknowledgest him to be a perfect Law-giver, that he should leave his Laws in so hidden and dark Expressions, that *Moses* his Ser-

hidden

vant, and by whom he promulgated the whole Tenour of his Will, ſhould be oblig'd to add to it an Oral Law, as a Directory of its Obedience, whereas in the reſt there was not a ſtitch in the Curtains of the Tabernacle, but what was particularly deſcrib'd and directed from Heaven.

But to carry it yet farther; by the Tranſlation, as alſo by all the *Hebrew* Editions of the the *Pentateuch*, which I have ſeen, the laſt Chapters of the laſt of thoſe Books, contain a recapitulation by *Moſes* to the People, of all that God commanded him to ſay to them; wherein he tells them the whole ſubſtance of the Command, the plainneſs of it, and particularly, that it needs no Oral Expoſition, or Addition. He makes indeed preſſing Inſtances to them for their obſervance of the Law, but does not ſay one word of its requiring an Interpreter, or any Explanations, Expoſitions, or particular Directions. On the other hand, your Prophet *Moſes* declared that there needed no ſuch helps, *Deut.* 30. 11, 12, 13, 14. *For this Commandment which I command thee this Day, is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. It is not in Heaven, that thou ſhouldeſt ſay, Who ſhall go up for us to Heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? Neither is it beyond the Sea, that thou ſhouldſt ſay, Who ſhall go over the Sea for us, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? But the Word is very nigh unto thee, in thy Mouth, and in thy Heart, that thou mayeſt do it.*

The meaning is clear, it is nigh to thee, familiar to thy Underſtanding, it is in thy Mouth, that is, in thy own Mouth, thou needeſt no Teacher; and in thy Heart., thou needeſt no Explanation, no Interpreter. That thou mayeſt do it; that is, thou knoweſt it perfectly well, and canſt have no Excuſe for not doing it.

From

From hence it is observ'd in the Histories of the *Hebrew* Times, that on all the publick Solemnities among the *Israelites*, the Law was to be read to the People, there was no occasion of Oral Expositions, and Traditional Additions, the Law was compleat, it wanted nothing but to be read to the People, it carried such Energy with it, and was in all things so compleatly full, so plain, so intelligible, and so convincing, that to read it was sufficient.

What then art thou doing, O *Simeon*, thou art but raking in Dunghils, and searching the corrupt attempts of frail and erroneous Men, to explain and expound the Law given in the most perfect form from Heaven, by that God who cannot err, and who exhibited his Commands in so perfect a form as needed no Explanations.

Depend upon it, Sage *Rabbi*, thou art studying upon nothing, but art surrounded with those cursed *Phænomena*'s of Human Inventions, which for many Ages have been Darkning and Eclipsing, not explaining the pure and unspotted Law of *Moses* your Lawgiver; and your *Rabbins* have been now a thousand Years endeavouring to introduce their mean and debauch'd whymsies into the said Law, as Institutions of God, which is the worst sort of Idolatry; just as the *Nazareens* here have done, who, by the pretended Authority of the Popes, or Sovereign Pontiffs, have introduced so many Oral Traditions into the Worship of their Prophet, that they have very few of his first Institutions left among them.

Be Wise in the conclusion of thy Days, and leave off propagating Errors, and imposing Human Inventions in the most pure Laws of the High, One Eternal Being.

Paris, *16th of the 5th Moon, of the Year* 1690.

LET-

LETTER XV.

To the Kaimacham.

IF I judge rightly from what I have observ'd from the History of the Nations among whom I dwell; I think the mighty Empire of the *Ottomans* is the only Kingdom or Government in the World which God has suffer'd to stand protected by his Great Prophet *Mahomet*, without suffering the Revolutions common to these *European* Kingdoms. This is a Testimony of the Divine Pleasure, and may cause us to conclude the Empire of the Faithful to be the delight of Heaven.

All the Kingdoms of *Europe* have either first or last suffer'd violent Convulsions, Changes and Revolutions of Government, as *Sweden*, *Denmark*, *Poland*, *Muscovy*, *Spain*, *Portugal*, *England*, &c. But the Triumphant Empire of the *Ottomans*, has from its first Founder continued under the same Government, in the same Line, and in a continual encrease, like the growing Crescent, the Ancient and Original Device of our great Prophet, growing towards its full, and has yet never suffer'd any Wain; long may it encrease, 'till it Triumph over all the Nations of the World, and bring the haughty Empires of the *Persians*, and *Nazareens*, to truckle to the Feet of the Grand Seignior.

England, which among the Kingdoms of the *Nazareens* I just now named to thee, to have already suffer'd Changes and Revolutions, has suffer'd now about two Years ago, a greater Change than any of those for Ages before; for they have deposed their Rightful Lord and Emperor,

peror, and have, by the assistance of a Dutch Prince, called the *Prince of Orange*, driven their King not only from his Throne, but out of his Dominions, and we see him here as a forsaken afflicted Man, taking Sanctuary in the Court of his Neighbouring Monarch, and soliciting him for Help.

The King of *France* has always been vain of having his Court call'd the Asylum, or Refuge of Distressed Princes, and has often espoused the Cause of such, to a degree which has been heavy upon himself; and yet has so happily managed for such Princes, that many of them, first or last, have been effectually restor'd; as was the Case in the House of *Braganza*, now the Royal House of *Portugal*; several *Italian* and *German* Princes, and others; but he has had no luck with entertaining Kings of *England*: For when he entertain'd once the Brother of this Prince, many Years ago, when Exil'd by his rebellious People, he found himself oblig'd by the Usurper, to desire him civilly to withdraw out of his Dominions again.

But he has so effectually espous'd this Prince, as to enter into a very terrible War in his behalf; in which the Interest of the Person I mention'd, who was *Prince of Orange*, but is now solemnly Crown'd King of *England*, has been such, among the other Princes of *Europe*, that the greatest part of Christendom, *as they call it*, is entred into a Confederacy against the *French* King, and last Year, it was thought, would have bidden fair for his ruine.

Not that I believe now they will all be able together to Master him, especially if the Arms of the invincible Port do continue with Success to divert the Power of *Germany* from falling in with the rest; for the Armies of *France* are infinitely

finitely numerous, and this Years Campaign has given a new turn to their Affairs, their Cavalry, which indeed must be esteem'd the best in these parts of *Europe*, are exceeding fine, and are led on by the most enterprizing daring Officers in these parts of the World; and they again directed by Generals of the utmost Experience: nor have they ever yet come to any decisive Battle wherein the *French* Troops have not gain'd both the Glory, and the Field, and that chiefly by help of their Horse.

It is true, the now King of *England*, as they call him, is a Prince that will never give it over, and that by his Interest, his Policy, and his Alliances, appears every Year stronger and stronger, even after the most bloody Battles and Engagements.

This will not be the Case in *France*; for tho' the number of his Officers is inexhaustible, and if a thousand Officers were kill'd in a Battle, which has been the Case more than once, yet there are such numbers of Gentlemen in his Army, ready to supply their Places, equal in Bravery and Experience to those that fall in the Battle, that the Loss is not felt.

Nay, some have said that it is a Convenience to him, that there may be room to gratifie the infinite numbers of depending Gentlemen, whose Families expect to rise by the good Fortune of their Relations in the Army.

But it is not the same with respect to the common Soldiers, especially the Infantry; for as most of the Infantry are Foreigners of all Nations, especially *Germans*, *English*, *Irish*, and *Scots*, and all those Countries are now Leagued against *France*; if these old Veterane Troops are once broken and destroy'd by long Service, he cannot supply them again but with

with Native *French*; who, tho' the Cavalry are good beyond compare, yet the common People are ſmall, weak Bodies, and not able to cope with the ſtrong heavy Bodied Troops of the Northern Nations.

Whoever therefore lives to ſee this War end, if it holds on many Years, as it is like to do, will ſee the *French* Infantry grow worſe and worſe by Service; whereas the Troops of other Nations grow better and better: the Reaſon is, becauſe they cannot be recruited with Men of the ſame Nations, and of the ſame Bravery and Ability, as they were made up of before.

But however, as things are now ſtated, the King of *France* ſeems to make himſelf terrible to all the Confederates, grows upon them in every Campaign, and is continually ſurprizing Towns and Countries from them, by being earlier in the Field than their Armies can be gotten together; ſo that he often forms a Seige in the beginning of the Year, and takes the Place, and lets his Army go into Quarters again, before the Troops of the Confederates, which are to be fetch'd from the ſeveral Countries where they are gone to Quarter, can be in the Field.

Paris, *15th of the 6th Moon, of the Year* 1690.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

To Mahumend Nassuff, *formerly Bassa of* Caramania, Reis Effendi, *or Chief Secretary of State.*

SInce thy advancement to the Honour which thou now worthily art entrusted with, of managing the Affairs of the happy fortunate Emperor of the World, I have not written to thee, but doubtless thou wilt find many of my Letters in the Cabinets of the *Bizraim*, or in the *Oda*'s of thy Predecessor, whose Wishes are now consummated in Paradise, the resting Place of the Faithful.

Amurath, Demir Ogli Omas Reis Effendi to *Mahomet* IV. under whose wise Dispositions I was continued twelve Years in this Post, acted on this Politick Principle, (*viz.*) that it is always proper to a Minister of State to see with as many Eyes as he can; for which reason he expected from me things of mean, as well as of the greatest Consequence.

But I shall furnish thee with Matters of weight only, till I have thy farther Instructions. Know then that this has been a Year of Blood among the Followers of the *Hebrew* Prophet, and innumerable Armies have been mowed down by the Sword of Divine Vengeance, in the Hands of Ambition, and Revenge.

Never did any Age, since the beginning of the *Ottoman* Greatness, offer so fair an Occasion for the glory of the Followers of *Mahomet*, to extend it self over the whole World.

The

The Animosity among these *Nazareens* is so great, and they pursue one another with such implacable Fury, that it looks as if they were firmly resolv'd never to have peace with one another any more; but were to root those they quarrel with from the face of the Earth.

The *French* are now at War with the *Germans*, as the Grand Seignior also is; and this War is carried on with such Cruelty and Rage, that nothing is more grateful to them here, than to hear of the Victories which the Mussulmans Armies get over the *Germans*; and tho' Jesus the Son of *Mary* is their own Prophet too, yet when thousands of his Followers are cut down by the Sword of *Mahomet*, they Boast and rejoyce in the News, albeit at other times they style the faithful Mussulmans their common Enemies.

Last Year the *French* Power seem'd to be over-match'd; the Confederacy which is form'd against them was so formidable, that they said it would be no dishonour to *Lewis* XIV. to yield, since no Man was born to fight all the World. And yet this Year, as if he coveted a War with Mankind, he has engaged a new Enemy against him, (*Viz.*) the Duke of *Savoy*, who calls for at least 50000 Men to be employ'd against him, were it only to act upon the Defensive.

It is however surprizing to see, that with all these Enemies in Confederacy against him, he has *even this Year*, turn'd the Scale of Fortune on his Side in every part of the World: On the *Rhine*, his Generals have kept the Field, and Encamp'd in their Enemies Country, raising Contributions, and causing his Army to subsist at the Expence of the Enemy: In *Flanders*,

ders, the *Dutch* Army has been defeated under Count *Waldeck*, by the Duke of *Luxemburg*, at the great Battle of *Fleuri*, or *Flerus*.

Likewise at Sea the *French* Fleet has been superior both to the *English* and *Dutch*; two Nations, who, in Distinction, are called, *The Maritime Powers*; the *French* have brought into the Sea a Fleet of 90 Sail of the Line, a Number superiour to what ever yet was seen in the Channel; and with this Fleet, commanded by Monsieur *Tourville*, they fairly fought both the *English* and *Dutch* Fleet united, on the *English* Coast, off of *Beachy*, and got the Advantage; having several Men of War of the *Dutch* burnt, stranded, or sunk, and three taken.

Only in *Ireland*, the Prince of *Orange* has been victorious; King *James* has had the Misfortune to be beaten at the *Boyn*, and is come back into *France* for Shelter; while the next Letters I may write, may send thee an Account that he is so far from being successful, that he has nothing of that personal Bravery which the World knows is necessary to a King; for they all say here, that tho' his Army retired, the Loss was but small, and he was under no Necessity of abandoning them by such a precipitant Flight.

But to return to the *German* Empire.

Doubtless the Advantages gained by the *Germans* over the Children of the Faithful, for the last 10 Years, must be from the Anger of God upon the Mussulmans Empire, for their Sins; or must be the Effect of the ill Conduct of the *Grand Seignior*'s Generals: We shall see different Effects will follow different Conduct; the new Grand Vizier is a Man who well knows how to rectifie the Mistakes of his Predecessors, and

and is far from being afraid to look his Enemies in the Face.

Now is the Time to retrieve the Glory of the *Ottoman* Arms, when a martial General is at the Head of the *Grand Seignior's* Armies, and the *German* Empire is laid hard at on this Side; so that they can neither spare the Troops or the Generals for the Defence of *Hungary*, as they did before.

Paris, 18*th of the* 8*th Moon*,
of the Year 1690.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

To Amurath Puelogli, Chaious Bassa *his Brother's Son; newly advanced to the Office of the Chief of the Messengers of State.*

WHEN I thought to have heard of the Proficiency of thy Studies, and that thou wert qualifying thy self in the *Tetrebg*, at the Holy City, in Order to be one Day the Oracle of the Law of *Mahomet*, and a Leader among the pure and unpolluted of thy Brethren, those who open the Mouths of the Faithful in the Service of the ineffable Glory; Behold, how am I surprized to hear that thou art descended to the mean and servile State of a Courtier.

Knowest thou that Heaven it self singles out, in the secret Decrees of inscrutable Providence, the Agents and Instruments of its own Work; qualifying those Instruments for the Business and End in which they were decreed to be employ'd: Knowest thou then, my Kinsman and Son of my Blood, that by thy accepting this secular Employment, thou hast let us know, that *Mahomet* has rejected thee, as one not worthy to repeat the Holy Name of *Alla zeid mechet, alla, alla*, sounded daily in his Ears by the faithful Dervices, or to be the Interpreter of his Law.

Canst thou, who wert designed by thy pious Mother for the most sublime Office of the Great Mosque, at the illustrious Gate of the

Seraglio,

Seraglio, and mightest, by thy promising Merit, have been chosen of God for the High-Priest of *Mahomet*: Canst thou quit the shining Glories of the Temple of the Faithful, where thy daily Post had been to be surrounded with the Servants of God, praying five Times a Day for the Health of thy Soul, and to the Honour of our great Prophet; and think thy self advanced with the gawdy Chain of a Minister of State, and the Turban of a Bassa?

I look upon thee as one fallen from the Pinnacle of Glory, and placed by an evil Spirit upon the Precipice of Fate; where it is a Million to one odds, but thou droppest into the Abyss of Misery, and art dash'd to Pieces upon the Rocks of thy own Ambition.

Weak Man, what art thou doing? Knowest thou that Peace is the Glory of Life, and that a Scene of serene Cogitation, just Action, and the Study of Wisdom, is not only the most suited to the Happiness of an exalted Soul in the Station of Life, but is an Emblem of Paradise; and guides the Soul to the shining Gate of Bliss, where thy Father's Fathers, to a hundred Generations, should have received thee with Musick and Dances; and where all the happy Generations of thy Ancestors, would have rejoyced over thee?

Now I esteem thee as lost, and if thou, by thy Humiliation, and the Prayers of *Mahomet*, shouldest arrive at the Garden of Joy, thou shalt nevertheless be received there as one who hadst cast thy self out by thy own Choice, hadst rejected thy own Felicity, and wast recovered by the compassionate Interposition of those more worthy than thy self, and shalt have the lowest Place among the Blessed.

Did

Did ever wise Man, who was by Nature, and the Care of an indulgent Mother, set apart for the superiour Blessedness of a religious Instructor of others, so degenerate into Stupidity and Darkness of Mind, as to damn himself to the empty Pleasures of a Life of Business and Repentances? What Amends can the sorry, gawdy Trifles of the Court, and of the Homage of Slaves, make thee, for the sublime Contemplations of Paradise, and the Honour of being a menial Servant to the Blessed of all Blessedness, the Mirrour of Glory, the Prophet of God?

Fye, *Morat*, fye; I blush for thee, and for the Reproaches thy own Heart must make thee, for having thus sunk into the lowest Degeneracy of Mankind; if it be not too late, let the just Reflection upon this Madness bring thee to thy self; and, if it be possible, ransome thy self from a Condition which will always give thee Occasion to call thy self not a Fool only, but a Mad-Man, a Lunatick, and one destined to be miserable.

Paris, *the 5th Day of the 2d Moon, of the Year* 1690.

LETTER XVIII.

To the perfect Judge, Mirrour of Uprightness, and Distributer of Justice to the Faithful: Morat Ebbuchebb, *Kadilesker of* Salonicha, *and the Isles.*

I Have been searching the Books of the ancient Doctors of our Law, from *Omer* and *Osman*, the first Writers of *Mahomet*'s Institutes, down to *Esad Mehummed Kalizecker*, the great *Nakib Eschref* of the Emirs in the Hill of Admiration on the *Red Sea*: I have examined the two hundred and seventy Mysteries, and the Rules of Wisdom, left written with a Pen of Emerald in the holy Mountain of *Ghazuan* in *Arabia*; and I have not been without deep Contemplations from the Inspirations which our great Prophet *Mahomet* has afforded to my 25 Prayers a Day, which I used without ceasing for 3 Months, to know the Reason why the Infidels and cursed among the *Nazareens*, are permitted to triumph over the Faithful, and take from us Cities, wherein Mosques have been built for the Prayers of the Mussulmans to God and his Prophet.

I have first found, and am assured, that the Pilgrimages enjoyned by the first Commands of our Religion have not been performed; so that our great Prophet not having been duly honoured by the Guides of the Faithful, and the Servants of the mighty Emperor having been

been permitted to transgress the Laws of their Fathers, the Indignation of God is justly fallen upon them.

I have likewise found, that throughout the whole Mussulmans Empire, the Commands of the One God have been transgressed in a Manner which has never been, since the Alcoran came down from Heaven, or since *Mahomet* took Possession of the Seat of Beauty in the Garden.

I am inform'd by Inspiration from the three Spirits which sit on the Top of *Jathrib*, on the Banks of the sacred River *Chahiber*, that the Mussulmans are secretly addicted to Wine, which is forbidden them by their Fathers, and by the written Law.

I swear to thee by the hoary Scalp of thy Father *Aleb*, and thy Grandfather *Raleb*, belov'd by *Mahomet*, and Favourites of Men; as thou art Kadilesker and Judge of the Country round about thee, if thou punish not severely the guilty Offenders, the Christians, who have already driven thee out of *Peloponesus*, for the Sins of the Mussulmans, shall drive thee also out of *Macedonia*; and thou shalt no longer preside over the Isles of the Arches.

Put strictly in Execution the Laws of *Mahomet* IV. the just and invincible Lawgiver and Emperor; and cause not only the Cabarets or Taverns of the *Greeks* to be shut up, but even destroy thou their Vineyards, from whence the cursed Evaporation is drawn; that the Laws of Sobriety be not broken under thy Government, and the Offence be laid at thy Door, when thou shalt come to the Gate of Paradise; where thou wilt demand Entrance in vain, if thou do not this Justice to thy great Prophet, and to his chosen People.

Let the *Germans*, *Venetians*, and others the Enemies of *Mahomet* and of his Law, engrofs this Crime to their own particular Ufe; let the Chriftians only be worthily efteemed the drunken Race; let them drown in the Gufts of their wicked Defires; and let it be faid above, that the Chriftians only are the Lovers of Wine, and drink the Juice of the forbidden Fruit to Excefs; but let the Faithful abhor the Crime, and let the guilty be punifhed with Severity.

Then fhall the Muffulmen be victorious over the Enfigns of the *Nazareens*, and the Priefts of *Mahomet* fhall poffefs the Temples of Unbelievers.

Paris, *the* 12*th Day of the* 3*d Moon, of the Year* 1690.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

To the Kaimacham.

I Wish thou wert to see, as I do in this Place, how the *French* esteem the *German* Troops; which nevertheless, they tell me, are the Terror of the *Ottoman* Cavalry: It grieves me to hear how those Infidels continually boast of defeating the *Spahis* and *Timariots*, the ancient Cavalry of the Mussulman Empire; invincible and terrible from the *East* to the *West*; while the same *German* Regiments, tho' arm'd with Curiasses, fighting against the naked *French* Horse, are cut in Pieces, push'd into Rivers and Morasses; and in a Word, are made the Scorn of the World: Believe me, it cannot be the Vertue or Courage of the Men, it must lie in the Ignorance and Want of Experience of the Officers.

The new Vizier wants not that I should tell him, how weak a Body the best Soldiers in the World are in the Field, if led on by unexperienced Officers; if an Army of Hares with a Lion to their General, was esteemed by the Ancients of more Use than an Army of Lions with a Hare to their General; then the placing unexperienced Officers at the Head of the best and bravest Cavalry of the *East*, is nothing less or more than a sacrificing the bravest Men in the *East* to the Fury of their barbarous Enemies.

The *German* Horse, I assure thee, are far from being terrible on this Side the World; the *Gens-darmefrie* of the *French* King, which

are Part of the Houſhold Troops here, as the *Spahis* or *Janizaries* are of the *Grand Seignior*'s, have frequently charged the Curiaſſiers of the Emperor Sword in Hand, and not fir'd a Shot at them; driving them out of the Field, not valuing their Iron Caps, Back and Breaſt.

Indeed it is very ſeldom that the *Germans* care to ſtand their Fury; at the late Battle in *Flanders*, fought on the Plains of *Fleuri*, the Light Horſe of the *French* Army, called Carabineers, broke 15 Squadrons of *German* Horſe, called *Lunenburghers* and *Brandenburghers*, by the meer Shock of their Charge, and the good Management of their Horſes; and never fired upon them till they were in plain Rout.

How comes it then that our *Spahis*, who are the moſt exquiſite Managers of their Horſes, and have the beſt Horſes in the World; are yet ſo often driven back by the Infidels? I ſhall give thee one Piece of Advice in this Caſe, which, as thou haſt a Martial Genius, thou wilt not fail to accept for the *Grand Seignior*'s Service: The Horſes of *Barbary*, *Turcomania*, and *Natolia*, are of the fineſt Make, the moſt beautiful in Shape, full of Mettle and Courage, of any in the *Ottoman* Empire; but they are not equal in Strength to the courſer and heavier Horſes of *Holſtein*, of *Saxony* and *Switzerland*, of *Flanders*, and of *England*; from all which Places the *Germans* draw the heavy Horſes they now uſe: This Weight of Horſe-fleſh is the Advantage in Battle, as the Manner of Fighting is now uſed in theſe Parts.

It was about the *ſecond* Moon of the laſt Year, called *February*; that the King of *France* reviewed the Cavalry of his Houſhold at *Compiegne*, a Town on the Frontiers towards *Flanders*;

Flanders; and as the King, with the Duke of *Luxemburgh*, caused the *Gens d' Arms* to march by his Coach, he took Notice, that many of their Officers were mounted upon the finest *Spanish* Jennets and Barbs that could be seen.

It was usual every Year, that the Troops were ordered to march immediately to *Flanders* from the Review in that Place; but after this Review, the King ordered them to Quarters, which greatly surprized them; but they understood it better, when an Order came the next Day from the Mareschal *Boufflers*, that the Officers of the *Gens d' Arms* should all change their Horses, and should be all mounted upon stronger Horses, and 20 Days Time was given them to furnish themselves; which was easily done in that Part of the Country: and it was but two Months after, when a Jest was put upon the Houshold Troops and the Guards, (*viz.*) That all the *Gens d' arms* were mounted upon Coach Horses.

But they soon found the Advantage in Action, for adding the Size of the Horses to the Courage and Bravery of the Men, who are all chosen out of the best Soldiers in the Army, they became a new Sort of People; and it is seen now, for no Troops can stand before them.

Were the Grand Seignior's Cavalry thus mounted, the *Germans* could not cope with them; but as it is now, they tell one another here, that the *Spahis* are mounted to pursue, not to fight; if they had said, to run away, not to fight, I could not contradict them; for my Business is to hear and see, and say nothing: But, I say, would the Grand Vizier mount his Troops with the large, heavy Horses of *Thracia* and *Macedonia*, of *Trapesond*, and the

Mountains of *Bosan* and *Mingrelia*, tho' they seem fitter to draw the Cannon, than mount the Troopers, yet the Advantage of it would soon be found in the Field of Battle.

Thou knowest I am no Man of War, but as I see this Practice made use of here so much to Advantage by Men of Experience, thou mayest find Reason to make use of the Advice as a Secret, for the Service of the *Grand Seignior*.

Paris, *the* 7th *Day of the* 5th *Moon, of the Year*, 1690.

LET-

LETTER XX.

To Kara Humaizoth Ungwar, *a Searcher of Ancient Knowledge; a learned, aged Emir of* Taclebbassara *in* Arabia.

IT is with inexpressible Joy I look back upon those few Days of my Youth, which I spent in thy Arms; thou who wert a Fountain of Wisdom and Instruction from thine Infancy, the Knowledge not of the Language of the *Hebrew*, so much as of the Learning of the *Hebrews*, was thy first Study; and I am not ignorant of the Perfection thou art arriv'd to in so many Years Application: I know that no humane Understanding can reach what thou art Master of in the traditional Wisdom of the Prophets and Rabbies of ancient Times.

How ignorant are the *Literati* of these Parts of the World in this particular? that they think none of the Ages or Nations contemporary with *Moses* and the Elders, were Partakers with them of sacred Knowledge, or had communicated to them any Part of the divine Institutions, which the *Jews* call the written Law?

Is it possible that these Men should pass by the many Ages of Wisdom in which the *Arabians*, who were for a thousand Years the wisest People upon Earth, and from whom the *Egyptians* borrowed their Learning and Knowledge, flourished as well in heavenly, as in humane Studies: We are not without Testimonies irrefragable, that God revealed himself in di-

verse Manners, and thro' the Administration of divers Persons, besides those Vocal Legislations and awful Appearances of Mount *Sinai*, mentioned in the Writings of *Moses*, called the *Pentateuch*; Even the *Jews* themselves confess, that their great Prophet *Moses* wandered forty Years in Foreign Countries, from whence he returned fraught with Wisdom and Knowledge, as well as with a Wife and a Stock of Sons, with which he was blest in that Country; which Country we know was on the Back of the Desert, and inhabited by the Tribes of *Midian*; all at that Time not only under the Subjection of the *Arabian* Power, but Partakers with them in their Knowledge and Wisdom, for which they were at that Time famous through all the Nations of the Earth.

It is observable, that even the *Jews* themselves, when they would set forth the great Judgment and Understanding of their Lawgiver *Moses*, they say he was learned in all the Wisdom of the *Egyptians*; whereas we likewise know that the great Teachers of Science, and Instructers of the Southsayers of *Egypt* were *Arabians*; and that the Source of all their Knowledge came originally from *Dhafarajara*, *Gurbelhumar*, and *Jabin Halfarecha*, the most ancient Doctors of *Arabia*, far elder than *Omer* and *Zebdanna*; under the Teachings of whom, the Soothsayers, Magicians, and other wise Men of *Egypt*, had their Studies, and went into the Southermost Parts of *Arabia Fœlix*, to hear and learn Instruction from them: So that for *Moses* to be learn'd in all the Wisdom of the *Egyptians*, was neither less or more than to be a Pupil of the Pupils of the ancient, most learned *Arabians*; in whom the Perfections of

Know-

Knowledge, in the first Ages of Time, were treasured up, and from them extended all over the World; particularly from *Arabia* to *Egypt*, by the Doctors and learned or wise Men of those Times; from thence, by the Learning of *Moses*, to the *Jews*; and by other Hands to the Sages of the *East*; from whom the *Grecians*, (viz.) the Philosophers of *Athens*, and of other *Grecian* Countries, handed down and improv'd humane Knowledge to the *Romans*, and to all the other Nations of the World.

I cannot, Sage Register of humane Knowledge, pass over here the Confession of the *Jews*, and the Testimony they give to the Truth I assert, (*viz.*) that the Wisdom and Knowledge, as well divine as humane, which was entrusted from Heaven with Mankind in those first *post diluvian* Ages, as they are called, was committed immediately, and in a more than ordinary Portion, to the *Arabians*, above all the Nations of the World.

This, I say, the *Jews* acknowledge, in publishing to the World, among the Books which they call Sacred; The Book or Story of *Job* the patient: This Book is not only graced with being written in the most sublime Stile that the *Hebrew* Language was ever written in, and by which it appears that the ancient *Hebrew* was preserved in its highest Purity and Dignity of Expression; but it gives undoubted Testimony to this great Principle, (*viz.*) that God revealed himself from Heaven to the *Arabians*, for by the Confession of all the Geographers in the World, *Job* and his three Friends were *Arabians*: I say, that God revealed himself from Heaven to the *Arabians*, in the like, and perhaps every Way as glorious a

Man-

Manner, as he did afterwards to the other Posterity of *Abraham*, the *Israelites*.

The whole Tenour of that Book, which they call of *Job*, intimates strongly a Supremacy of divine and natural Knowledge, infinite Transcendencies of Wisdom shine in every Part of it, all rational and supernatural Powers are exerted, in the Significancy of Expression, the Pungency of Replies, the Beauty of Stile, the Vivacity of Expression; in the arguings of his Friends, and the Sufferings of himself, all generous Principles are urged, acted, and improv'd; the most passionate Expostulations that can be conceived, break out from the Mouth of the grave Patriarch, under his strong Pressures, as from a Spirit overwhelmed; yet tyed down to the Principles of Humility, Resignation, Penitence, and all the Graces of a religious Mind; and all these appear in a resplendent Manner, even unutterable in any Language since that time known in the World: Nay, even unutterable in the very same Language, by any other Mouth.

No Example like it can ever be produced, thro' the whole History of Time among the *Jews*, even by their own Confession; Now *Job*, by all the Descriptions that can be given, was an Inhabitant of the Land of *UZ*: This *UZ* is, according to their own Doctors, a Country denominated from *UZ*, the Grandson of *Noah*, by his Eldest Son *SHEM*; whose Posterity multiplying after their coming out of the Ark, extended themselves *Southward* into the most fruitful Countries of *Asia*; such as *India*, *Persia*, and *Westward* into *Syria*, *Damascus* and *Arabia*, justly called the happy; and their happy Posterity are seated to this Day, abounding in Wisdom and Knowledge, and consummated in the great Law-

giver,

giver, our ſublime Prophet, whoſe Remains reſt in the ſhining Valley of Beatitudes, and the bleſſed Shades of the Holy City.

O! might I obtain the Bleſſing of returning from among Infidels, and the impure Nations of *Nazareens*; Impoſtors, who profane our Law, and give to the Almighty One God a Partnerſhip of Deities; that my Aſhes may reſt in Peace among Believers, and my Spirit paſs from the pure Society of the faithful Muſſulmans, to the Regions of ſublimated Pleaſure, and the inexpreſſible Joys of the Heavenly Garden, more beautiful than that of *Eden*: This would cauſe new Spirits to ruſh into all my Veins, new Vigour into all my Limbs, and, aged as I am, I could travel, nay, flie from this Exile, and make the Holy Pilgrimage on my bare Feet, from *Paris*, to the City of Wonders, the glorious *Medina Acheb*.

Whither am I tranſported? While I ſpeak of theſe Things I am wrapt up with inconceivable Pleaſure, and ſcarce know whether my Soul is embodyed, or unembodyed; Go on, thou Man of Perfection, continue to be the Oracle of Wiſdom, the Stream of Inſtruction, the Wiſdom of the wiſe, Eyes to the blind, and the Joy of the Faithful: I ſhall ſpeak more to thee of theſe Matters, if the languiſhing Life I groan out here permits me Time.

Paris, the 7th Day of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1690.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

To Draout Zemaoglan, *his near Kinsman; Under-Clark, or Deputy to the* Reis Effendi, *or Secretary of State.*

IS it not strange, that while I am daily writing Letters to thy Master of the greatest Importance, and giving him an Account of the Success of the great Enterprises which are undertaken, and the Victories gained by the *French* over the *German* Emperor and his Allies; I say, is it not strange I should sit still here, perfectly ignorant of either the Fate, or the History of what is doing in my own Country, and among my own Kindred.

How cometh it to pass, that thou, who art the right Hand to him, who is the right Hand of Councils, and keeps the Secrets of the mighty Empire; should not inform me at this Distance, of the great Turns in the Administration since the last Year; how the new Vizier has been exalted, and how to shew himself illustrious, and great in Action as in Council, he has restored Victory to the Arms of the Grand Seignior, by fighting the Battle of *Nissa*, and cutting in Pieces above 12000 of the Infidel Troops.

It is true I hear all this, and am able to send thee Particulars which thou knowest not of; but this is owing to the Intelligence I keep in the Courts and Councils of Princes, who are Enemies to the Grand Seignior, and therefore cannot

cannot always prevail with themſelves to ſpeak the Truth.

Beſides, haſt thou no ſympathetick Senſe of the Joys or Griefs of an abſent Parent? That would be to ſuppoſe, that thou haſt none of the Blood of thy Father's Brother in thee; or that He and I having the ſame Father and Mother, thou hadſt ſtill no Part of us communicated by Generation, tho' by the Laws of Nature, which change not, the volatile Particles of thy Blood, maintain an inviſible Correſpondence with thoſe of thy Father's Father, who was my Father; whereby thou inheriteſt the ſame Paſſions, Temper, Fire, and Phlegm, and ſhalt act in Conſonance to the Humour and Conſtitution of us that went before thee, even involuntarily, and by a natural Force of ſympathetick Powers, which thou mayeſt not perceive.

By the ſame Rule thou art of Neceſſity inſpired with the generous Principles of thy Grandfather, and canſt not be unmindful of thy Father's Image, who is now, tho' thus diſtant and remote, the neareſt Parent to thee in Blood; and in whoſe Affection thou haſt ſo great a Share, that by Sympathy it is impoſſible for us to be unconcern'd in the Griefs or Joys of one another, which Griefs or Joys, tho' unknown to either, are communicated by the inviſible Converſe of Spirits.

Whence elſe is it that involuntary Sadneſs ſeizes thy Heart, at Times when perhaps thou ſeeſt nothing near thee but what is the Subject of Pleaſure and Joy? At that Moment, doubt it not, the Soul of thy deareſt Parent *Mahmut*, here at this vaſt Diſtance, ſuffers Grief; perhaps from Diſtempers of the Body,

Tor-

Torture of the Mind, Disappointment, Affliction, or some latent Cause of Sorrow, unknown to thee.

By the same secret Influence I feel secret Impulses of Joy, by a sudden Spring of Spirits thro' my Blood, which lifts up the Soul above Grief, above all the Reach of humane Accidents, and above even my Power of expressing; I conclude then, thou, or some yet nearer Relation, perhaps my Mother, thy Grandmother, receive some Advancement, some Smiles from the sublime Majesty of the Grand Seignior, some uncommon Token of Prosperity, which is thus communicated to me by the inconceivable Power of sympathetick Influence, and the free Intercourse of Spirits: Thou knowest not perhaps how to express this, or at all Times to distinguish it; but assure thy self, if thou lissen vigilantly to the Voice of this silent Instruction, thou shalt always find in thy self secret Intimations of all the good or evil that attends either thee or thy Family.

I return to my first Complaint: The invisible Correspondence of our Souls will communicate Things particular to our selves, but there is not the same Conveyance of Things publick and affecting our Country; for tho' Affection to our Country may carry us high, yet there is no secret Sympathy, nothing mutual between us there; we are not of the same Species, or modell'd in the same Mould of Nature with our Governours; whereas the Channels of Blood in Relatives, come from the same Spring, partake of the same Temperament, and receive Motion from the same Principles.

I conjure thee by the Blood in thy Veins, springing from the great Fountain of *Guebirava*

in

in *Arabia*, the Source of our Generation, by the Graves of our Ancestors, buried under the Hill *Abirjuvan*, by the Head of thy Father and the right Hand of thy Mother, that thou forget me not in this Exile; but communicate to me of thy Welfare, and of all the publick Affairs of the Mussulmans Empire; to which may all Prosperity be given, and may those who envy the Grand Seignior be brought bound to his Saftre, and receive the Judgment of Rebels from his mighty Hand.

Paris, *the* 5th *Day of the* 8th *Moon, of the Year*, 1691.

LET-

LETTER XXII.

To the Reis Effendi, *or Secretary of State.*

IT is with an inexpressible Satisfaction that I see here the Accounts from the Frontiers of *Hungary*, of the Progress by the victorious Arms of the Grand Vizier, and the Consternation of the Infidels at the Success of the Faithful.

The *French* partake of our Joy, the War against the Emperor being of great Advantage to them; It is by their Means that I have a true Account of the glorious Successes of the *Ottoman* Forces over the *Germans*; they tell me, the Grand Vizier has taken *Nissa*, in Consequence of the Battle near that Place, wherein the *Germans* lost seven Princes, and 8000 Men of their best Troops; that the Serasquier *Ibrahim* has taken the Fort of *Piroth* on the River *Moraw*, and the Town of *Widin* on the *Danube*; so that all the Province of *Servia* is cleared of the *Germans*, who are driven to the Gates of *Belgrade*.

At the same Time that they were expecting Accounts of the farther Progress of the ever victorious Vizier, they received an Account another Way of a yet more terrible Blow given the *Germans* by Count *Teckeli*, the *Hungarian* Malecontent; who, assisted by a Body of the Grand Seignior's Troops, attacked General *Heister* in his Camp near the Port *du fer*, or the Iron Gate, being a Pass through the Mountains

tains of *Transilvania*; the *German* General had 4000 Foot and 2000 Horse of the *Imperial* Troops, with 4000 Heydukes, and 8000 *Transilvanian* Foot: But were attacked with such Fury by Count *Teckeli*'s Foot, backed with a Body of *Janizaries*, that they were entirely defeated; and so compleat was the Victory, that not 300 of the *Germans* have escaped, being cut in Pieces; General *Heister* himself is taken, and all the other General Officers kill'd or taken.

These Things I do not write to thee to inform thee, who hast, without Dispute, long ago the truest and first Account from the Grand Vizier himself, and hast communicated the Joy of it with the whole Body of the Faithful: But I write to let thee know also the Influence these Successes of the invincible *Ottomans*, have on these Parts of the World; the *French* rejoyce, the Neutral Princes stand in a Kind of Surprize; but the *Germans* are every where in the greatest Consternation imaginable, not doubting but the victorious Crescents will spread like a Torrent, and in a little Time regain the whole Kingdom of *Hungary*, and unravel all the Conquests of their great Hero, the Duke of *Lorain*; nor would the Consternation be much greater, if the Grand Seignior's Armies were at the Gates of *Vienna*, than it will be if the Grand Vizier should take *Belgrade*; which I will not doubt.

Happy be the Days and prosperous the Hands of the Faithful; may the vigilant and undaunted Leader of the *Imperial* Armies of *Mahomet* go on successfully to the End of his Wishes, and fulfil all the Expectations of the Grand Seignior, and of all that wish the Prosperity of the Mussulmans Empire.

But give *Mahmut* Leave to expostulate with thee in this Part, and to complain that I have

here

here no Information in these Things, however important; but what I receive from the Hands of Strangers, and from the Publick Printed Papers handed about among the Infidels; wherein such is the Spirit of Falshood that reigns among these Pretenders to Uprightness, that they report every Thing their own Way, and just as they would have it be.

If a Victory is obtained by any of their Armies, whether it be one Side or other, they oftentimes on one Hand magnifie the Particulars, and reckon up the Numbers of the kill'd and wounded to be more than the Party defeated really had in their Army; and if you hear the Story again from those who were beaten, you fail not to lessen the Number of the Armies, and to give an Account of the Action as if very few were kill'd, wounded, or taken Prisoners; so that oftentimes we find many more Prisoners to ransome by a great many, than were really taken in the Fight.

I, that fail not always to supply the Office of Secretary of State with needful and full Intelligence of Things done in these remote Parts of the World, ought not to be kept ignorant of our own Affairs, or in what Manner to represent the Figure which our Illustrious Emperor makes in the History of the Times.

It weakens me in the Judgment I am to make of Things, when I know not how they go; and I am not able to make just Representations, or give true Ideas of Things to those I converse secretly with, if I know not how Things go at the illustrious Port; wherefore I intreat you let me be, as at first, fully informed of every Thing, so shall I be enabled to give right Council and right Advices of all Matters.

Paris, 17th *of the* 2d *Moon*,
of the Year, 1691.

LET-

LETTER XXIII.

To Solyman Hagzani Oglou, *Aga of the* Janizaries.

I Have received thy welcome Letter, which is the more so, because it signifies to me in so many Words that this Express is sent me by the particular Order of the Grand Seignior himself. The Words were no sooner sounded by my Voice, but, without being able to read any farther, I turned my Face towards the happy Shades of *Mecca*, and blessed the Memory of our great Prophet *Mahomet*, washing my self with Water, and making my Prayers in Form, as for the greatest Occasion that could befal me, and which commanded Worship and Thanksgiving with the highest Reverence and Joy of a true Believer.

Kings, the mortal Gods on Earth, acting by the same Methods of Justice and Benignity as the mighty Soveraign of the World, tho' in a different Proportion, command the same Reverence and Homage, in a due Proportion likewise from those upon whom they please to shine.

It is not a common Thankfulness which such Beams of Favour command from Subjects; the Benignity is of a sacred Original; the Homage partakes of the sublime; and, next to our Adoration, of the One God, Father of Life, and the Rewarder of the true Believers; our most perfect Submissions and most prostrate Affections are due to the shining Glory of our imperial

perial Benefactor, Image of Glory, and supream Fountain of Splendor upon Earth, the Mirror of illustrious Light, and the true Representative of inconceivable Brightness.

This Duty I perform from my Soul: I am exalted to a sublime Joy, unequall'd by any thing on this Side the golden Gates of Paradise I am lifted up in Extasies of inward Delights unexpressible; and I am a Fountain, flowing Streams of pure Affection, Obedience, and unbyass'd Duty, to the Interest, Service, and Person of the great Lord of the Kings of the Globe, the Emperor of the Faithful.

'Tis a Heaven on this Side Paradise to serve so glorious a Master; to die in his Service is to inherit the brightest Circle of *Eden*, and to be transported immediately into the Garden of inexpressible Delight.

Our immortal Sultan has not a more faithful Slave in the Extent of his unbounded Empire than *Mahmut*, who has serv'd with an inviolable Fidelity almost fifty Years in a Station equally unhappy as unpleasant; but it is more than a Reward to all those Services, that I am at last favoured with having my Name mention'd by the Mouth of him who is clothed with Glory, and overshadowed with the Light of the eternal Benediction.

The Sum of Money thou hast likewise sent me by Bills upon the Banquier of the *French* Ambassador at the Port, however great my Necessities are, is in no Comparison equal to the Solace of thy Letter, as being sent by Order of the Emperor of the World.

I prostrate my self on the Ground, and kiss the happy Dust, at the Feet of our resplendent Emperor, offering up ten Thousand Prayers for the eternal Felicity of the Beloved of God,

and

and I demand of thee to do Justice to *Mahmut*, in returning the most submissive Acknowledgments of a devoted Slave.

But after all this had lifted up my Soul beyond the Power of its conceiving, and I stood dumb and mute as one in a Trance, dazled with the Glory of the great Sultan's Favour; I was yet farther surpriz'd with the happy News of the Progress of the victorious Arms of our Emperor, under the Leading of the Grand Vizier in *Hungaria*, and the amazing Account of the Recovering the Fortress of *Belgrade* out of the Hands of the Infidel *Germans*: So much good News together was too much for an old Man to bear; and fainting under the Weight of exuberant Joy, I made good that Saying of the Ancients, (*viz*)

That sudden Joys, like Griefs, confound at first.

It has been a Pain to me, illustrious and happy *Solyman*, that I have been obliged to keep my Letters thus long, in return to thine, which came to me with such Expedition, that I had, contrary to all the Usage of such things, the News of the taking of *Belgrade* from thy Hand before it arriv'd here by Expresses from *Vienna*. The swift Chaioux, who brought, on the Wings of Joy, the pleasing News to the Emperor, brought a Blessing from *Mahomet* with the Report of a Victory, fair Winds and a quick Passage join'd to disperse the Tidings to all the World, the Vessel which brought the happy Account past with a surprizing Pace, and perform'd, in seven Days, her Voyage from the happy Port, the Centre of circling Commerce, to *Marseilles*, from whence the Post brought me thy Letters in nine Days more by Land. I understand

derſtand ſince that the *Engliſh* Ship, which carried the ſame News to *Smyrna* and *Alexandria*, had ſo happy a Paſſage, that ſhe perform'd the firſt in four Days, and the other in Eleven more; ſcarce would the Air have handed on the Thunder of the Blaſt from *Belgrade* ſo far, and ſo ſoon, when the Magazines of Powder were blown up, could the inceſſant Vibrations of Air have been continued to the Diſtance I ſpeak of.

Happy Blaſt that has transferred into the Hands of the Grand Seignior a City engrafted into his Empire, in which were Nine and fifty Moſques conſecrated to *Mahomet*, and not longer, by the whole Power of Earth, to be detained out of the Poſſeſſion of the Juſt.

It is poſſible for thee to exceed my Joy in this Place, becauſe thou partakeſt of the Pleaſures of the Serail, and ſeeſt the Smiles of the illuſtrious Port upon this Occaſion; but it is impoſſible for thee to ſee, and indeed to entertain any Idea of the Conſternation which the Enemies of *Mahomet*, and of the invincible Sultan, are under upon this Occaſion.

They are not only aſtoniſh'd at the Loſs, but at the Manner of it; how one Bomb, directed by Heaven, ſhould fall ſo into one Magazine, as not only to blow that particular Place up, but from thence to communicate its Fire to the reſerved Coverts of all the Magazines in the Place, and tranſverſe the whole City. This amazes them, and they ſee clearly that Heaven fightsagainſt them, that the faithful Muſſulmen are predeſtinated to be Lords of the Univerſe, and it is to no Purpoſe to lift up the Hand againſt the Beloved of Heaven.

Paris, *15th of the 3d Moon, of the Year* 1691.

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

To Morat Abdomozar Ephiesman Oglou, *a Student in the Law of* Mahomet.

THOU that hast spent thy Years in the Study of the mysterious Vision, and art Master of the secret Interpretation; tell me where will the Superstition of the *Nazareens* end? who, while they pretend to be the most devout among the Servants of the Messiah, are the busiest People in the World to perswade themselves out of all Sense of Religion in the World.

Where sleeps eternal Justice? and how far may Nations strive with Heaven, insult the Being of the God of Nature, and call aloud for the just Retribution of their Crimes, and yet slow Vengeance not be prevailed with to exert its Power, and to destroy them? no not at their own Request!

What is the Punishment, righteous *Morat*, if any Mussulman should be so far degenerate as to deny the Being of the great One God! what says our great Prophet, whose Law teaches upright things?

I know thou wilt answer as the Philosopher *Lycurgus*, the Lawgiver of the *Grecians*, did, when it was ask'd him, why he had appointed no Punishment for Parricide, (*viz.*) that it was a Crime not to be named among his Citizens, and therefore needless to be enacted or provided against.

Sure, of all the Religions that were ever erected by the Wit of Men, and of all the Gods that have been adored among the Heathen, never any People deviated into these Disputes about them before, all the idolatrous Nations in the World have retained this as a first Principle, *Nulla Gens tam barbara, quæ nescit esse Deum.*

But the *Nazareens*, the Worshipers of the Messiah, have run such Divisions among themselves, and rais'd so many Quarrels about Religion, that they are at last willing to think they have been all along in the Dark, and that there is no such thing as Religion in the World, or any such thing as a God to be worshiped. In a Word, they have phylosophiz'd so long about their God, and how to call him, that they have quite lost him, and are daily questioning among one another whether there really is any such thing or no in the World.

Nothing is more certain than the Vanity and Perplexity of School-Disputes, Men may distinguish themselves into, and out of any Opinion or Religion in the World; but among all the sorts of Infidels that ever infested the World, these Christians, as they would be called, are arriv'd to the highest Pitch of Infidelity; for they are now come to resolve all Religion to be a Politick Cheat, Notions of a God to be a Craft of the Schoolmen, and, in a Word, to deny the Beginning and End of all things.

These Men are arrived to a Degree of Crime which Lucifer, the great Angel and Prince of the dark abode, never pretended to; the extensive Knowledge of Devils forbids that they should once suggest to themselves the Non-Existence of that Being, whose Power they feel in

in pungent Torture, invincible and inconceivable; nor are there any Atheists in the Islands of Perdition: Those who have pass'd the Gulph into the Abyss of Plagues and Darkness, are too well convinc'd by their Miseries of the Reality of that Being which they before denied.

But 'tis in vain to talk to these Men, who, nothing but the Sables of Tophet, can undeceive, they laugh at the local Prisons, despise being subject to Torment, ridicule the Notions of a God, a future State, and all that which wise and good Men believe concerning Rewards and Punishments; 'tis of no Force to tell them they out-sin the Devil, and that the King of the eternal Pit believes, nay, knows, with Horror, the Beatitudes which he is excluded from; for they believe as little of a Hell as they do of a Heaven, and own no Devil any more than they do a God.

Divine *Morat*, this is a Sin not to be nam'd, or to be found among Mussulmen; it is the just Distinction of the Righteous that they are Believers, that they know there is One God, that he is but One, and that *Mahomet* is his Prophet.

All the Celestial Chapters of the *Alcoran*, that divine Oracle which came down from Heaven, are introduced *in the Name of God Gracious and Merciful*. We are therefore called the faithful Mussulmen, because believing in One God; to rase out the Name and Belief of God out of the Mind, is to apostatize from our Faith, and, as it were, to become a Christian; for among them only are Atheists to be found, among them alone are to be found Men vested with reasoning Powers and Faculties, yet denying the Be-

ing of him by whose Gift they enjoy those Powers.

By *Mahomet*, by the Graves of *Omar Ekkbutar*, and the Forefathers of the holy *Mirza Muhamed*, the Beginning and first Fruits of the Faithful, *I swear* if these Men had been living in the Days of our great Prophet, the *Alcoran* should have had Five Chapters of Curses and Execrations against the Wickedest of all Wickedness, I mean this of denying the Being of a God; a Crime against Nature, against common Sense, against Demonstration, against invincible Testimony of Ages past; in a Word, against the secret Conviction of the Minds of those who are guilty; scarce a Man of them being without such Testimonies of their own Consciences within, in behalf of the eternal God that made them, that in Spight of the most harden'd Resolution it reproaches them, and when they suggest No God, replies, *THOU FOOL*.

Paris, *20th of the 11th Moon, of the Year* 1690.

LET-

LETTER XXV.

To the Prince of the Servants of God, Guide of the Faithful, Mirror of Wisdom and Council; the venerable Esad, *high in the Favour of the Grand Seignior and our great Prophet* Mahomet.

THO' it is not the most agreeable Thing in the World to write to thee of War, and of fighting, who art the Lamp of Truth, and the Guide to Peace; yet the Story of daring Vertue, taking Arms in their Hands for Truth and Right, is so much within thy Sphere, that I cannot doubt it will be pleasing to thee.

The Duke of *Savoy*, an enterprizing Prince, and one who has too long fallen into the *French* Methods of Government, (or rather religious Tyranny) over his Subjects, had some Years ago banished an innocent, inoffensive, and gallant People, out of his Dominions, because of their refusing to comply with some of the Ceremonies and Formalities of the Worship of that Part of the *Nazareen* Profession, call'd *Catholick* or *Roman*.

These People were Inhabitants of the Vallies, scituate among the most inaccessible Parts of the *Alpine* Mountains; those stupendious Hills do not, like our *Caucasus* or Mount *Hemus*, run on in a continued Ridge and Chain of Rocks, but they often break off abrupt, and standing

up in high Pyramidical Precipices, and inaccessible Steeps, leave Intervals of the deepest Valleys; which being thus walled about by unpassable Hills, are indeed natural Fortifications of themselves: The Inlets into these are so difficult, and in some Parts so impracticable, that 100 Men have been known to be able to defend one of them against ten thousand; but when one is entered, tho' the Hills and Mountains with which they are surrounded, seem to touch the Stars, yet the Valleys are the most agreeable, pleasant, fruitful, and habitable Places imaginable.

The People of these Valleys are a painful, honest, industrious People; also daring and brave to the last Degree: Subjects generally to the King of *France* or the Duke of *Savoy*, till one comes further *North*, when the Vales are larger and more populous, being the Remainders of the ancient *Helvetians*, conquer'd by *Julius Cæsar*, and now called the *Swiss Cantons*.

These *Vaudois*, so they are call'd, from the *Pais de Vaux*, or Valleys, are not only of the Sect of the *Nazareens*, called *Protestants*; but they boast that they embraced the Christian Religion from the pure and primitive Times of it; when it must be confess'd the pure Doctrine of *Jesus*, the Son of *Mary*, was more sincerely adhered to, than it has been since the Papal Hierarchy; for since that, it has been corrupted with Traditions, Innovations, and humane Inventions, till it is quite degenerated into a Mass of Error and Superstition.

The Duke of *Savoy* had, as I said, banished these People out of their Habitations, taken from them their Substance, Estates, Habitations, and even from some, their Children; driving them

them to seek their Bread in Foreign Countries, where the Charity of other People might support them: In this Condition they fled to *Geneva* and the *Swiss Cantons*, being the neighbouring *Helvetia*, which I just now named, where they were well receiv'd, harbour'd, reliev'd, and permitted as well as assisted to settle; nor had they any View of being restored, especially while the *French* and *Savoyard* acted against the *Protestant* Interest in Concert with one another.

But now, seeing the World embarrassed in War, and not so good an Understanding between the *French* and the Duke of *Savoy* as used to be, but rather a Prospect of worse; they form'd one of the most desperate and difficult Designs among themselves, that for such a Handful of Men to undertake was ever heard of, (*viz.*) to force their Way back to their own Habitations Sword in Hand, and to resolve to dwell there, in Defiance of the Duke their Lord and Persecutor.

The Duke had Notice of it, and took all possible Precaution against it, which added to the Difficulty: for they had therefore in Consequence several Detachments of Forces to encounter in the Way, besides the unsurmountable Difficulty of Want of Provisions, Carriages, Money, or Troops, and the exceeding Length and Roughness of the Way.

But all this did not discourage them from making the Attempt, which they set on Foot with all the Secresie, and executed with all the Vigour and Success imaginable; so that the World are even surprized at the Relation of it; which take as follows, for it is well worth thy hearing.

They had some Friends, and the *Swiss*, at least those Cantons professing the same Opinions in Religion, wink'd at them, if they did not assist them; but the principal Encouragement they had was from the new King of *England*, from whom it was said they received 100000 Livres, to furnish them with Arms and Provisions; encouraged with which Supplies, and Hopes of greater Assistance, they carryed on the Design with wonderful Secresie.

The particular Number which was to have remov'd, was actually three thousand, as I have seen by their Lists; but he that was to have paid their Money, not having allowed them Time sufficient for such a Number, there was not above half were ready against the Day prefixed for their Departure.

Nevertheless the Design being blown Abroad, about twelve hundred that were in a Posture to march, resolved to stay no longer, for Fear of meeting Obstacles in their Way: To this Purpose they cross'd the Lake of *Geneva* in the Night, unperceived by the *Savoyards*; so that they had Time to get a Shoar, to range themselves in Order of Battle, and send four hundred Men to invest two Neighbouring Villages, before they were discover'd; upon this the *Savoyards* took the Alarm, and were running to ring their Bells backward; but being threatned with Fire and Sword, they let them pass, and furnished them with Necessaries for their Money; they cross'd the River *Arva* without Molestation, in regard they had been so wary as to send away a Detachment to make sure of the Pass; but tho' they met with no Trouble at the Beginning, they found enough after-

afterwards; for the Courts of *Savoy* and *France* being informed of their Motion, did all they could to stop them in several narrow and dangerous Passes, thro' which they were obliged to force their Way; however they surmounted all these Difficulties, still cutting their Passage thro' their Enemies with the Edge of their Swords: They endured the Brunt of four or five Skirmishes, of which the sharpest was their Encounter with the Marquis of *Larre*, who would needs put a Stop to them near a Place called *Salbertran*; having along with him for that Purpose a Regiment of Dragoons, and a good Number of the Militia; nevertheless, after a smart Conflict, wherein they lost some Men, they forc'd the Passage, as they had done the rest; the Marquis was mortally wounded, several other Officers lost their Lives, and above two hundred *French* Soldiers were slain: Afterwards having vanquish'd all Opposition, they arriv'd happily in their own Country; from whence they chaced the old Catholicks, but now Inhabitants, and found great Plenty of all Things necessary for humane Support; those of the Valley of *Pragelas*, tho' Subjects of *France*, and the new Converts, received them with open Arms, and now bring them whatever they stand in need of.

After this, several Bodies of them attempted to follow their Friends, particularly one of 2300 Men; but were so unfortunate as to be repulsed in several Skirmishes, and obliged at last to retire.

Sage Prince of sublime Thoughts, thou wilt see here, how far Zeal carries the Professors of any Religion, whether true or false, to push even to Desperation and Death; according to a famous Expression of an *English* Writer, who

was well known to have as much Wit and as little Religion, as any of the modern Profligates of his Time; as follows,

Zeal makes Men fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dome Religion, as for Punk.

With how much purer Flame does the Zeal of the Faithful burn, which carries them on the Wings of sage Councils, to undertake the greatest Actions. Bless by thy Smiles, illustrious Prince of Wisdom, the Steps of all that are guided in the right Way, and even direct the Zeal of true Believers to act with Vigour, for the Honour of God and his great Prophet.

Paris, *26th of the 12th Moon, of the Year* 1690.

The End of the First Book.

A Continuation of LETTERS *written by a Spye at* Paris.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To Mustapha Osman, *a Dervice of* Adrianople, *his Friend.*

AT length I have received the joyful Tidings, that the Request I have been twenty Years making to the Divan, and which my Friends have earnestly follicited for me, through the Ministry of Eleven Grand Viziers, has been granted, (*viz.*) that I shall be recall'd from this State of Exile, and have leave to see once more the shining Valley and the glorious Gates of *Himza* the blessed, the Emblem of the heavenly *Eden*, and the Shadow of Paradise.

Rejoice with me, O ye my Friends, who know not what it is to be excluded near Fifty Years from all the Delights of Earth, and Views of Heaven; what it is to be damn'd on Earth to the Society of Infidels, and Enemies of *Mahomet*.

The Bleſſing of *Aroa mahan*, the Light of Paradiſe, the ſhining of the golden Gate on the inacceſſible Mountain of *Sephar*, the Wing of the Arch-Angel, and the muſical Thunder of the Valley of Beauty, reſt on thee, happy *Muſtapha*, and on thy Brother *Orchanes Omar*, and on the Graves of thy Kindred for ever; for the indefatigable Pains thou and he alſo has taken to purchaſe thy Friend *Mahmut* this Deliverance.

How happy ſhall we be, when we ſhall anticipate even Paradiſe it ſelf, and embrace together in a mutual Band of indiſſoluble Friendſhip! O that bleſſed ſeraphick Word! which ſo few underſtand, and ſo many make uſe of here to ſupplant, undermine, and betray one another!

Thou haſt added to my Extaſies alſo, in telling me, that at my Arrival at the happy Port, thou wilt accompany me in the Concluſion of Life, and we ſhall make the laſt Tour of the World together in a devout Pilgrimage to the Tomb of our miraculous Prophet, where a Viſion of *Eden* ſhall inſpire us with continual Raptures, and we ſhall inſenſibly drop away into Paradiſe, as in a Tranſport of Joy, the Fire of the Cave ſhall tranſlate us wrapt in the Fume of inexpreſſible Odors, till we awake in Paradiſe, embracing ſtill; and in the Arms of one another, be carried into the brighteſt Regions of Beauty and Bliſs.

I am coming, my Friend, I am coming; nay, I am with you, wrapt up already in the Joy of Hope; every Night my Slumbers are crown'd with Visions of our Joy; I embrace thee in the Dark, and even when asleep, I partake of the Felicity already, by the Anticipation of the pleasant Dream.

If this Joy encreases upon me, I know not how long humane Nature may find it self able to bear the Weight; who knows the Power of insupportable Felicity? It is a certain Testimony that we are to be something else than what we now are, before we can be capable of receiving the full Stream of the Joys of Paradise. Believe me, *Mustapha*, the Soul, as now contracted in an embody'd State, is no more capable of the Joys of Paradise, without a Change of all its Powers, and even of the Extent of its whole Frame, than it is of supporting the Torments of the Gulph which burn but consume not.

If by the meer entertaining the first Conceptions of the Joy of my approaching Bliss, I am scarce able to know whether I am in a State of Life or a State of eternal Possession; if the Extasie is so penetrating, and so forcible, that I sometimes know not whether I am awake or in Sleep, embody'd or unembodied; to what Height of Rapture may a farther Vision of the shining Vale carry me? and why may not this Ferment of the Soul thrust it forcibly out of the Body? as a Cask of Wine bursts the strongest Bands for want of Vent, and tho' hoop'd with Iron, cannot be kept within its former Limits; or as dilated Air bursts even the fiercest Mountains, on the fortuitous Meeting of the sulphurous and nitrous Particles, in which it was imprisoned.

Be-

Believe me, *Mustapha*, the Joy I conceive at my approaching Remove is often too great for me to contain; sometimes it vents it self in Exclamations of Joy, sometimes in the most frantick Gestures of a Lunatick, sometimes it breaks out at the Eyes, and abates its weighty Pressure in a Flood, not Tears of Grief, but of inexpressible Exultation: It is impossible to describe to thee the waking Visions, and the sleeping Discourses I have of these things. I talk all the Night to the Angels of *Eden*, to the Porter at the Gate of the wondrous Grotto, and to the enlighten'd Spirits inhabiting the eternal Mansions of Paradise: I durst not let any Servant of this Country sleep near me, least he should hear me bless the exalted Prophet, and praise the Gates of *Mecca* in my Nocturnal Transports.

When I am awake, I am still in Vision, I dream walking; every distant Prospect, every remote View of the pleasant Hills which this Country abounds with, represent Paradise, the Hill of Joy, the ascending Turrets of *Adonizuna*, the Mountains surrounding the Plains of Blessedness, and the Valley of unutterable Pleasure: In a Word, *Mustapha*, I am all Rapture, all Extasie, and it is impossible for me to hold more Joy, till *Mahomet* inspires me with new Capacities, and forms my Soul into a new and more extended Mould.

In the mean time, I'll tell thee from Experience, that 'tis the most unhappy Part of Life to be without a Friend to unbosome the Secrets of the Soul to. Joy and Grief are in themselves Passions too strong for humane Nature to restrain, the embodied Man is not equal to their Bulk, and can hold but a small part of them;

them; if he is oblig'd to keep them in the narrow Bounds of his own Thoughts, and has no Liberty to give them vent by the Tongue, they will ſtifle and overwhelm; even Life it ſelf muſt ſink under the Weight, and the Soul would haſten the neareſt way thro' that Abyſs to paſs to the Regions of Light, of which ſhe her ſelf is a Native.

The Philoſophers here entertain us with Scruples concerning the Soul's paſſing the infinite inconceivable Space, which we call Abyſs, being the Gulph plac'd between Time and Eternity, and from thence argue themſelves into Notions as abſurd in Philoſophy, as thoſe they have in Religion, and as that of a Plurality or Family of Gods; after they have told us how far the celeſtial Conſtellations of Light move from one another, that even the Planets are ſome of them 300 to 500 Millions of Miles from this lower Planet the Earth, and that yet they are far nearer to us than they are to the loweſt of the other fix'd Stars above them; that thoſe other fix'd Stars are ſtill placed in advanced Stations above one another, every Stage infinitely diſtant from one another in Space; the Vacancies of which Abyſs afford Space ſufficient for the mighty Commets, which moving in Parabolas, and Excentrick, uncertain, or at leaſt unknown Motions, make Revolutions which 'tis difficult to aſcertain, and therefore fill the World with Terror at their Appearances, and perhaps are reſerved as the Inſtruments of the general Conflagration, as ſome one or more of them certainly was of the general Inundation or Flood; (if ſuch a thing may obtain our Belief,) of which *Moſes*, the Lawgiver of the *Jews*, gives the

the Story. I say, after they have told us these things, they would start a doubt how the Souls of Men, at their being dismiss'd from the Prison of the Body, pass this infinite Abyss of Space; how they are conveyed, and how directed in their Journey, where no Track can guide the way? and in what Space of time they perform the celestial Journey? seeing they tell us that the Distance is so great, that a Velocity of Motion, swift as a Ball from a Cannon, would not perform the Labour in a Million of Ages.

All these Enquiries and suggested measurings of Space, Motion, and Time, have a Tincture of those horrid Crimes of Atheism and Scepticism, for which these *Nazareens* are as eminent as infamous, and in which they encrease every Day.

To a Soul rightly grounded in Truth and unerring Doctrines, it is easie to conceive that the Soul of Man, being a divine Infusion, is capable of inconceivable Transitions; that its Motion, swift as the Light, or as Thought, is no sooner broke loose from the Prison, but it is enthroned in the Paradise of God; and that without any Solicism in Philosophy, or Imposition upon our Understandings.

How this is perform'd, illuminated sage Guide of the Faithful, is as needless as it is impossible to know: *Mahomet* shall at once teach us the full System, and draw the Curtain of Darkness from our Eyes the Moment that we arrive at the Port of Bliss, when we shall look back upon the immense Gulph we shall have pass'd, and wonder no more that some things were concealed from us before, which were more easie to be done than for us to conceive of.

Par-

Partake of my Joy, thou Mirror of Perfection, and expect me at the appointed Time to accompany thee to the Gates of the holy City: If our destinated Hour approaches before, let us meet it with Joy, as being the much shorter Step to the Banks of *Abathrea*, the River of Solace, where we shall commune of supernatural things for ever; till then I embrace thy Shadow with Raptures inconceivable.

Paris, *8th of the 1st Moon, of the Year* 1691.

LET-

LETTER II.

To Mahomet Tershekkah, *Vizier* Azem.

INvincible illustrious Prince of the Viziers, Bassa of the Bassaes, Beglerbeg of the Beglerbegs, Head of the Councils in the sublime Divan of the Grand Seignior; Leader of the faithful Armies, and Guide of the Empire of the Mussulmen, I prostrate my self at the Feet of our Prophet *Mahomet*, to obtain his Blessing and Prayers on all thy Undertakings, and I congratulate thy Glory in thy early vigorous Conduct against the Enemies of the *Ottoman Sultan*, whose Days be ever prosperous, and his End happy.

I send thee herewith an Account of the Fate of the Duke of *Lorrain*, one of the greatest Enemies of the *Ottomans*, and one to whom Heaven, for our Sins, gave leave to triumph over the Troops of thy great Predecessors *Hassan*, *Kara*, and *Ibrahim*, on several Occasions, which be for ever forgotten; and the Memory of them blotted out of the Book of *Jatub*, where are register'd the Wars of the Empire, (ever happy) and in whose Place be recorded the Victories obtained by thy Sword fortunate and invincible.

This Duke of *Lorrain*, follow'd by great Armies, and taking the Advantage of the Cloud of Displeasure, which it was God's Will should, for some Years, hang over the Kingdoms of the Grand Seignior on the Side of the River *Danube*,

nube, obtained ſome Advantages againſt the Faithful, forſaken at that Time of the Protection of *Mahomet*; and made his Name terrible among the Infidels by the taking from us, howbeit not till after infinite Slaughter of his Men, and a moſt glorious Defence, the City of *Buda*, which he recovered immediately by thy Hand.

He was now drawn out of that War againſt us, that he might with a Fury needful, againſt an Enemy ſo dangerous, defend the Dominions of the *German* Empire, againſt the Attacks of the *French*, who daily made Inrodes into the Country, and threaten'd the Deſtruction of the whole: This great Man, for he really merited that Name among all the Leaders of Armies, of whom none in this Part of the World came near him in Character, or rather in Succeſs, for Succeſs does not always follow the greateſt Merit; I ſay this great Man is at length laid level with his Inferiors in the Duſt, for the Grave knows no Dignity.

Take the Hiſtory of his Death in a few Words, for it was brief; Death uſed no Ceremonies with him. He had for ſome time had a Defluxion or Rheum in his Breaſt, occaſioned by a violent Cold gotten in paſſing ſome Mountains, in his Return from the Frontiers on the *Rhine*; where he had been to take Care of the Emperor's Affairs, and put all things in a Diſpoſition for opening the Campaign, or at leaſt for oppoſing the *French* Armies, who generally made their firſt and greateſt Effort in the ſecond or third, or at leaſt the fourth Moons before the *Germans* could be gotten in the Field.

But it was needful for him to go back to *Vienna*, to aſſiſt in the Councils of War, and to concert

concert there more effectually the Operations of the War. He was arrived within a few Leagues of the Emperor's Court, namely at a Village called *Wells* near *Lintz*, on the *Danube*; when his Cold encreasing he found a Swelling in his Throat, which grew so much as to impostumate, and turn to what their Physicians here call a *Quinzy*, and this came on him with such Violence, that notwithstanding the Place was inconvenient, and not capable of entertaining him, he was obliged to stop, not being able to stir a Step farther: In a Word, in that obscure Village he finish'd the Course of what vain Men here call a Life of Glory and Victory; that is, in plain Truth, a Life of Blood and of the destroying his Fellow-Creatures; for as War is the Plague of Heaven, cast upon Men by the Displeasure of God; These we foolishly call Heroes, what are they but bloody Men? commanded by the irrevocable Decree to fulfil what in Wrath has been predestinated to be inflicted upon the Nations of the Earth.

But to return to the Duke; he found his End draw on apace, and herein he shewed more of the Hero than in the greatest Victories he gain'd; for 'tis allowed on all Hands, that he received the first Summons of Death with a Steadiness of Mind equal to those *Romans* of old, who esteemed Death no other than a shaking Hands with the Gods. In a Word, glorious Prince, this Duke wanted nothing in Life or in Death, but to have been numbred among the Faithful, to have been a true Believer in the everlasting Law, and a Servant to the Grand Seignior.

He

He met Death with an undaunted Heart, and tho' the Distemper was so violent as to allow him very little Intervals from the Convulsions of Death, and but a very few Moments of time, having seized upon the Passages of the *Thorax*, and deprived him of the Use even of his Lungs, except with violent Heavings and insupportable Pangs for Breath; yet he applyed himself immediately to the Point of dying with an unusual Alacrity. He first sent for a Priest or Dervice, whom they call here a Confessor; for to such these *Nazareens* apply in such Cases, and disburthening their Consciences, as they call it, confess to them all their Sins, and then think these poor Creatures, wicked like themselves, can absolve and forgive them; foolish Notion! as if any but God, against whom our Offences are committed, could wipe out that Account, which Souls must give to their Maker, which if true, then had those wicked Creatures Power to license the committing all manner of Crimes.

When his Confessor came, as above, he found him silent; for his Speech was stopt by the Bulk of the Impostumation, so he took a Pen and Ink, and wrote his Confession which he intended to make, which the said Priest read aloud to him in private, and then put into the Fire in his Presence; for 'tis their Maxim, that what is delivered in Confession is sacred, and never to be divulged; nay, some have gone the Length as to say, that if a Man, in Confession, declar'd he intended to assassinate his Prince, the Priest must not divulge it, no, tho' doing so would save the Life of the Person: For which devilish Doctrine one whole Society, of these Dervices, called Jesuits, were expell'd

pell'd *France*, after the Murther of the two *Henries*.

The Duke having finished his Confession, he, in the next Place, received the chymerick Absolution, I have just now mentioned, from the Hands of his Priest, together with the Viaticum, or the Sacrament, *as they call it*, of extreme Unction, which, in a Word, they call here the last Office of the Church, and making Peace with God. This being over, and perceiving his End hastily approaching, he wrote a Letter to the Emperor, wherein, after he had testify'd his Sorrow for being no longer able to serve him, he recommended his Wife and all his Family to his imperial Care. He wrote another to the Princess his Lady, to comfort her for her Loss; which two Letters he gave to his Confessor, with Orders to deliver 'em immediately after his Death: After which the Imposthume that was in his Throat bursting within Side, stifled him; so that he expired in the Arms of his Confessor the 18*th* of the 4*th* Moon in the Evening.

He was born in the Year 1643 at *Vienna*, and was christen'd *Charles Leopold Nicolas Sixtus*. He was born of *Francis Nicolas*, who had been first a Cardinal, but by a Dispensation from the Pope, married *Claudia* of *Lorrain*, his Cousin-German. His Uncle *Charles* III. had married *Claudia*'s eldest Sister, by whom he had no Children; but while his first Wife lived, who died not till the Year 1657. he contracted a second Marriage with *Beatrice d'Cusance*, Widow of *Eugenius Leopold*, Prince of *Cante Croix*, by whom he had *Charles Henry* Prince of *Vaudemont*; and *Anne*, the Wife of *Julius*, Count of *Lisslebonna*; the Duke of *Lorrain*, of whom I now

now ſpeak, married in the Year 1678 the Arch-Dutcheſs *Eleonora Maria d'Auſtria*, the Emperor's Siſter, and Widow of *Michael* King of *Poland*, by whom he had Children, which being very young, are not yet in a Condition of themſelves, to recover the Dutchy of *Lorrain*, which is their lawful Inheritance.

'Tis not yet known who will be declared Generaliſſimo of the Emperor's Forces; but the Prince of *Baden* will return into *Hungary*, to command the Imperialiſts, unleſs his preſent Sickneſs hinders him.

Every Body that conſiders the Conſequences of this Duke's Death, muſt acknowledge that the Emperor had better have loſt Ten Thouſand Men, for how great a General ſoever he may have ſtill remaining on that Side, it may be ſaid there is not one that has that Expertneſs, that Experience, that Authority, that Credit and Love of the Soldiers, which the Duke of *Lorrain* had, inſomuch that all the Princes of *Germany* willingly gave way to him; and in Regard he was a Prince poor and diſtreſſed, there was no Body jealous of him; but they were ſtill glad of the good Succeſs which generally attended his Arms; whereas, on whomever elſe the Emperor caſt his Eyes, to confer upon him the Command of his Armies, he cannot ſo well order it, but that it muſt breed Jealouſies among ſeveral of the Princes, and the greateſt Part of the reſt of the Generals; there is not any one that has Authority ſufficient to make himſelf equally obey'd by ſo many different Nations as compoſe the imperial Army, and who have every one their Chieftain, that pretends to be independant, and not obliged to receive Orders from any one whatever.

Many

Many and glorious be thy Days, invincible and magnificent *Mehemet*; many be thy Days, and Peace be thy End; be thy Felicities and Honours encreased, and the Glory of the august Emperor of Monarchs and Lord of Princes be the Care of thy Head, and prosper in thy Hand.

Paris, 15th *Day of the* 5th *Moon*, *of the Year*, 1691.

LET-

LETTER III.

To Amurath Zahabbezin, *a proſelyted* Jew, *reconciled to the Doctrine of* Mahomet.

THOU who haſt been deliver'd from the Burthens of the apoſtate Nation, muſt needs be alſo filled with juſt Indignation at the Superſtitions and Hereſies of thy People, from whoſe Tabernacles thou haſt taken thy Flight. Verily, *Amurath*, it has never gone well with the *Jews* ſince they clogg'd the pure Law deliver'd to them by *Moſes*, and received by him from the Mouth of God, with the Inventions and Deluſions of Men.

Prithee tell me, enlighten'd *Morat*, what hodge podge of a Conſtitution will the *Jews* bring their Religion to at laſt? they have already blended the Explanations and Expoſitions of Men in ſuch a groſs manner, with the poſitive Law of God, that it is hard for any that have not critically ſtudied the Conſtitutions of the Mount, to know one from the other.

I have read over very attentively the Pentateuch, or Books wherein the Law of *Moſes* is contained; and muſt tell thee, had the *Jews* adhered ſtedfaſtly to the Letter of that Law, and not mixed with it their ſeveral Innovations, which they would have call'd by the Name of Interpretations, they had certainly been the People of God to this Day; or until the *Shiloth* of old Father *Iſrael* had come; and whether he

be already come, or yet to come, I find they are hard put to it to determine.

But be the Messiah, who is doubtless meant there by *Shiloh*, and in other Places of their Prophet, called by other Names, come or not come, about which I purpose to write to thee hereafter; it is most certain that the *Jews* have, in a most egregious Manner, prophaned and corrupted the first Institution of their Law; and there is no Wonder that when the Prophet of the Christians, Jesus the Son of *Mary*, came among them, this was the great thing for which he reproached them, and charged their Scribes and Pharisees with Hypocrisie: It is certain that it was for this that they were implacably bent to destroy him, and that they abhor his Name and Memory to this Day; But also 'tis most certain that they were convinc'd that he had too much Reason, on his Side, to be opposed; that they really had taught for Doctrines the Commandments of Men, and had destroyed the Law, by mixing with it their corrupt Traditions and Sayings of the Elders.

Had not the *Jews* thus degenerated from the first Institutions of God's Law, exhibited by *Moses*, doubtless *Mahomet* and all the Empire of the faithful Mussulmen, had been *Jews* to this Day. The Caliphs of the *Arabian* Empire, who were the justest and meekest Men upon Earth, would have faithfully followed the Divine Influence, and have worship'd God in that way which he so evidently delivered from Mount *Sinai*; and as they had no Faith in the Messiah of the *Christians*, as to his being the Person who the Writings of the Prophets had foretold should come, they would most certainly have continued walking in all the Ways of God and of his Prophet *Moses* to this Day, or till some Reve-

velation from Heaven of the true Messiah's being come, should have wrought upon their Minds to know when the Promises made of him were fulfilled.

But this Degeneracy of the *Jews* encreasing, and besides having led them, as Delusions naturally do, to all manner of Neglect of the Commands of God, has given Rise to all the Variety of Abominations which have appear'd among that profligate People to this Day.

Hence the Doctrine of the *Nazarcens*, and hence the pure Rules of our glorious *Mahomet*, have taken the Rise of their Epocha in the World; for were we to suppose them, or either of them, not to be of divine Institution, Heaven forbid such Prophaneness! yet it might very reasonably be expected, that when the People of the Nations round them saw the Laws of God thus confounded with the Devices of Men; and the People, by consequence, deviated into all manner of Wickedness, they would rightly conclude, that either the Law was fulfill'd, and the divine Institution terminated, and so they ought to seek out the Ways of Truth as Heaven should direct them; or that some terrible Judgment from Heaven would attend the People who had so degenerated, that they would be removed from the Face of the Earth, and some new and glorious Revelation would be given of the further Mind of God, the great Legislator of the World.

Both these Events are certainly come to pass, and the *Jews* are manifestly cast out of the Fold, as wicked and corrupted Creatures, degenerated Plants; having forfeited the Care of him who first watered and cultivated them, who they have voluntarily rejected and despised.

Happy be thy Days, enlighten'd Convert, who art broken loose from the Bondage of Hypocrites, and hast detected the Fraud of erecting an Oral Law in the Throne of the divine Revelation. Thou art come into the Family of the Blessed, even of those who first, in the most effectual manner, drew the Sword of Justice in the Cause of God against the manifest Delusions of Men, set up in Rebellion to his Commands.

For know thou that the Successors of our great Prophet, *(viz.)* the Saracenical Caliphs, were the Men, who, in the Name of God, drove the Rabbinical Impostors from *Babylon*, the Seat of the *Jewish* Innovations, where the Talmud and the Collections of their Innovations and Errors were first made, and from whence the *Gemara*, or great Mass of Traditions, being a Comment upon the more ancient Misna, which they would have called the Oral Law of *Moses*, obtained the Name of *Babylonian*.

I say the *Arabian* Caliphs and *Saracen* Powers, the immediate Successors of our great Prophet, scattered these collected Mischiefs; and the Blow given to the *Jewish* Impostures has never yet been recovered, or ever will be while the World endures; for God, the Author of Truth. abhors the Mixtures of humane Traditions with his divine Institutions, much more when they are injuriously placed in a wicked Usurpation over his own Laws.

From this Conquest of *Babylon* by *Abu Obeid* the great Captain of the *Saracens*, the *Jews* may reckon the Epocha of their more effectual Desolation, and of their being scattered over the whole World; in which dispers'd Condition, as it often happens, they have neither preserv'd the Law, no, nor the Talmud it self, from farther

and

and greater Innovations and Corruptions, which, by the way, is agreeable to what these *Nazareens* say of them, (*viz.*) that they should be given up to strong Delusions to believe a Lye, that they all may be damn'd.

I salute thee, humble *Morat*, who, in search after these things, hast learned the Truth, and delivered thy self from the Errors of wicked Men; Peace be to them who cleave to Truth, and prosperous be the Hands of those who build upon the Foundation of the Faithful.

Paris, 10*th of the* 4*th Moon*,
of the Year 1691.

LETTER IV.

To Mohamed Elmakem, *Student in History at* Trapezond.

THOU knoweſt little of the Scituation of Affairs on this Side of the World, and leſs of my Circumſtances in this Place, that thou haſt written to me to furniſh thee with Materials for thy learned Enquiry into the Antiquities of the Eaſt, and ſupply thee with Particulars for the Hiſtory of the Empire of the *Saracens*, which I underſtand thou art compiling.

Hadſt thou written to me to ſupply thee with the niceſt and moſt particular Accounts of the *Roman* and *Grecian* Empires, this is the fitteſt Place, at this Time, in the World for ſuch an Enquiry; the Learning of this Age applying themſelves, and that with a great and juſt Applauſe, to thoſe Studies, to which alſo they find great Aſſiſtance among thoſe Writers which they call the Claſſicks.

But for the Eaſtern Learning, tho' it is it ſelf the Beauty of all Study, and would furniſh matter for innumerable Hiſtories, of the greateſt Actions in the World; much greater than furniſhed the Song of *Homer*, or the Commentaries of *Julius Cæſar*; yet it is in it ſelf ſo remote, that the *Arabick* Tongue, in which all thoſe things are to be found, is ſo ſunk out of Knowledge, in theſe Parts of the World; and the getting the Tracts that are extant in it, is ſo exceeding difficult, that indeed the Enquiry after it is as good as dropt, and Men

are

are backward to enter into a Study, which seems lock'd up from humane Enquiries, or at least fortified with so many Retreats and inaccessible Darknesses, that it is scarce to be attempted.

As the Wars of the *Arabians* are a Story filled with infinite Variety, and that Nation had been for many Ages the bravest, the most aspiring to, and the best fitted for glorious Actions, of any People in the World; so Arts and Sciences, and all sorts of Learning, flourished in the *Arabian* Kingdoms, even before the rest of the World had either learned the Methods of Instruction, or had any Sense of the Blessing of it.

Acquired Knowledge seems to have had its first Rise in that Country, the Climate, favoured by Heaven with all that could make a Country pleasant and agreeable, deservedly gained for the Country the Title of *Felix*. The Inhabitants breathed an Air that assisted Nature beyond Expression, in forming a People for great things; perfect Health, invigorating Juices in the Fruits of the Earth, and innumerable Helps from natural Causes, prepared the People for the generous Principles, the Fortitude, and the Gallantry of true Heroes; they seem'd fit to undertake things more than humane, and yet appeared capable of every thing they undertook.

In Study they outdid Nature; they searched into her very Bowels, and disclosed her most concealed Parts; they master'd all kinds of Astronomical, Mathematical, Anatomical, and Astrological Knowledge; Wisdom seemed to be born of them, and the most exquisite Accomplishments of the Soul became common and familiar; as if it had been the natural

Genius of the Country: As they had in their Temper the greateſt Application to Learning, ſo they had in their Minds the greateſt Capacities to attain it: They had the brighteſt Parts, the cleareſt Heads, and the devouteſt Hearts of any Nation in the World.

In their common Conduct, they had the Beauties of Behaviour, and the moſt correct Attachment to every moral Virtue; and beſides all this they had joined to the height of a martial Genius, the ſofteſt, meekeſt Diſpoſitions in the World; as they were in the Field, all Fire; ſo they were in the Family, all Phlegm; a manly Humility ſhone in the Characters of their greateſt Caliphs, and a generous Clemency was the very natural Produce of the higheſt Birth.

From them the World learned Knowledge, all liberal Arts, all Studies of Science began with them; they were the Men who gave Names to the Stars, diſcover'd the Motions of the heavenly Bodies, and which is yet a more ſublime Study, found out the Influences of the planetary World, and how the heavenly Bodies govern this Globe, and reign in all the particular Claſſes of vegetative, ſenſitive, and rational Life.

From them the *Ptolomaian* Aſtronomers gathered the firſt Rudiments of their great Syſtem of Celeſtial Motions; from them the *Æſculapian* deriv'd the Fundamentals of Phyſical and Anatomical Knowledge.

Job, if the *Jews* have preſerved an authentick Account of that eminent *Arabian*; and the Book called by his Name, which was found in the Archives of the Sons of *Iſaac*, may be depended upon, ſurpaſſed all the Students in

Aſtro-

Aſtronomy, in Phyſicks or Metaphyſicks, which have ſince his Time been ſeen in the World.

Even the *Jews* themſelves, the Rabbins and the greateſt Men among them, had but little Knowledge in any other ſort of Science than the meer Study of their own Law, and the Diſquiſitions of neceſſary things relating to their Sanhedrim and Court of Juſtice; till they came to converſe with the learned *Arabians*: From them they received the firſt Introductions in Science, and the Love of the moſt excellent Parts of Knowledge, ſuch as the Study of Philoſophy, the Mathematicks, and eſpecially the Study of Nature.

It is true, there is a great Variety of critical Study among thoſe Rabbins, and they diſcovered themſelves to have among them Men of bright Parts, aſpiring Thoughts, and clear and exquiſite Judgments; but, as above, it was wholly taken up in the Study of their own Law, ſolving Difficulties in the Interpretation of their particular Caſes of Judicature, and ſettling Points of Conſcience in the Conformity to Ceremonial Inſtitutions.

But even *Moſes* himſelf, when any thing is ſpoken of his Learning, it ſpeaks of it as borrowed. He *was learned in all the Wiſdom of the Ægyptians*, and this Wiſdom or Learning of the *Ægyptians* was alſo received from the *Arabians*, with whom the moſt ancient Knowledge of the Sciences is to be found.

Search then, *my Friend*, the ancient Libraries, the Monuments and Records of the *Arabians*, if thou wouldeſt learn any thing of the Eaſtern Antiquity; with them, even long before the coming of our Prophet, was treaſur'd up an infinite Variety of humane Wiſdom and Knowledge; and ſince the Time of *Mahomet*,

under the Caliphs and Princes of the *Saracens*, the politeſt Learning of thoſe Days has flouriſhed in their Dominions; their more ancient Conqueſts ſpread the glorious Light of heavenly Wiſdom over the Eaſtern World, and they afterwards brought the Rudiments of Philoſophy into the *Grecian* and *Roman* Countries.

Among them were found the innumerable Tracts of Hiſtory, and all kinds of Learning which compleated *Ptolomy*'s Library, in which it is ſaid were to be found Seventy Thouſand Volumes, and from thoſe Manuſcripts innumerable Copies were handed continually forward into other Parts of the World, till that glorious Collection was deſtroyed.

Among the *Ægyptians*, afterward, the ſame Spirit of Magnanimity and Glory was preſerved, with the ſame Love of Litterature, and the ſame Genius for Art and Sciences, during the fortunate Government of the *Mamalukes*, till they, with the whole Eaſtern World, ſunk under the invincible Arm of *Sultan Selym*, who God appointed to be Lord of the whole Earth.

Here then apply thy ſelf for Materials for thy well deſigned Collection. Go to the Banks of *Cuthur*, and to the Society of devout Emirs, who dwell on the miraculous Plain, they will lead thee to the Cave where are the Seven Hundred Tables of Braſs, on which are written with a Pen of Adamant with molten Gold, the illuſtrious Hiſtories of the *Arabian* Princes for Four and fifty Ages before the *Hegyra* of *Mahomet*'s going to Heaven began.

There thou wilt find Materials for the brighteſt Hiſtory that was ever extant in the World; the Prieſts of *Mecca*, who attend Day and

and Night at the Tomb of our holy Prophet; will let thee into the sacred Mysteries, and inform thee of every thing meet to be known for the propagating thy Work, and making it the Wonder of all the succeeding Ages of the World.

Light and Joy attend thy diligent Enquiry into Truth, and mayest thou be fully rewarded in the exalted Heights of Paradise, where Knowledge is perfect, and Happiness compleat.

Paris, 20*th of the* 10*th Moon*,
of the Year 1690.

LETTER V.

To the Kadileskar of Natolia.

IT is very seldom that I propose any of these *Nazareens* for an Example to the true Believers, because they are here the greatest Hypocrites in the World; Religion is made a meer Guise of Deceit, and the Outside they put on to appear devout, has ever some holy Cheat in it to draw in Fools, or to buoy up the Spirits of the Commons, to support with more Alacrity the heavy Loads they are to lay upon them. It is a proverbial Saying of their own,

When the Fox preaches, Guardez les Poules, *beware of the Guecse.*

However, as an Example of a Hypocrite may be recommended; because the Outside of it is guilded over with the Sanctity of an Angel, and the vile Design with which it is performed is concealed; so I recommend to the Faithful the Practice of Religion, without the Hypocrisie; the Guise, without the Disguise.

The People of *Paris* are every thing the King pleases; and tho' in themselves, and following the Dictates of their own Inclination, they are the gayest, profuse, and most debauch'd People alive; yet all on a sudden a Fit of Religion having possess'd them, they are all turned Pharisees and Recluses.

The Alteration has something dismal in it; for instead of an Air of inexpressible Levity, which

which was the Habit even of the whole Nation; instead of eternal Dancing and Singing, even as they walk along the Streets, and scarce restrained even in the Churches; instead of all the Gallantry of Dress, and the coquettry of Ribbons, Patches, and Paintings; instead of innumerable Coaches in the Walks of the Thulleries, the Grand Tour, and the Park at *Versailles*; instead of Songs, new Tunes, new Dances, new Opera's, and the constant Noise of Musick; This City is all on a sudden turned into a Collection of Cells of Hermits, or Houses of Recluses; if the Women go abroad, 'tis all *en des habilla*, muffled up as if they were veil'd; and instead of the Tour to the Gardens of the *Loure*, 'tis only now, away to the Mosque, to say their Mattins and their Vespers, and directly home again; the Pages and Servants hurry up and down all over the Town, to the Booksellers Shops, to buy Books of Devotion and Religion, so that they are scarce to be had, and the Price exceedingly risen; all other Writings may be turned to waste Paper, for no Body buys them; instead of singing and dancing as they go along Streets, the Breast all unburton'd, the Hat under the Arm, and the Face covered with Smiles and Joy; the Beaus now walk with the Hat pull'd over their Eyes, their Cloths button'd close up to the Chin, and the Neckcloth tuckt close in to the Wastcoat or Vest, they look grave, walk softly, talk seriously, and study to be dull.

The Publick-Houses, Cabarets, or Taverns, look as if they were broke; the Opera's, the Musick-Meetings, and the Gaming-Ordinaries, are shut up; nothing open but the Churches: The fine Walks and Gardens at the King's

Houses

Houſes in the City, where the infinite Numbers of Coaches, Ladies, and Burghers Daughters, uſed to be ſurpriſing; now they are all empty; the Women are all upon their Knees in the Churches and Chappels; or performing their Hours, as they call them, in the Convents and religious Houſes; where they viſit the Nuns, and talk all of Religion. As for Coaches, Dreſs, Servants, fine Liveries, and all gay things, they are laid by, and the People that made the ſhining Splendor of the *French* Court be the Glory and Envy of *Europe*, live now all retir'd; ſee no Company, pay no Viſits, and talk of retreating from the World; nay, many of them go out of Town every Day to their Country-Seats, tho' it be at the Time of Year that every Body uſes to come to Town: While the Gentry are in this State of Humiliation, the inferior ſort of People have a real Cauſe for it. They mourn in earneſt; for Trade, which is here in a manner wholly ſupported by the Luxury of the moſt extravagant People in the World, is quite ſunk in this Alteration. The Perriwigmakers, the Perfumers, the Toy-Shops, the Taverns, the Aſſemblies for Play, the Milleners, the Lace-Shops, the Weavers of Silks and Ribbons, the Mercers, the Drapers, the Taylors, and a Thouſand Trades depending upon theſe, alas! they are all undone, and they walk about their Shops wringing their Hands, and tearing their Hair from their Heads, (*for they wear no Beards here*) as Men undone and ruined, their Trade being gone, and their Livelihoods taken away all on a ſudden; their Wives ſit behind the Counters, all in Tears; no Body comes to buy, fine Cloths are all uſeleſs, and of no Eſteem, no Body wears them; if a Gentleman

ſhould

should powder his Wig, or a Lady appear in Dress, it would look like a *Swiss*, or like one that came a great way out of the Country, to be sure it would be presently said, they had no Business at Court, they were People of no Fashion, or they did not understand themselves. In a Word, the Countenance of the merriest Nation upon Earth, is, on a sudden, chang'd into that of the mournfullest and heaviest Generation of Mankind, and they look as if the City was just visited with the Pestilence, and they afraid to speak to one another for Fear of Infection.

One would think the old *Arabian* Prophet *Jonah* had been here on the same Errand that he was sent to *Nineveh*, and having told them *Paris* should be destroyed within Forty Days, the People were all upon their Penetentials for their Sins.

And what's the Matter all this while? Is it real Devotion? Is the Humour of the Nation changed? Are the People really become religious? nothing like it! 'Tis all a Mimick, a meer Piece of State-management: The King led the Way, and appeared devout, and as it were shut up in his Closet, which, they say, is upon the Occasion of the great Prospect of War and Devastation of Countries and Nations, Burnings of Cities, and shedding of Blood, which, as they pretended, must fall as a Judgment from Heaven upon the King's Enemies the ensuing Year.

It is true, this is all grimace; nor do the wiser sort pretend to talk much of that kind; but they say, the last Year having been a Year of Glory and Success to the King, tho' surrounded with infinite Enemies, it has all been procur'd by the exemplary Devotion

and

and Piety of the King, who has for ſome time given himſelf up to Faſtings, Prayers, innumerable Maſſes, Works of Mortification, Abſtinence from Pleaſures, and the like; and that therefore his beſt Subjects will follow the ſame Method, and thereby ſecure a proſperous State of things for the Time to come.

By the Tomb of *Mahomet*, and all the holy Men whoſe Aſhes ſurround the Entrance of the Circle of Sanctity in *Mecca*, theſe *Nazareens* are the groſſeſt Hypocrites in the Univerſe; for at the ſame Time that this Mask of Humiliation is put on, all the Intreagues imaginable are carried on, to embroil in War all the Courts and Princes of *Europe*.

Thou art not ignorant, ſublime Judge of Equity and Uprightneſs, what infinite Violences they commit in all Parts of the World, at the ſame time that they pretend to weep and mourn for the Calamities of Mankind; the Hiſtory of theſe things lying daily in thy Sight, thou canſt not but ſee through the Mask of Devotion they put on.

A flagrant Inſtance of it alſo is before thee, in the daily Sollicitations of the *French* Ambaſſador at the Port, to encourage the *Ottoman* Miniſtry to carry on the War againſt the *Nazareen* Emperor, and prevent the Projects of Peace that were on Foot. Thou art Witneſs there, to the Intreagues they carry on, and the Aſſiſtances they give for the *Ottoman* Forces, of Engineers and Gunners, and ſome Money, if they do not belie their own Councils, to haſten on the Preparations, and make the Continuance of the War inevitable.

On

On the other Hand, I am Witness here, to the secret Joy with which they entertain the News of the Grand Vizier's Successes on the Frontiers; the Victory of *Nissa*, and the taking the Town: The surprizing Recovery of *Belgrade*, and the like; nay, some People here suggest, that the City of *Belgrade* was betray'd to us, and the Count *Aspremont*, a Native of *France*, being Governour, the Magazines were blown up by his secret Contrivance; that the Mussulman's Army might enter Sword in Hand, and the Conquest be secured; and all this, that it being a Blow which could not fail to put the imperial Affairs into the utmost Consternation, might occasion a necessary Diversion of the *German* Troops, as well from the Empire, as from *Italy*; where the King of *France* was resolved to push the Duke of *Savoy* with his utmost Strength, and who, if not supported by the *Germans*, must at last be obliged to change Sides, and submit to *France*.

While these Steps are taking, while the King of *France* stoops to confederate secretly with the *Ottomans*, who at the same Time they pretend to call the common Enemy of Christendom, and who they make it a Piece of Conscience to act against upon all Occasions, as Infidels and People, who they ought not to wish Success to, no, not against the greatest of their Enemies: I say, while they profess such things as these, and practise in secret the very Reverse of it, what Sincerity can there be in all the Outside of their Humiliation and pretended Devotions?

God, who is one in the Unity of his Nature, demands that we be one at all times in the Unity of our Practice: The Faithful are taught

taught to know, that God ſees the Inſide of our Imaginations, and that he abhors the Mask of Devotion, covering the Deceit of the Intention.

Juſt Men act from juſt Principles, and cannot mock the World with the Pageantry of Religion, any more than they can mock the great One *Alla*, the God of pure and perfect Uprightneſs, with a double *Entendre* in their Services.

We ſhall ſee this Fit of Devotion be all over in a little while; and the Tyger will ſit rampant upon the King of *France*'s Councils; when perhaps, in the Beginning of the Campaign, he ſhall give Orders for the Burning and deſtroying the fruitful Countries on the Frontiers, on the Pretence of preventing his Enemies Armies ſubſiſting there.

Bleſſed be the righteous Deſires of the Believers, who walk in ſtrait Paths, doing Juſtice, and keeping their Eyes to the Gates of *Eden*, repleniſhed with Joy, and crowning the Pleaſures of the Juſt.

Paris, 12th *of the* 2d *Moon*,
of the Year, 1691.

LET-

LETTER VI.

To Morat Husain Abdeilomar, *Caimacham of* Constantinople.

IT belongs to thee, happy *Morat*, that keepest the Gates of the illustrious Port, the City of Joy, within whose Walls dwells the mighty, the resplendent Mirror of Glory, the King of Emperors, whose Days be multiplied, and his Felicity endless; it belongs to thee, I say, to hear how the great Cities of the World behave, when the prosperous Arms of their Princes bring Triumph to their Gates.

Contrary to the Expectation of Enemies; nay, even to the Surprize of the Court it self, every Patt of the *French* Frontiers has furnished some Subject of Triumph to the King of *France*, this past Year; they have been overwhelmed with Joy, on all Sides, which is indeed the more welcome, because they were not without Apprehensions of the Superiority of their Enemies almost on all Sides.

The first of the Year saluted them with a compleat Victory at *Fleuri*, on the Banks of the *Sambre*, the Month of *June* with a Victory at Sea: The *French* Navy, the most formidable that ever one single Power could boast of since the Use of Ships of War was known, attack'd and defeated the united Fleets of *England* and *Holland*, and burnt, stranded, and took Seven Men of War, from 70 to 90 Guns each, on the Coast of *England*: After this they landed some Men on the same

Coa st

Coaſt, and burnt and plundered ſeveral Villages. In *Italy*, where it was thought the Duke of *Savoy* had been ſo well ſupported by his Allies, that he would have been ſuperior to the *French*; he has been attack'd by the Mareſchal *de Catinat*, an old and experienc'd General, and in a great Battle overthrown, near *Salluſſes* in *Piemont*; 4000 of his Men ſlain, 1000 Priſoners; with all his Cannon, Baggage, and Colours taken, and the Duke himſelf narrowly eſcaping.

This Battle has been ſo important, tho' the Action it ſelf was not great, that the Court are not able to conceal their Joy; and the King himſelf was heard to ſay, he valued it more than the two other Victories of the Year, (*viz*) that of *Fleuri*, and that at Sea.

And he has Reaſon to do ſo; for as the War in *Savoy* was more expenſive to the King, being at ſo great a Diſtance, and carried on with more Reſentment on either Side; ſo the King was infinitely more deſirous to bring it to a Concluſion, that he might turn his Arms another way more to his Advantage; and which was greater ſtill, the King had more to fear, on that Side, than on any other, if his Enemies ſhould get the Advantage of his Troops.

But he has now effectually ſecur'd his Dominions on that Side, and his Army continues to ravage the Country, to deprive the Duke of *Savoy* of ſubſiſting his Army; they have alſo taken *Saluzzes*, *Savigliano*, and ſeveral other important Poſts from the Duke of *Savoy*, as the Conſequences of that Victory; and in Cloſe of the Year all the Dutchy of *Savoy*, except the Fortreſs of *Montmellian*, and the Town of *Suza*, fell into the Hands of the *French*; ſo that

that unless the Emperor supports the Duke of *Savoy* with a very strong Power, he will be reduced to very narrow Circumstances in a little Time.

On the *Rhine*, the Confederates boasted of great Attempts to be made of breaking into the Heart of *France*, and the like; particularly it was said the Duke of *Bavaria*, who commands the Army since the Death of the Duke of *Lorrain*, would bring an Hundred Thousand Men into the Field; but the *Dauphine*, whose Army was never above 45000 Men, has defended the Frontiers, and, in his Turn, passed the *Rhine*, and subsisted his Army in the Plains of *Stollhoffen*, at the Expence of the Enemies, and yet has drawn off without fighting, which is in it self a Victory.

Thus all things concur to make the King of *France* triumph over his Enemies, and he lives in the continual Clamour of Joy, the Guns are ever firing for the good News which comes in from one Quarter or another, and I sit in my little Retreat, and laugh at the Madness of these Infidels, who thus weaken and destroy one another, leaving thereby an open Door of Victory to the Arms of the Grand Seignior, whose Ways be prosperous, and his Triumphs uninterrupted.

Fortunate *Morat*, let no Opportunity slip to push the Interest of the illustrious high Port, and fail not to take all the just Advantages that the Dissentions of the Powers of the *Nazarcens* offer to thee; these are the Times appointed, by Fate, for the Recovery of all the Territories of the Grand Seignior, lost by the unhappy Conduct of the Vizier *Azem*, when he made that fatal Attempt against *Vienna*, when *Mahomet* was displeased, and God was angry,

angry, and the Faithful turned their Backs, and fled from the Face of their Enemies.

At the latter End of the Moon *Rebliah* the ſecond, called here *April*, the Death of the *Dauphineſs*, Wife to the eldeſt Son of the King of *France*, died; which having thrown the whole Court into Black, leſſen'd much of the Luſtre which would have been ſeen here on the Occaſions of the Victories I have mentioned: But their Joy is not the leſs for their mourning Outſides; ſeeing this is a Nation that is not more eminent for any thing in the World, than for ſeeming what they are not, and being what they do not ſeem.

Well be it with the true Believers, who triumph in a Rectitude of Soul, and always are bold to ſhew the Affection or Enmity, which they entertain in their Breaſt, whether it be Perſonal or National; Diſſimulation is the Effect of a Cowardice and Baſeneſs of the Mind, which renders it afraid to ſhew the Inſide of the Heart: God, who abhors Hypocriſie, can never be ſuppoſed, without blaſphemous Conceptions of his Nature, to approve theſe *Nazareens*; for Sincerity dwells not in them.

May the Gates of Paradiſe ſtand open to thee, and the Angel of the Vale receive thee with open Arms, ready to tranſport thee to the Mount of Joy, and open to thee the Myſteries of inconceivable Pleaſure.

Paris, 11th *of the* 5th *Moon*,
of the Year, 1691.

LET-

LETTER VII.

To the Rutalier Aga, chief Eunuch, or Chief of the Seraglio.

THEY are greatly mistaken, who think the Affairs of the Port have not their Influence on these Parts of the World where I dwell; they who plac'd me here, who are now shining in the Garden of Beauty, had other Notions, or they would not have obliged me to reside here so many Years.

The happy Successes of the Grand Vizier in *Hungary*, thereby opening a Way for farther Conquests to the Arms of the victorious *Ottomans*, is acknowledg'd here to be the saving the King of *France* from the absolute Ruine which the Superiority of the *Germans*, and their Confederates, would have infallibly brought upon them; and I infer from hence, that whenever the perfect Wisdom of our mighty Emperor shall think fit to put an End to the Conquests he is making in *Hungaria*, and consent to come to a Truce with these Infidels, there is no Question but all the Powers of *Europe*, who are now in Confederacy against *France*, will put their helping Hand to such a Work; and will join together their Endeavours, to bring the Emperor of the *Nazareens* to yield to all the Demands of the Port, that they may be at leisure to turn all their united Armies against this more dangerous Enemy, the King of *France*; who is now esteemed among them

as

as the common Enemy, of what they call, Christendom.

In the mean Time, the Language of the Infidels here is, that the Mussulmen have once again gotten Fortune on their Side, and perhaps, *says one of their Authors here*, may have found out the Secret to chain her so fast to their Vizier's Tent, that she shall not make her Escape a second Time.

I write these things, to hint that ancient Maxim of *Caled* the great, the first General, to *Abbubeker*, *Caliph*, and immediate Successor to *Mahomet* in the Civil and Military Government; I hint to thee his Maxim, I say, (*viz.*) *That a Time of Victory is the Time to make Peace*: The Reason is clear; *for then*, said he, *you are sure to keep what you have gain'd, and obtain what you ask.*

They talk here that the *English* and *Dutch* Ministers at the Port, have Orders to concern themselves, in the Names of their Masters, to encline the Grand Seignior to Thoughts of Peace; and offer to act as Mediators. This is a Signal indeed, *if true*, of the weak Condition of the Emperor's Affairs; 'tis no less than a white Flag hung out of a Town besieged, to offer a Capitulation and surrender. And I doubt not the Vizier will know how to make his Advantage of it.

It is true, *France* regarding her own Interest, will oppose it with all her Might, knowing that if the *Nazareen* Emperor concludes a Peace with the Port, he will make no Peace with him. But if I might be permitted to give my Judgment in so weighty a Case, it is, that the Port should weigh her own Strength and Interest, not forgetting to note, that however the Port may regard *France* in carrying on the War, *France* would have

have no Regard to the Interest of the Grand Seignior, if he was designing to clap up the War by a Peace; but would rather assist the Emperor against the Mussulmen, as they did at the Battle of *Raab*, and as they did in the Case of the *Venetians* at the Siege of *Candia*; things which the illustrious Port may happen to remember to them hereafter.

Yeild to Peace then while Victory crowns thy Attempts, O Man assisted by Heaven, and let an End be put to shedding the Blood of the Faithful.

Not that I fear for the Grand Vizier; tho' they talk here loudly of the mighty Strength of the *Nazareen* Emperor, and that he will have an Hundred Thousand disciplin'd Soldiers on Foot in *Hungary* this approaching Campaign; but it cannot be rational to believe it: If I may credit the vulgar Opinion in this Place, Money is more difficult to be had in *Germany* than Men, and the Emperor will be very sorely distress'd to raise Money for this double War, if it holds another Campaign.

His hereditary Dominions are terribly exhausted; the Contingencies, or Quota's of the Princes of the Empire, which they call the *Roman* Months, come in, not only slowly, but even not at all; the smaller Princes only are those that pay any thing, and the great ones nothing. The first plead Poverty, and the last Power, giving trifling Reasons and haughty Answers, without paying any Part of their Money to the military Chest, or sending their Quota's of Men to the Army.

Mighty Princes often think fit to put Bounds to their Conquests, even when they have Power to extend them farther: It is

 suffi-

Sufficient that the Vizier has recovered to the *Ottoman* Empire the Banks of the *Sauve*, and of the *Theiss*, and that *Belgrade* and *Temeswaer* remain the invincible Barriers of our Empire. As for the rest of *Hungary*, it will be more an Expence than an Advantage to the *Nazareens* to keep it: The *Hungarians*, who hate the *Germans*, being all Malecontents, as well upon Religious as Political Accounts, will be for ever raising Commotions, weakening the Power, and exhausting the Treasure of the Emperor, till at length wasted by continual Factions, that Kingdom will fall naturally into the Hands of the just Nation, without fighting, as it did before.

Prosperous be the Days of the Emperor of the Just, may his Head resplendent with Celestial Glory shine like the Stars, and his Crown be a Constellation of Five Hundred Suns. Joy be to thy exalted Soul, dear *Achmethies*, both here and in Paradise. *Amen*.

Paris, *5th of the 2d Moon, of the Year* 1691.

LETTER VIII.

To the Kaimacham.

I Have often given the Characters of the illustrious Men of these Parts of the World; and have told thee, that the King of *France* has the greatest and best Generals of the Age, and it is most true, the Duke of *Luxemburgh* in *Flanders*,

Flanders, and Monſieur *Catinat*, who acts againſt the Duke of *Savoy*, are certainly two of the greateſt Men this Age affords, and Victory ſeems to attend every Action they take in Hand.

But I am called off from ſuch mean Characters, if after what I have ſaid of them they may be called mean, I ſay, I am called off from them to the riſing Figure the new King of *England* makes in the World.

I have often nam'd this Perſon to thee as *Prince of Orange*; but being now ſtept up into the Chair of Majeſty, and mounted the *Engliſh*, or rather *Britiſh* Throne, his Power having thus encreaſed to an Equality with his martial Genius, which indeed it was not before, he begins to threaten *France* with ſuch an Appearance in the Field, as no Prince in *Europe* ever made before him.

He has been in *Ireland* in Perſon, where he paſs'd a great River called the *Boyn*, in the Face of a ſuperior Army of the *French* and *Iriſh*, and defeated them by plain fighting; the Slaughter was not great, but the Victory plain and confeſs'd by the Flight of that unfortunate Prince, the Depoſed King, the 2d. time to *France*, who arrived here the latter End of the laſt Year.

The victorious Prince purſuing the Courſe of his good Fortune, has recover'd the moſt Part of the Kingdom of *Ireland*, and leaving the reſt to his Generals, appears now at the *Hague*, forming Alliances againſt *France*; and his Deſigns ſeem to threaten the King of *France*, that he will arm all the reſt of *Europe* againſt him.

It is incredible to hear how the Princes and States, on all Sides, careſs him; the Congreſs which he has formed at the *Hague*, is what was

never ſeen in thoſe Parts of the World. He makes himſelf be adored by all the Powers of that Part of the World; and tho' they diſſemble their Apprehenſions, he is terribly feared by this Part.

The haughty Spirit of the King indeed, who knows not how to fear God or Man, ſupports the *French* Nation; and their natural Aptneſs to bluſter, makes them ſeemingly deſpiſe this Prince; but it is eaſie to ſee the Conſternation of their more reſerv'd Thoughts. They prepare for the War as if it was to be carried on after a differing Manner than it uſes to be; and in *Flanders* particularly, as if they were to be more ſeriouſly attack'd there than elſewhere.

They pick and cull their whole Army for the beſt Troops, and the moſt active and enterpriſing Generals; they new mount their Cavalry, and do a Thouſand things to encourage the Officers to behave well; at the ſame time letting them know they are to expect hot Work; that they muſt look for Blows; and that nothing but ſuperior Numbers, and ſuperior Courage, will carry on the War on that Side.

As for the King of *England*, he is now at the *Hague*, where, as I have ſaid, he has form'd a Congreſs of the Princes of the Northern Parts of *Europe*; who are arrived there in ſuch Numbers, either in Perſon, or by their Ambaſſadors, that it is worthy thy Remark, the like not having happen'd in any Age; where they concert a League or Alliance offenſive, as they call it, of all their Powers againſt the ſingle Power of *France*. If this King of *France* can withſtand this Confederacy, *Europe* muſt be reduced under his Hand into one univerſal Monarchy

narchy or Empire, far exceeding that of *Charlemaign.*

It may be of use to thee, and for the Service of our glorious Emperor the Grand Seignior, to give thee some Account of this Congress: There was assembled besides the King and Fourteen Noblemen of *Great Brittain*, who he brought over with him, for the Splendor of his new gained Dominions; and besides the two Electors of *Bavaria* and *Brandenburgh*, Five and Twenty Soveraign Princes, having Estates and Dominions of their own; such as the Landgrave of *Hesse Cassel*, the Duke of *Brunswick Lunenburgh*, the Duke of *Saxe Eysnach*, the Duke of *Courland*, and others of like Degree; Fourteen Princes of great Houses, but not themselves Soveraigns; 37 Generals, all of them having Titles of Honour, besides their military Character; the *Dutch* high Admiral *Trump*; the King of *Spain*'s Governor of the *Spanish Netherlands*, (*viz.*) the Marquis *de Gastanaga*, and the imperial General the Prince *de Commercy*.

Besides these, there were a prodigious Train of Ambassadors, Envoys Extraordinary, and publick Ministers from other Princes, States, and Powers; such as were too great or too remote to appear in Person, and even from some that were present, who were to remain when their Principals were gone. The Account they give here of them is thus.

Three from the Emperor, Two from the King of *Spain*, One from *Sweden*, Two from *Denmark*, Two from *Savoy*; from the Electors of *Bavaria*, *Brandenburgh*, *Treves*, *Mentz*, and *Cologn*, each Two; from the Elector *Palatine*, one; from the Elector of *Saxony*, one; from the King and Republick of *Poland*, one; Two from the Landgrave of *Hesse Cassel*; one from

the Bishop of *Munster*; from the Dukes of *Hannover*, *Lunenburgh*, *Wolfembuttle*, and *Zell*, each one; from the Duke of *Holstein*, one; and from the Cities of *Liege* and *Hamburgh*, each one; besides Agents from *Switzerland*, the *Grisons*, *Geneva*, and *Neufchattel*.

I need not muster up to thee the Powers of these several Princes, who art so well acquainted with the State of *Europe*; but thou mayest understand that there being a general Unanimity in them all to unite against the growing Power of *France*; every one of these entered into Measures and Agreements for some Proportion, either in Money or Troops, to support the Alliance, and every one of them had some Pretensions upon *France*; so that like the Assembly of the Birds, they all pretended to pluck their respective Feathers out of the Plume, wherewith the King of *France* has adorn'd himself.

The Agreement of so great a Number of Princes and Powers, will not be more wonderful to thee, than it will be that *France* has gone on so long in a general Encroachment upon her Neighbours, to such a Degree, and for so long a Time, till the whole World, as we may say, are aggrieved at her, and yet never be opposed in a Body before: The Reason is, the Conduct of this Court has been so very subtle, that the King has always found Means to disunite the Princes whom he had oppress'd; and to break all the Measures laid at any time for concerting any Opposition to him: so that he had them often in secret League with himself, ready rather to oppose one another, than to join in Measures to oppose him.

Thou wilt, doubtless, expect to hear what the King of *France* is doing all this while, and what

what Prospect there is of his defending himself against so many powerful Adversaries. As to the first, as I hinted already, they turn it all in publick to jest and ridicule. They call the new King of *England*, *Le Petit Prince d'Orange*, and one of their scribbling Poets here has written a Satyr or Lampoon, call'd the *Cavalcade* at the *Hague*, wherein he pretends to give the Characters of all the Princes and great Persons of the Congress; but his Work is so scurrilous, and he treats Soveraign Princes with such Indecencies, and such mean course Language, that indeed the *French* Gentlemen themselves, who, to give them their due, are a very mannerly Nation, do not relish it.

However, at the same time that they treat the Notion of a grand Alliance against them with a Kind of Gayety and Contempt, the King shews, that he knows the Prince of *Orange*, and that he is not in jest; and accordingly he prepares to deal with him in earnest; for his Army in *Flanders* will be in the whole, the Garrisons included, 132000 Men, of which the Duke of *Luxemburg*, who is to command them, pretends, on any Emergency, he will be able to have 110000 Men in the Field ready for Battle.

The Duke is a politick and a fortunate General; but they say this of him, that he never came but to one Battle with the Prince of *Orange*, and then he was soundly beaten, which was at the Battle of *Mons*, at the Close of the last War with the *Dutch*, of which I gave at that Time a full Account to *Solyman*, thy illustrious Predecessor, now an exalted Soldier of Praise in the Garden of Peace.

Rejoice, happy Prince, in the Luſtre of thy great Command, and the Favour of the Sultan thy Lord, the Mirror of humane Wiſdom, and the illuſtrious Emperor of the Faithful, whoſe Days be fill'd with Joy, and his End, Triumph and inexpreſſible Glory.

Paris, 10th *of the* 4th *Moon*,
of the Year, 1691.

LETTER IX.

To Hoganquin Zemel Atran, *a Studier of Antiquity at* Zaabbachz *in* Arabia.

THOU that art ſearching after ancient Knowledge, how canſt thou look into this Part of the World? where Men know nothing but by a kind of Talmudical Knowledge, receiving Error from their Fathers, and handing it on to their Poſterity, with the looſe Sanction only of their own Approbation; ſo that all things are accepted as Truths, becauſe received from the paſt Generations.

You ask me for a Hiſtory of the ancient Gods, whom the *Roman* Nations adored; and how the Stars come to be ſirnamed after the Deities they worſhip?

I could give thee long Legends of Fables for the Original of the Gods, ſome one way, ſome ano-

another, as the Learning of the respective Ages those things were written in directed, and as the several Authors who have written of such things have received them, such as *Stephanus*, *Philo*, *Varro*, *Arnobius*, *Diodorus Siculus*, *Plato*, and many more, too long to name.

But if I may give thee my Opinion of these things, it must be, as I learnt them from the Leaves of the never fading Tree of *Aphelezma*, on which the History of the World was written by the Angel of the Gate with a Pen of Adamant, I say, if I must give thee my Opinion, it is that thou direct thy Prayers to *Mahomet* three Times a Day for Illumination, and that thou shouldest be instructed in the everlasting Record, that nothing past may be concealed from thee.

Certainly the Introduction of Idols and Images to be worshiped by Men, was begun by the evil Spirit of the Lake; who, to erase the Knowledge of the true One God, built Houses and Families of Gods in Romance, founded on Traditional Discoveries of things past.

As this carried them back to the first Knowledge of things, so it did also of Persons; and as none could be more the Subject of their Inquiries than the first Men, so upon the Fable of their Fame, for Time makes mighty Stories dwindle into Romance, they made no Scruple to form the Gods which they wanted to invent.

From these Records, which remain only in the sacred Repository of the Cave of Wonders, I say, from these Record of Traditions rise all the Gods they wanted; they ascribed godlike things to Men gone before their

Memory, and then conceiv'd of them as Gods on Account of their great Deeds.

Thus they go back to the Beginning of Men; and Saturn, who is called the Father of all, both Gods and Men, was certainly no other than *Adam*, the Primogenitor of the Creation, to whom the whole Globe was given in Fee simple, as Lord of the Soil.

As *Adam* was the first *Saturn*, so *Cain* appears to be the first *Jupiter*; *Eve* was also called the Goddess *Rhea*; and *Naamath*, *Eve*'s eldest Daughter and *Cain*'s Wife, was called *Venus*; *Tubulcain* is the same they called *Vulcan*. Nor is the Similitude of Sound yet worn quite out of the Words; for taking away the Letters *Tu* from the Word, and you find not much of any kind of Difference between *Bulcain* and *Vulcan*.

I know that succeeding Generations, in Imitation of this first Nomination of Gods, named also the Heroes of their own Ancestors by the same Names; placing them in the Skies as Stars of Eminence, and adored them as Gods; but these are modern, compared to the Original as above, which I take to be the Work of the first Ages of Time.

From the Tales which the *Antediluvians*, as they call them here, handed down to their Posterity, came most of the Fables with which the Eastern Part of the World was so full, some of which I find here in their ancient Poets and Historians, such as *Homer*, *Hesiod*, *Ovid*, *Cornelius Severus*, and others; for Example:

From the building that great stupendious Stair-Case, called the Tower of *Babel*, the said Poets feigned the Story of *Pelion* upon *Ossa*, or the Giants undertaking a War against the Gods,

Gods, and throwing one Mountain upon another to assault Heaven, which is admirably described by one of the said Poets thus;

Tentavêre (nefas) olim detrudere mundo
Sydera, Captiviq; Jovis transferre Gigantes:
Imperium, & victo leges imponere cælo.

Cor. Sev.

Likewise from the authentick Histories of the Sons of *Noah*, and their dividing the Earth among their Posterity, came the Fable of dividing the World among the Three Brethren the Sons of *Saturn*. The Fiction of the golden Fruit kept by the Dragon was taken from the Garden of *Eden*, where was a forbidden Tree guarded by the divine Anathema.

And, as some tell us, from the translating *Enoch* into Heaven, was taken the Translation of Heroes and famous Men into Stars and celestial Signs, and the like.

Now if thou read the wondrous Manuscripts of the Ancients, which thou wilt find treasured up in the miraculous Cave, and collected with great Industry by the most ancient *Arabians*; thou wilt find the full Confirmation of these Truths, and just Reason to trace the Antiquity of the Heathen Fiction back to the first Age.

Innumerable Similitudes will appear also if thou study *Moses*'s written Law, where thou wilt find the Custom of Kings and Conquerors making Leagues, Covenants, and Conventions, confirmed by the Sanction of *Solomon*, and mutual Sacrifices, is borrowed from *Moses*, who, when he read the Covenant of God to the People, sprinkled the Blood of the Sacrifice upon them.

Where-

Wherefore then, divine *Atran*, doeſt thou turn thy Face this Way for the Intelligence of things ancient? ſeeing the diſpers'd Families of the Sons of *Noah* have not left the Eaſtern World without authentick Proofs of their Original, and of the Cuſtoms of their Anceſtors.

I know the *Lybian* Fables, take the original of the Gods of the *Greeks* from the *Africans*, where *Uranus*, they ſay, firſt reigned, a Name which ſignified *Heaven*; and who, for his Knowledge of the Stars, his People honoured after his Death, as a Star in Heaven.

This *Uranus*, they ſay, was the Father of the Titanes or Giants; his Wife alſo, ſirnamed *Titea*, was canoniz'd for a Goddeſs; her Name ſignifying Earth. Thus Heaven and Earth married together, their Son *Hyperion* marrying his Siſter *Baſilea*: She bore him two Children, called *Sun* and *Moon*.

The reſt of theſe fictitious Tales are too long to trouble thee with, and only ſerve to let thee know, how ignorant of more ancient Truth thoſe Nations were, and that the more genuine, and indeed only Fund of Antiquity, is treaſured up in the Archives of *Churuth*, and the Repoſitories of the holy Mountain, where if thou pray to *Mahomet*, thou ſhalt have Wiſdom, and have the juſt Diſcoveries of retired Truth made known to thee.

Paris, *5th of the 4th Moon, of the Year* 1691.

LET-

LETTER X.

To the Captain Bassa.

I Should omit the Duty I owe to thy high Station in the Empire of the Faithful, if I did not acquaint thee of the greatest Battle, or Sea-fight, which, perhaps, was ever fought in these Parts of the World; whether we regard the Strength of the Fleets, or the Vigour and Consequence of the Action.

The Glory and Ambition of the King of *France*, especially in his maritine Affairs, thou hast been no Stranger to for many Years; nor art thou ignorant that he was really arrived to a Greatness at Sea, amazing to all those who knew the Circumstances he formerly stood in with respect to his Neighbours of *England* and *Holland*; and how the former not only were superior to him in Naval Strength, but pretended to forbid him encreasing that Power, or building any more Ships whenever they thought fit.

It was but the last Year but one that we saw the Fleet of *France* engaging those of *England* and *Holland* in the open Seas, and being superior to them both, as well in the Number of Ships, as in the Force of those Ships, we found the *English* and *Dutch* retreating from them, declining the Fight, and at length worsted.

The next Year the Fleets of *France* were reckon'd 100 Sail of capital Men of War of the Line, (*viz.*) from 50 Guns upwards to 110 Guns,

Guns, and the *British* and *Dutch* Fleets were not so forward to engage them as was usual.

But this Year, by I know not what Fate, whether the Vigilance and Diligence of the *British* Admiral, or the Rashness and Pride of the *French* Admiral, I know not; but this Year, I say, has been fatal to the King of *France*, in his Naval Affairs; and in a great Battle at Sea, his Fleet has been entirely overthrown; and about 20 of the biggest Men of War in his Navy, and indeed some of them the biggest in the World, have been burnt or destroyed; a Loss, which I foresee *France* will not be able to restore in many Years, if at all.

They came together upon the most natural Terms imaginable; for Monsieur *Tourville*, the *French* Admiral, tho' he had not in his whole Fleet above 52 Sail, went boldly into the *British* Channel, to seek out his Enemies, who were near 90 Sail. Thou wilt reasonably conclude, that when the weaker looks out for the stronger, there will be little Difficulty to meet.

The Fight was bloody, and there is no doubt but had the *French* been equal in Number to the *British* and *Dutch* Fleets, they would have had the better of them; but a great Disproportion of Numbers left the *French* Room for nothing but to make the best of their way to their own Coast, after an unequal Fight; in which no Behaviour of the particular Captains and Officers could atone for the intollerable Rashness of the Admiral, in attacking the Enemy when he might have declined it, and easily saw the Disparity of Strength.

The *French* say, in Justification of the Admiral, that he had positive and express Orders to fight the Confederates wherever he met them;

them; but 'tis alledg'd in Reply, that this was with a Supposition of a probable Advantage, or at least a fair Cast for it; not to fight at all Adventures, two against three, where they would be sure to have the worse.

However it was, the King, who is the best Judge of his own Orders, received the Admiral perfectly well, spoke cheerfully to him, and was very far from showing any Resentment against his Conduct, as if he had not obeyed Orders.

The Loss the *French* has sustained is inestimable, 17 of the finest Ships the World ever saw, are burnt and destroyed in their own Harbours, and in Sight of their own People, besides others smaller; a Sight so mortifying, so dreadful, and particularly so provoking to theSeamen, who long'd for nothing more than to have fought it out Ship for Ship, and Man for Man; that they tore the very Hair from their Heads for Rage, to see the Ships burnt in their own Ports.

But there was no Remedy, the *British* and *Dutch* Fleets were upon them; the rest of their own Fleet was separated, and fled through the Race of Alderney for *Brest*; whereupon they set Fire to the Ships with their own Hands, after having saved out of them whatever was portable, and placed the Hulls so as the Guns might be easily weighed.

Never was such a Blaze of Fire seen on Earth, the Light was seen in the Air an Hundred Miles, to the infinite Terror of the People.

The Troops which were drawn up on the Shore, prevented the *English* landing; and by some Cannon planted on large Batteries, kept off the Boats a great while which were sent in to burn the Ships, and by those Batteries they

they protected two Men of War which were not burnt.

The Loſs of Men has not been great; the Account they give is about 2500 Men killed, and 3000 wounded. Nor have the Enemy loſt much leſs; but the Loſs of the Ships is ſuch as the *French* themſelves do not pretend to be able to repair in many Years. And ſince this Diſaſter, they adviſe the King to ſpare the exceſſive Expences of fitting out ſo great a Fleet, and employ the Seamen in ſmall Cruiſers, to attack the Commerce of the Allies, who abound in Numbers of Merchant-Ships in all Parts of the Sea.

This had been good Advice, had it been given before; had the King of *France* laid up his great Fleet, and encouraged his Subjects to fit out Privateers, he had ſaved the Expence of thirty Millions a Year, and wounded his Enemies in the moſt ſenſible Part, (*viz.*) their Trade; by which they ſupported all the reſt of their Power.

But this is late Advice now, and makes good a proverbial Saying of the moſt learned of the *Nazareens*, (*viz.*) that the *Italians* are wiſe beforehand, the *Dutchmen* in the Action, and the *French* after 'tis done.

This Blow to the Naval Power of *France* may not be without its good Conſequences to thy Affairs: Our glorious Maſter the Grand Seignior knows what uſe to make of it, to the exalting the *Ottoman* Power in the *Levant*, and aſſiſting it to maintain a juſt Superiority of Naval Strength in every Part of the World.

Glory and Succeſs attend the Navies of thy Lord, under thy wiſe and proſperous Conduct, invincible Admiral of the faithful Navy; and may the Enſigns of *Mahomet* ſpread the Seas at the

the Ports of thy Enemies, that the Topsails of *France* and *Venice* may strike to the victorious Pendants of the Admiral-Galley, under the Awe of thy Sword and of the Grand Seignior's invincible Power.

Paris, 20*th of the* 8*th Moon*,
of the Year 1691.

LETTER XI.

To Amurath Zahabbezin, *a proselyted Jew of* Trapezond.

THO' I believe thou art a true Musselman, and hast forsaken the Errors of thy mistaken Brethren, yet I find by thy Letters that thou art yet of the Rabbinical Principle, and art a kind of *Mahometan* Pharisee: for thou canst not refrain in all thy Notions of things, to put a mighty Stress upon the Tradition of our Ancestors, as if the Alcoran, which thou knowest we believe came down from Heaven to our great Prophet, needed any Explanations.

It's evident to me, that the Laws of God, handed to *Israel*, by the Ministration of *Moses* coming immediately from the divine Oracle, spoken by the Mouth of God himself, and written down by the Pen of *Moses*, the faithful Collector of what God had spoken to him, required no Explanations: It is to me a sufficient

ent Objection against the *Jewish* Talmud, the *Gemara*, and all the Writings which are called the Collections of the Elders, that they all differ from *Moses*'s Law, or the Writings of the Prophets, in the Preface or Introduction of them all; for that *Moses* introduces all his Precepts with, *Thus saith the Lord: The Lord spake all these Words, and said: The Word of the Lord came unto me ------- saying: The Lord hath spoken*, and the like. *WHEREAS* in the Talmud, and all the Collections of traditional Explanations, it is said, by way of Introduction, *Rabbi Simeon*, Says thus: *Rabbi Juda*, Says thus: *Rabbi Eliezer*, Says thus, and the like

And wherefore seekest thou a cabbalistick Scheme, or a Collection of traditional Explanations upon the perfect Law of *Mahomet*? Art thou ignorant how the Alcoran was brought down from Heaven, and given to our great Apostle *Mahomet*? and that every Musselman believes that it requires no other Law to explain or enforce it?

It is true that we have a *Sonnah*, in which are said to be contained traditional Explanations of the Text of the *Alcoran*; but the Principles of the Musselman's Belief are such, so plain and so few, that no *Sonnah*, no traditional Precepts, can add to or explain: Our whole Faith being contained in these two great Fundamentals, (*viz.*) That God is but one God, and that *Mahomet* is his Apostle or Prophet.

The *SONNAH*, or *MISNA* of our Law, may explain the Precepts of *Mahomet*, respecting the Conduct of his Disciples or Followers; but the great Point denominating a true Musselman, (*viz.*) believing the Unity of Person, and the Dignity of *Mahomet*, admits

no

no Explanation; neither is the *Sonnah* of our Emirs concern'd in ſuch a blaſphemous Attempt.

Leave off then, enlightened *Morat*, thy old cabbaliſtick Notions, and leſſen thy Eſteem for traditional Ideas; believe that *God is One God*, and that *Mahomet* is *his Prophet*; and enjoys the Bleſſing of *Eden*, the promiſed Pleaſures of Paradiſe, where Oceans of inexpreſſible Bliſs flow down in Streams of Delight, where Millions of ſhining Beauties attend the Faithful, ſuch as ſhould one of them appear on Earth, all Mankind would dye for the Love of her, and ſink into inconceivable Torment at the Loſs of her.

Give no Jealouſies to thy Friends, that thou art not thoroughly inform'd, and haſt not embraced the right Way with a perfect Mind.

Perhaps it may be true that the Law of *Moſes* may ſtand in need of Interpretations, and the Solutions of learned and judicious Men in doubtful and difficult Caſes, about their ſabbatical Obſervations, legal Retributions, *&c.* may be uſeful Precedents for the Judgment of the Elders, in like Caſes, among the *Jews* to this Time.

Tho' I confeſs, I believe all thoſe Traditions and Precedents have rather corrupted than informed their Poſterity, and have ſpread a Cloud or Veil of Darkneſs over their Law, rather than cleared it up from any Difficulties that were in it before.

But ſuppoſe it ſo; for I know the Rabbiniſts, who are the chief ſort of *Jews*, who I meet with in theſe Parts of the World, do all ſtrictly adhere to the Voice of the Elders, and therefore the whole Study of their Doctors is employed upon the *Miſna*, which is the origi-

nal

nal authentick Text of the *Jewish* Traditions, or Opinions of the Elders.

Yet what is all this to the true Musselmen? who believe that *Mahomet* was a Prophet sent from God, and that God gave him a Body of written Laws, (*viz.*) the Alcoran? seeing we have no need of Rabbinical Authorities or traditional Institutes for the Understanding that Law.

I am told here by some of the learned Fathers or Rabbies of the *Nazareens*, that one *Nicholas Glenardus*, a famous Man in the Study of the Laws of the Messiah, and fill'd with Learning in all the Languages which were in use in these Parts of the World, got a Passport about 160 Years ago, (*viz*) the Year 1541. from the King of *Morocco*, for Leave to come to *Fez* in *Africa*, the capital City of the Moores, to study the *Arabick* Language, which, at that Time, not scarce a Scholar in all the *Nazareen* World could read a Word of.

It seems his Design was, that he might then search, and open a Door for others to search after him, into the Fundamentals of our Principles; examine the Alcoran; read the Histories of our great Prophet; study the *SONNAHS* of the ancient Emirs, and of the sacred *Tetreh*, and all the Collections of traditional Knowledge they could reach, in order to put the People here into a Method to dispute successfully against the Musselmen-Doctors and Dervices, as Occasion might offer.

But what did all the Study of this famous Man amount to? for I hear he lived there eleven Years, in which Time he made himself perfect Master of the Tongue, and likewise enquired fully into the Laws of *Mahomet*; but

with

with what Succeſs may be ſeen by the reſt of his Life: He became afterwards a Profeſſor of *Arabic* in the Univerſity of *Prague*, and after that, in ſeveral other Places, and left ſo many Scholars, who were Maſters of the Language, in divers Parts of *Europe*, that the learned Men here have a tollerable Skill in the Tongue to this Day.

But not one Diſpute with any Muſſelman has ever, that I have heard of, been managed in conſequence of this learned Man's elaborate Studies; nor have they been able to enter into any one Argument againſt the one great Fundamental of *Mahomet*'s Laws, (*viz.*) That there is but One God, or that *GOD IS ONE.*

Wherefore then ſtudieſt thou, learned *Morat*, to bring us to the *Rabbinick* Method of Explanations in our Law? ſuch as the Traditions of our ancient Mufti's, and Doctors in *Mahomet*'s Law, things of very little Uſe while the Precepts of *Mahomet* are explicit and plain, fully directing the Faithful.

Thou wilt labour in Light to bring forth Darkneſs; for verily, as the Traditions of the Elders have eclips'd the true Light of God's Law among the *Jews*; ſo all the Studies of the moſt learned Men that are, or that ſhall be hereafter, will not add to the Light of the true Believers, inſpired by their great Prophet to chooſe the right Way.

Nay, as thou art already convinc'd that the Traditions of the *Jewiſh* Cabbala, contain in them many things immoral and unjuſt, and that therefore as thou haſt well argued againſt the *Jews*, from whom thou art, (happily for thee) ſeparated by the Light of Wiſdom; ſo thou mayeſt well conclude theſe Rabbinick Traditions infamous, and to be rejected; ſince

'tis

'tis inconsistent with the righteous and wise Nature of the One God, to give to his Servants a holy, written, positive Law, full of wise and just Commandments, and then suffer Men to destroy the Intent and Meaning, nay, the very Foundation of the Law, by subsequent humane Interpretations.

This has exposed them to the *Nazareens* as a most contemptible Sect of self wise Men; but who, in Effect, have rendered themselves Fools, by taking upon them to correct the righteous Law of God, and to enervate his Commands by their absurd and corrupt Glosses and Explanations, teaching Men to understand the Law of God in a manner not at all agreeable to what he at first directed them to understand it.

Be not thou like to them, least thou bring thy self into Contempt; but let thy Knowledge be improv'd to instruct Men to pray for divine Inspiration, that Truth may be its own Interpreter in the Hearts of the Faithful. The Blessing of the great Apostle be on all those that choose right things, and let Error and Idolatry vanish from the Earth.

Paris, 8th *of the* 8th *Moon*,
of the Year, 1691.

LET-

LETTER XII.

To the Reis Effendi, *or Secretary of State.*

THE Angels of Paradiſe ſurround the Dominions of thy Lord, the Dew of *Hemus*, the ſhining of *Aarathes*, the Calms of *Maathaon* attend thy conſtant Labours in the Service of the happy Emperor of the World.

The Empire of the *Franks* begins to ſuffer Convulſions, which no Power on Earth has been ever able to bring her to before; the Duke of *Savoy*, a poor and contemptible Prince, reduced the laſt Year to ſuch Extremities, that his Friends began to talk of his caſting himſelf upon the Clemency of the *French King*, has this Year appeared at the Head of an Army ſo ſuperior to the *French*, that, diſdaining to attack the Towns he had loſt, or ſo much as to attempt to recover his Dominions out of the Hands of the *French*, he has boldly enter'd *France* with his Army, and penetrated into the Province of *Dauphine* at the Head of 45000 Men.

In this Attempt the *French* ſeem perfectly ſurprized; they have no Force at hand able to make Head againſt him; the Duke has taken *Guilleſtre*, *Gap*, *Ambrun*, and have laid all the Country far and near under Contribution.

This is what *France* has not felt for many Ages, all the Power of the Nations, by which the *French* have been ſo vigorouſly attack'd, have not been able till now ſo much as to

ſet

ſet a Foot into her Dominions; ſhe has always carried the War into her Enemy's Country, and maintained her Troops at the Expence of the Nations ſhe has made War with.

But now while the King of *France* triumphed, as it were, in the Ruine of this Prince, had taken from him the Port of *Nice*, and the City of *Villa Franca*, with all the Country adjoining; alſo the City of *Chamberry*, the impregnable Fortreſs of *Montmelian*, the Town and Citadel of *Suza*, and the whole Dutchy of *Savoy*, and gave out that they would attack *Turin*, the Capital of his Dominions; I ſay, in this Poverty of his Circumſtances, the Duke receives a Supply of 18000 *Germans* in a Body; alſo 6000 Men raiſed by the Aſſiſtance of the King of *England* and the *Dutch*, and a great Sum of Money from the ſame Powers; and making the Mareſchal *Catinat*, who was the Terror of the *Savoyard* before, retreat to *Pignerol*; he inſults the Dominions of *France*, and enters the Heart of the Province of *Dauphine*, filling all Places with the Terror of an invaſive War.

This is a terrible Mortification to the King of *France*: It muſt be a Blow to the Glory of a Man, the moſt ambitious of Fame in the World; and it is a greater Affliction, as it is from a Hand which they deſpiſed ſo much, that it would not more ſurprize thee to find the Dominions of the Grand Seignior invaded by the Knights of *Maltha*.

This Attack has rouz'd the Court from the Lethargy of their Pleaſures: The Stateſmen are filled with Indignation at the Inſult offer'd the King; the Soldiery are eager to be put into a Condition to engage the *Savoyard*, and make him pay dear for the Attempt; but the

Truth

Truth is, all Hands are employed; the King has so many Broils upon his Hands, that he is not able to apply a suitable Remedy to these Mischiefs: In short, there are no Troops, tho' the King of *France* has Three Hundred Thousand Men in Pay; yet he has such Embarrassments on his Hands, that he knows not where to detach Ten Thousand Men, to protect his own Dominions from an Invasion, which it was below him so much as to think of, without leaving himself open to some other Enemy, ready to break in at the Gap which those Ten Thousand Men would make in his Defences.

This shews the mistaken Arrogance of this Nation in general, founded on the Flatteries of the Courtiers, (*viz.*) that *France* alone was able to make War against the whole united Powers of *Europe*.

They are, however, obliged to venture it; and strong Detachments are ordered to be made from *Rousillon*, from *French Comte*, and from the upper *Rhine*; who make long Marches to join Monsieur *Catinat*; but it must be at least Forty Days March ere some of them can come up to him; and what Conquests the Duke of *Savoy* may make in that Time we know not.

They tremble at the very Gates of *Lyons*, one of the greatest and richest Cities in *France*; they repair the Fortifications at *Thoulon*, and *Marseilles*, as if they fear'd a Siege. In a Word, all *France* is in a Consternation, to find 40000 Men entred into the Heart of the Country, and no Forces ready, or at least in Condition to oppose them.

The King alone shews a Temper fitted for such a Surprize; when every one else discover the Consternation they are in, the King speaks

 cheer-

cheerfully, ſmiles at the Mention of the Duke of *Savoy*, and tells the Courtiers, the Duke and he ſhall be good Friends for all this, and he will go back again quietly.

What the King means, none knows but himſelf; but as all the King ſays is received here as an Oracle, the People take Heart at it, without any other Foundation than that the King ſays it; ſo true is it, that it becomes Kings, and Generals of Armies, never to ſhew any Concern at whatever Dangers threaten them; for the Eyes of the whole Nation are upon them, and will be dejected or encouraged, juſt as the Countenance of their King or General appears anxious or gay.

Illuſtrious Counſellor of the Prince of Emperors, how glorious is the *Ottoman* Throne? ſhining with the Luſtre of Heaven, guarded by the Hands of Millions of the Faithful, and guided by the Prudence of wiſe Councils? No Inſults can be offer'd her unrevenged, no Enemies aſſault her unchaſtized; how happy is thy Station, who, by Office, dwelleſt at the Feet of Majeſty, clothed with the Moon, crown'd with the Sun? I ſay, how happy is thy Station, who art in the Secrets of Empire, the right Hand of Government, and the Terror of Infidels?

Paris, 17*th of the* 8*th Moon, of the Year* 1691.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

To Morat Ebn Allwazhhair, *a learned Man, ſtudying Aſtronomy at* Hadramurt *in* Arabia.

WHAT art thou doing, thou retired Man? and wherefore art thou buried alive theſe Five and Thirty Years? being wrapt up among the Stars, and beating thy Brains with innumerable Rolls of Figures, for the Calculations of the Revolution of Commets, and the Eclipſes of the Planets, in the Syſtems of the planetary Worlds not yet diſcovered?

It is Fifteen Years ago ſince thou wroteſt to me, that thou hadſt for twenty Years before ſpent thy whole Study in a fruitleſs Endeavour to ſupport the old Philoſophy, and demonſtrate the *Ptolomaian* Syſtem, againſt the Objections of the Moderns, and againſt the Notions of the *European* Philoſophers; being very loth thoſe Infidels, who had not Senſe to embrace the ſame juſt Notions in Religion with thy ſelf, ſhould be able to arrive to a Degree of Knowledge, in Science, ſuperior to that which the ancient learned *Arabians* firſt dictated; for from them *Ptolomey* received the Rudiments and Elements of the celeſtial Motions, which he form'd into a Scheme, and got the Honour of having it called by his Name.

But after Twenty Years Study, it ſeems thou art obliged to acknowledge the ſuperior Excellence of the Copernican Scheme, and the far-

farther Improvements and Additions of the new Philosophy, and that accordingly thou hast found Methods to solve all the difficult Phœnomena which so distracted *Aristotle*, and the greatest Men of Knowledge in the *East*.

I am therefore to suppose thee now, poring upon the Motions of the Planets in the solar System, where thou hast set the Sun in the Center, as is no Question its due; being the Life, the Guide, the sovereign Director (under God the great Director); and in a Word, the very Soul and Being of the whole System.

It may be thou hast spent some time, perhaps Years, to draw the just Proportions of Gravitation, by which the Distances and Magnitude of the Planets are only to be known; and perhaps thou hast discover'd, as I have done here, by looking into the like Calculations, in the Study of learned Men here, that the Magnitude of the Sun, and our Distance from it, and likewise the Distance of all the other Planets from it, and from one another, are infinitely greater than they were supposed by our Ancestors to be, and perhaps infinitely greater than we yet think them to be; seeing every Calculation that has yet been justly, and with good Judgment made, carries the Sun farther and farther from us, and adds to its Dimentions; till from first supposing it to be 366 times bigger than the Earth, we are now come to know that it is no less than 900000 times bigger; and that its Distance is in Proportion remov'd: So that we now speak of the Earth's being above 60 Millions of Miles, and some say 81 Millions of Geometrical Miles distant from the Sun.

That all the Planets gravitate to the Sun, and the Sun to them, in just, tho' differing Proportions, and that all those Proportions are

known

known and calculated, in a regular Manner, by the Rules of Art, I see no Room to question; and I doubt not but when thou seest some of the Calculations of the present Masters in this noble Study, which I send thee herewith, thou wilt readily acknowledge that they are very accurate.

The Improvements made here in the Study of these things are exceeding great; the King gives all possible Encouragement to such Studies; has built them an Observatory at a prodigious Expence, and furnish'd them with Glasses, for Observation, of the best that can be found in the World; and every Man who applies to this Study, is allowed the Use of those Glasses; by the Help of which, it is wonderful to consider what new Discoveries in Nature Men daily make, and to what Perfection in Art they are arriv'd.

Happy *Morat*, thou who receivest by the sublime Intellect a superior Instruction, art not doubtfully inform'd of all these things, and I congratulate the Advances which thou hast made, in that yet more unsearchable Branch of Astronomical Knowledge, (*viz*) the Revolutions, Number, Magnitude, and Distance of the Comets; Bodies altogether out of our reach as well as out of our Sight.

This difficult Study, if thou canst bring it to Perfection, will put an End to all the enthusiastick Whimsies of these *Nazareens*, who are continually poring upon, and making Calculations of the general Point, of Nature when Time shall finish its Circle, and the Pulse of Nature beat no more.

For if, as we firmly believe the general Conflagration, which is the End of all things, shall be perform'd by the Flame of a Comet,

met, which, in its direct Motion, shall, at the appointed Hour of Nature, come so near this Earth, as to set both it and the Moon, and perhaps all the Planets of our System on Fire; so if thou canst arrive, by a just Calculation, at the Knowledge of the proper Revolution of this one Comet, thou shalt be able, without any other prophetick Inspiration, to tell us to a Minute; nay, to one Second of Time, when, and in what manner the Conflagration of this Earth, and, in a Word, the End of all things shall begin.

This noble Study is worthy indeed of all thy Powers; and as thou art already in the Garden of Knowledge, and drinkest daily of the inspiring Streams of *Avoa jairoth*, a Branch of the Brook of *Eden*, either thou wilt attain this highest Pinnacle of Knowledge, or I must conclude that God, for wise and just Reasons, has entirely concealed this Knowledge from Men, perhaps until *Mahomet* shall be sent down again to bring supernatural Light into the World.

However, *Morat*, as thou hast doubtless made infinite Discoveries in the Secrets of Nature, and in the Motions, Order, and Oeconomy of the celestial Bodies, why shouldst thou not communicate to others the Parts proper to be known, that succeeding Time may enjoy the Advantage of thy Labours and Study?

For thou knowest well, divine *Morat*, that so the Destination of righteous Power has appointed, that Knowledge dies with Men, and is not conveyed by Generation, or bequeathed by Testament to our Heirs.

It is sufficient, and what we rejoice in, that the *Capacities* of being instructed are *often* conveyed as the Consequences of a sublimer, spirituous

Na-

Nature, in the ordinary Course of Generation; the Semen partaking of the extraordinary Vigor of its Ancestor, prepares the Case, (which shall embody the subsequent Soul) with dilated Organs, and extended Parts, adapted for the full Reception of a capacious Intellect; and thus the Son often partakes of the natural Endowments of the Father; but never of the acquir'd, till by the same Erudition and Application he furnishes himself, after the Example of his indefatigable Parent.

Mark, I say, they are the Capacities of Nature which are thus convey'd by Generation, and that tho' these are OFTEN so conveyed, yet that it is not so *always*; on the contrary, we frequently find, that as among the Kings of thy Nation, a weak, supine, stupid *Rhehoboam* succeeded a wise and incomparably knowing *Solomon*; so Ideots and Fools are often the Production of generating Philosophers and Politicians; But I return to thy particular Case.

Since then all this Knowledge must die with thee, and thou shalt carry from thy Children the whole Sum of Forty or Fifty Years Study with thee into Paradise, there to delight thy self in the consummate Discovery, and that all this shall prepare thee only for the superiour Delights of the Garden of Wisdom, what Profit shall the World reap from thee, if thou communicate not the Elements of thy Wisdom for Posterity to build upon?

The Infidels, among whom I dwell, boasting of the Improvements they make in the sublimest Branches of humane Knowledge, reproach the Musselmen of the Eastern World with being Enemies of Learning, and perfectly void of the Advantages of Science, living

like meer Animals, as they ſay, without the Study, or Deſire of Knowledge and Wiſdom.

They diſcover their own Ignorance and Injuſtice in this, not having been acquainted with the numerous Retreats of the moſt knowing and moſt ſtudious Searches after Wiſdom in the World, and which, at this Day, take up the happy Plains of *Hadrumurt*, the Vallies of *Saada*, and the golden Hills of *Oman*, the moſt delicious Part of *Arabia Felix*, where the inſpired Souls of wiſe Men are raviſh'd with the Delights of Wiſdom, and where Knowledge it ſelf takes Pleaſure to dwell.

But in this they might juſtly blame us if they were ſenſible where alone we are deficient, that whereas the true Searchers after Knowledge find there infinite Diſcoveries beyond all that Nature has own'd her ſelf to be furniſh'd with in other Parts of the World; yet the Proficients, raviſh'd with the inexpreſſible Joy of knowing whole Nature, live out their Years in their ſilent Raptures, without leaving behind them, in laborious Volumes, due Schemes of the Diſcoveries they make.

I tell the People here, if they would know perfectly the Secrets of Wiſdom, and have the reſerved Treaſures of Nature entirely opened to them, they muſt go and dwell among the Fathers of Wiſdom, in the Diſtrict of *Kaled*, and drink of the Waters of *Cazimurt*, where Learning is inſpired by that Breath of God, the Air; and Wiſdom flows in a Stream like the River.

But then I add, that they will, like them, write no Books, and the World will receive no Advantage from the Learning and Knowledge of their Forefathers.

O *Morat*, in this *only* I would have thee imitate the *Nazareens*; and as thou hast made such Advances in humane Learning as the World never yet knew, communicate thy Knowledge, for the Good of Mankind; and let these Infidels hereafter confess themselves beholding to a learned *Arab* for more Discoveries into celestial Nature than all the Tellescopes of *Europe*, or the Studies of a Thousand Universities, could supply.

Paris, 10*th of the* 11*th Moon*,
of the Year 1691.

The End of the SECOND BOOK.

A Continuation of LETTERS *written by a Spye at* Paris.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Issuff Oglan, *Bassa, Teacher of the Exercises of Arms to the young Janizaries at* Constantinople.

I Know thy worth, and thy Experience in martial Affairs, thy Courage, and the Wounds which thou hast received in thy faithful Services to the Grand Seignior: I remember the Services of thy Father, who lost one of his Arms with a Cannon-Shot at the Battle of *Raab*; I know how well thou merittest from the Grand Seignior, who knowing very well thy worth, has made thee Inspector of that

that Body, which is the Strength and Defence of the Empire.

But as I flatter thee not at any time, so much less can I withhold giving thee the needful Instructions which my Distance, in this Place, furnishes me with for the publick Good.

In a Word, faithful Servant of the Grand Seignior, you must, notwithstanding the Excellence of your present Methods for disciplining and exercising the Janizaries, I say, you must be content to vary as well the Exercise as the Weapons to which they are exercised; so that as they excel all the Nations of Infidels in Prowess and Valour, they may not be deficient in Knowledge and Experience, and may be furnished with all those Additions and Helps to the valiant Hearts they are Masters of, as may be sufficient to continue them in the Reputation which they have so long enjoyed of being the best Troops in the World.

I need not argue with thee the Necessity and Usefulness of Art in the well disciplining of Soldiers; why do we put Weapons into their Hands? why do we call the War a Trade, an Art? why are the Courages of Men lifted up to a due Pitch by enuring them to Action? and why do we form Troops into regular Bodies, that they may support, succour, and encourage one another in Fight? but because all Ways and Methods are to be studied, which may add to the Terror of our Arms, and make our Men superior to their Enemies in warlike Experience, as well as in Number and Courage.

As Weapons are put into the Hands of Men to defend themselves, and offend their Enemies; so all thy Predecessors, in the *Oda*'s of the

the Janizaries, have thought fit to alter and change those Weapons, after the Manner of other Nations, that they might find no Disadvantage in the Field against their Enemies; but might be always equally armed, and equally exercised in the Use of those Arms, as the other Nations with whom they are to engage.

That this has been the Usage, I refer thee to the Rules of Discipline established in the Seraglio, confirmed in the Divan, in the Days of *Selym Ussan Cherger*, Bassa, Aga of the Janizaries, in the Time of *Amurath* the first, the glorious Conqueror of *Mahomet*'s Enemies; under whose Reign the Janizaries were first taught the Use of the Harquebuss or Gun, and began to throw away their Javelines, and Bows and Arrows; where thou wilt find it said, that whereas the Christians made use of certain Engines, contrived to cast with great Force leaden Bullets point blank, which they brought into the Ranks, making thereby great Slaughter of their Enemies, that therefore it was agreeable to the Law of *Mahomet*, to repel Force with the like Force; and that thence forward Powder should be made, some (renegade *Jews*) having brought with them the Art of making it, and also the Use of those Engines for Shooting Bullets, called Harquebusses; and that for the Time to come, certain Numbers of the Janizaries, of the most able Bodies, should be armed therewith, to annoy the Infidels in the same manner as they intended to annoy others.

Sage Instructor of the valiant Youths, the Flower and Pillar of the *Ottoman* Glory, thou wilt learn from me, that the Use of Arms, the Exercise, the additional Weapons, are not only ma-

many, which they use now in fight; but the manner of using them varies very much, and the *French* are in this so dextrous, that they are, at this Time, the Teachers of their Enemies; and all the *Nazareens* borrow from them, not only the Way of fighting, encamping, fortifying, attacking, *&c.* but even the Terms, the Language of the Field is all *French.*

Think it not a useless Caution that I admonish thee, think it not below thee to learn all the Improvements of the Art of War from Infidels and Enemies; I'll tell thee wherein they can learn from thee, they are not wanting; every Step of thy excellent Discipline, which they find useful, they add to their own.

Particularly as thou hast long ago taught the Janizaries to throw away that useless, cumbersome Weapon the Pike, and instead thereof to make all thy Soldiers able to fight offensively, the *French* are taking the hint from thee; and all the old Regiments are made now, *as they call them here*, Fuzileers, having no Use of the Pike among them; and this will no doubt become a Practice through all the Armies of the *Nazareens.*

But it shall remain upon Record, to thy Praise, that this Custom was taken first from thee, and that thereby the Janizaries have been rendered the more terrible in fight for some Years; particularly at the Defence of the Town of *Buda*, and at the Battle of *Nissa.*

Now as they received this hint from thee, O Man of martial Experience, be content to take back, in Exchange, the Improvement they make here of arming their Musqueteers with a Hanjarr or Dagger, which they call here a Bayonet, which, in Case of a close Engagement with

with the Enemy, and particularly with the Horſe, they place on the Muzzle of their Fire-Arms, and preſenting the Point to the Enemy, repulſe thereby the moſt fierce Attacks of the Cavalry as well as of the Infantry.

So that by this Method of fighting, the ancient way of clubbing the Muſquet, and ſtriking with the Stock or But-End of their Pieces, is alſo quite laid aſide; the Point of the Bayonet being preſented with double Force, at the End of the Muſquet, being a much more terrible way of charging, and doing much more Execution than the Stock of the Muſquet.

Take this hint from me, founded upon an old Maxim among the Men of the Sword here.

Paris, *the 12th Day of the 2d Moon, of the Year* 1692.

LET-

LETTER II.

To Mehemet Asdan Cupriogli, *victorious Conqueror of the* Nazareens, *Restorer of Glory to the Faithful, the right Hand of Honour, the Star of Praise, mighty Supporter of the tremendous Throne of the invincible Sultan* Achmet, *on whose Head be eternal Benediction.*

TO whom but to thee, enur'd to Glory and great Actions, should I send an Account of the glorious Progress of Arms on this Side the World, and the Conquest of a City impregnable in its Scituation, made more so by Art; and in a Word, still made terrible by a numerous Garrison of resolute and experienced Soldiers.

In a Word, while the potent Confederacy of the *Germans*, *Dutch*, *English*, *Scots*, *Irish*, and all the Powers of the *Northern* World, were drawing together, to fall upon the King of *France*, as if they resolved to finish the War in one Campaign, and that no humane Power was able to withstand them.

While their numerous Troops were reckon'd up, and the on-looking World was, as it were, amaz'd at the very Thoughts of what would be done by such a collected Power, led on by such a martial Prince as the new King of

Eng-

England; or rather, as we call him here, Prince of *Orange*.

While all Eyes were turned upon the Councils of *France*, and every one wondred what course the King would take, and what Dispositions of his Troops he would make, to oppose such prodigious Forces as seemed to threaten his Dominions.

I say, while things were in this Posture, we see all the World under some kind of Consternation except the King of *France*; but of him it might be truly said, that he alone made all these terrible things his Sport; smiles continually, covered his Face, and he was ever gay; he spent the Day among the fair ones, and diverted himself with Balls, Opera's, Feasts, and Shews, as if the whole Kingdom had been in profound Peace.

Now and then, and as if it had been for his Diversions only, he would steal away to his Divan, or Chamber of Privy Counsellors, where he would stay so little, as to be hardly miss'd, and return as unconcerned as one who was only born for Delight, and swallowed up in Pleasures.

When, on a sudden, without the least Noise or Disorder, News came to *Paris*, for we knew nothing of it before, that *Namure*, the strongest Town in *Flanders*, was invested by Monsieur *de Boufflers*, and that the Troops were all in full March from the Frontier Garrisons to form the Siege.

Nor was this all; but in two or three Days more we found the King's Field-Equipage preparing, and were told that his Majesty resolved to command the Siege in Person.

It is impossible to describe to thee what hurry and Confusion this real *Coup de Eclat* has

put

put the World into: The Confederates drew together their Forces in ſuch Numbers, and with ſuch Aſſurance of Succeſs, that People began to be very apprehenſive of the Succeſs of the Enterprize, only the King and the Duke of *Luxemburg* purſue ſteddily the Meaſures they have taken, and depend upon the Succeſs.

As the Confederates talk of having an Hundred Thouſand Men to raiſe the Siege, the King reſolved to have as many to cover the Siege, beſides a ſufficient Force to carry it on.

The King having reſolved to be there in Perſon, all the Houſhold Troops were ordered to march, the *Gens de Arms*, the Light Horſe, the Guards *de Corps*; all went away before, and the Duke of *Luxemburgh* ſaw himſelf ſurrounded with 125 Thouſand Men before the King came, who brought with him about 15000 Men more.

The ſiege, in the mean time, was carried on with ſuch Vigor, that the City ſurrendred upon Articles in leſs than 12 Days; the Batteries, conſiſting of 160 Pieces of Cannon and 60 Mortars, made ſuch terrible Work, and the *French* followed their Work ſo cloſe with Attack upon Attack, Storm upon Storm, even from Morning to Night, that nothing could withſtand them.

Upon the City having ſurrendred, the *French* had this Advantage, that their Lines took up leſs Circumference; the Caſtle and a ſtrong Fort, which was lately built, took up an Angle, form'd by two Rivers, the *Meuſe* and the *Sambre*; ſo that the *French* had nothing to do but to extend their Works from one River to the other, exactly as the City of *Belgrade* is ſituate in the Angle between the *Danube* and the *Save*.

The

The Castle and Fort made a stout Resistance, the latter being defended by Monsieur *Cohorn*, the Engineer, who contrived and built it, and after whose Name it was called the *Cohorn* Fort; this Man is no less a Soldier than an Engineer, and is one of the best Officers in this Part of the World, both for Experience in Conduct, as well as Courage in Action.

The Vigour of this Defence gave the Prince of *Orange* Time to collect his Troops, and being as good as his Word, he approach'd the Leaguer with an Army of no less than Ninety Five Thousand Men, and which was still more, these Troops were thought to be all old experienc'd Regiments, the Flower of the military Men in this Part of the World.

Yet in Sight of this Army, and as if they were come only to be Witnesses to the Glory of the *French* Power, the King of *France* carried the Place; the Duke of *Luxemburgh* covered the Siege with an Army at least equal to that of the Confederates; but posted so, with a River in his Front, to Advantage; entrenched all the Avenues to his Camp, and fortified in such a Manner, and those Trenches mounted with such an innumerable Number of Cannon, that it was impossible for the Prince of *Orange* to attack him, or so much as to pass the River, tho' it was but a small one, to approach his Entrenchments.

It is true, the Confederates made several Motions this Way, and that, to draw him out of that Scituation, but it would not do; and the River swelling at the same time, with a hasty Rain, gave them some Excuse for not attempting what they saw could not be done without hazarding the Ruin of their whole Army.

In

In the mean time, the King pushing on the Attacks against the Place, the Works were continually storm'd Day and Night; the Garrison was plied with incessant Batteries and Assaults; so that all the Outworks being won, the Garrison was obliged to capitulate, after having lost above 7000 Men of their Number in the Siege.

The Reputation this has given to the *French* Arms, the Vigour it has put into their Measures and Councils, at a Time when all *Europe* expected they would have been oppress'd with the Power of so many Enemies, is not to be express'd; nor is it to be equall'd by any thing in the World but thy glorious Enterprizes in *Hungaria*, where thou hast retriev'd the Honour of the *Ottoman* Arms, and curb'd the Insolence of the Enemies of thy Master's Glory, in a manner surprizing to the whole World.

Illustrious and fortunate General, thou alone outshinest the Glories of the greatest Heroes; may thy Name be terrible, and thy Arm victorious, till thou exaltest the Crescent of *Mahomet* upon the Spire of the great Mosque at *Vienna*, from whence the triumphing *Nazareens* had the Insolence to take it down, after it had been an Hundred and twenty Years a Testimony to the powerful Arms of the magnificent *Solyman*, Emperor of the Mussel-men.

Paris, *14th of the 5th Moon, of the Year* 1692.

LET-

LETTER III.

To the Aga of the Janizaries.

THE *Nazareens*, the ancient Enemies of God and his great Prophet, whose Champion thou art, are universally involv'd in War: The *German* Emperor, Head of the Princes of the People believing in Jesus, and of the Followers of the Messiah, is engaged in a bloody and heavy War against the *French*.

Tho' his Power is great, his Troops numerous, and well disciplin'd, and his Generals are Men of Gallantry and Experience, yet the Vigilance and Velocity of the *French* Motions, their subtilty in contriving their Attacks, and Celerity in Execution of their Designs are such, that the *Germans* are every where worsted and defeated.

The King of *France* is devoured in Imagination; but he always extricates himself by the admirable Vivacity of his Councils, and the Vigour of his Generals; he conquers on every Hand, and his turning the Schemes of his Adversaries all upon themselves, by being before them in every Action, is the Astonishment of Mankind.

The Nothern Powers have placed, at the Head of their Confederacy, a Prince politick in Council, as *Tomombeius* the *Mamuluck*; furious in Battle as *Scanderbeg* the *Epirot*; warlike in Genius as *Isurael* the *Persian*; but as all these were unfortunate, and their Powers at last fell under the irresistible Hand of the *Ottoman* Pow-

Power; so the Prince of *Orange* is made glorious, only by being defeated; and the Greatness of his Soul seems rather illustrated by his equal Mind under his Misfortunes, than by the Laurels and Triumphs of Victory.

In the Beginning of the Year, he had the Honour of seeing the King of *France* take the strongest Fortress on the Frontiers of the *Netherlands*, while he look'd on, at the Head of a Hundred Thousand Men, but was not able to relieve it; and now he has had the Misfortune of attacking the *French* Army at a Village called *Steenkirk*, but has been beaten off with the Loss of above 5000 Men, and some of his best Generals, and has taken the Pains to bring the Duke of *Luxemburgh* a Victory to the very Lines of his Camp.

In *Germany*, the King of *France* gains every Campaign; and this Year he has plundered the Frontiers of the Empire, and in View of a superiour Army, forced the *Germans* to repass the *Rhine*, and at last, tho' he refused to fight their whole Army, has defeated a Body of 4000 Horse, which he surprized at a Distance from their grand Army, and cut them in Pieces almost to a Man.

Thus this invincible Monarch, tho' he struggles with innumerable Difficulties at home, and tho' he has most powerful Enemies abroad, even on every Side of him, triumphs in their Disappointment, and will, in Time, most certainly reduce them all, one after another, if some unexpected Blow does not intervene to disable him at once; and even this there seems to be no Danger of, where the Power is so great, and the Prince so vigilant, that it seems next to impossible to surprize him.

The

The Fortune of this Man puts me in Mind of *Saladin*, the famous Prince of the *Arabians*, or of their Successors the *Saracens*, who when over-power'd and surrounded with innumerable Armies of the *Nazareens*, who blind Zeal inspired to make War upon the true Mussel-men, on pretence of recovering the Sepulchre of Jesus, the Son of *Mary*; this Prince, by his Vigilance and Valour, accompanied with a never wearied Application, at length conquered them all, and sent them home to instruct their Posterity, how foolish an Enterprize their Fathers spent their Blood and Treasure upon, (*viz.*) to look for the Sepulchre of him, who was taken up into Heaven.

So may the Arms of the invincible Sultan *Achmet*, thy glorious Master, prosper in thy Hands, till the *Germans*, and other Nations of the *Nazareens*, who have so long in vain lifted up the Sword against him, may see and repent of their Folly, and admonish their Posterity to avoid splitting on the same Rock.

Valiant Aga, wherefore is it that the Experience and Valour of the Janizaries has not yet convinc'd the grand Vizier of the Usefulness and Necessity of keeping up a larger Body of those gallant Troops, suitable to the Greatness and Extent of the Dominions of *Mahomet*, and proportioned to the growing Power of the *Nazareens*, who, by their Advantages over the true Believers, are grown more powerful and more insolent than ever.

Why are not the Oda's of the Janizaries encreased in every Beglerbeg or Government? nay, why are not all the Soldiers of the Grand Seignior made Janizaries, (*viz.*) taught Discipline, enured to Hardships, instructed in due

Sub-

Subordination to their Officers, and, in a Word, made good Soldiers.

The Courage, the Gallantry in Spirit, the Strength and Agility of Body with which our People are endowed, far exceeds the Nations they are engaged with; what are the *French*, the *Italians*, the *Hungarians*? they have neither the Conſtancy of Mind, or Strength of Body, as the *Bulgarian*, *Thracian*, *Georgian*, and *Armenian* Janizaries; the *French* common Soldiers are low and deſpicable, their Limbs weak, their Subſiſtence mean, their Intemperance weakens and debilitates them, and they ſeem capable of no Service; yet we ſee them often, by the excellent Conduct of their Officers, and their own being enured to the War; I ſay, we ſee them often break the undiſciplined Nations of other Countries; nay, even of the *Germans* themſelves, by their dextrous Uſe of their Arms, and the Fire of their martial Diſpoſition.

Were the Subjects of the Grand Seignior thus bred to the Field, were they daily and duly exerciſed, as the Janizaries, we know the martial Genius, the undaunted Spirit, the Conſtancy and Courage of the faithful Muſſelmen is ſuch, that they would cut the *Germans* in pieces; the beſt Troops of theſe Infidel Nations could not ſtand before them; if this is not done, take *Mahmut*'s Word, the Art of War is ſo much improved, the Methods of fighting ſo altered, and the Engins and the Devices of the Generals ſo differing from what it was in our Forefathers Days, that it will be impoſſible for any of the Grand Seignior's Troops, but the Janizaries and Spahis, to ſtand their Ground againſt their Enemies; their Number muſt be encreaſed, and

they

they must be encouraged, equal to their Deserts, and then the *Ottoman* Arms shall triumph, as they have always done, over Infidel Nations to the Day when the great Gates of *Eden* shall be opened, and the Faithful shall, with Swords of Flame, destroy the Enemies of *Mahomet*.

Paris, 10th *of the* 6th *Moon, of the Year*, 1692.

LETTER IV.

To the Aga *of the* Janisaries.

IT was thought, in the Beginning of this Year, that the King of *France*'s good Fortune began to leave him, things went exceeding hard with him on every Side; for tho' he had taken the usual Advantages of the Spring, by being early in the Field, as was always the Custom of *France*, and by which they used to have the better Hand of the Confederates, and had thereby taken *Namure*, as I have written already to the Grand Vizier, yet the Confederate-Army harrass'd the *French* Frontiers in *Flanders* extremely after this, and attack'd their whole Army in their Camp, tho' without Success in the End.

Two Blows have since that befallen *France*, which are as two Stabs into the Vitals of a Body, which before was struggling for Life;

and it was thought, had they been followed home, the Glory of the King of *France* must have expired; these were the Overthrow of their Fleet by the *English* and *Dutch*, and the penetrating into the Bowels of *France*, by the Duke of *Savoy*, at the Head of 40000 Men, where he committed most dreadful Ravages, and burnt above a Hundred Towns, of both which I have written fully to the Kaimacham, who will doubtless communicate the Particulars to thee.

The *French* Nation were so humbled by these two fatal Stroaks coming together, to neither of which they were in a Condition to apply any immediate Remedy, and especially being at the same Time threatened with a powerful Invasion or Descent of an Army from *England*, that they fell to what they call here the last Remedy, (*viz.*) Prayers to their Messiah; to this End a general Day of *Biram*, was proclaimed by the great Mufti of *Paris*, throughout his Districts, and so by the other pontifical Mufti's, in their respective Dominations, with strict Orders that all the People should apply themselves to their Devotions, and to call upon their God, in the Name of the Son of *Mary*, to deliver them.

Whether it were that the Sins of the other *Nazareen* Nations were so great, that Heaven did not think fit to chastise *France* by their Hands; or whether their Prophet JESUS, to whom the *French* were said they put up their Petitions, did obtain Help for them, I do not well know how to resolve; for these *Nazareens* of *France* have so many Intercessors, that it is hard to resolve who they will thank for their Deliverance, or who they will acknowledge to have procured it; for some pray

to

to God alone, others to Jesus, and some to his Mother; some to this old Hermit, some to another; so that it is certain there are almost as many Idols as Worshipers.

However it was, this is certain, that the whole Stream of Successes seems to be turned on a sudden; and the Attempts of the Enemies of *France*, however probable, and however powerful, have miscarried on every Side, and the King of *France* is in a fair way to conclude the Year with a general Triumph over his Enemies.

In Truth, O thou fortunate Leader of the select Bands of the Faithful, the Sword in the Hands of the Soldier is never in vain lifted up, when the Eyes of those who fight are first lifted up to Heaven; for whether God hears these Infidels or not, in respect to their wrong and ill directed Worship, yet he may give Ear to all his Creatures, when they lift their Hands to him for Help against their Enemies, and deliver them, that they may de directed to seek the right way of applying themselves on farther Occasions.

Hence it was, without doubt, that the more pure Prayers of the faithful Mussulmen, in their great Pilgrimage or Procession to *Mecca*, the Year before the last, obtained the future Favour of our great Prophet, who strengthened the Arms, and sharpened the Scymaters of the Janizaries, to hew down the Enemies of the Grand Seignior.

It consists well with the Notions we entertain of the great *Alla*, who guides the Affairs of Men, whether private and personal, or national; that he sometimes hears even the Calamities of infidel Nations, and turns the Scale of his Providence as they turn their

Eyes upwards, tho' otherwise they may be impious Transgressors of his Law; for Heaven never can be said to stand neuter in the Concerns of War and Peace between Nations, tho' the contending Parties may be equally Infidels and Enemies to God; but he delivers here, and delivers up there, as it best answers the great Ends of his Glory in the Earth.

How much more then shall he hear the Prayers of his faithful People, who choose the right Way? and what Courage must this give to the Hands and Hearts of thy immortal Soldiers, when they know the whole Choir of Believers five Times a Day make Prayers for their victorious Progress in the Field.

But to do the King of *France* Justice; after all this he took care to pray and fight, whether it was that he had less Confidence in the Priest, than in the Sword, I will not determine; but he applied himself with infinite Vigilance to every Attack that was made upon him, and his Troops brought him unexpected Victories from several Quarters.

At the same Time Heaven concurr'd, and Two things more especially seemed to be the immediate Act of a supernatural Power; for Example; the Duke of *Savoy*, in the Middle of his Success, when he was entered the very Heart of the *Dauphinate*, and promised to himself the Plunder of the Cities of *Briancon* and *Grenoble*; nay, as some said, expected to pass the *Rhosne*, and penetrate into *Languedoc*; in the Middle of all this Triumph, the Duke, who was the Soul of the Enterprize, was struck from Heaven with a loathsome Disease, which they call here *les Petits Veroles*, a Distemper not known in the happy Climate of *Arabia*, where thou and I drew our serener Breath.

They

They tell us a Story here, and boast much of it, tho' I tell thee beforehand I believe not one Word of it; that the very Moment that the King of *France* was on his Knees in the Royal Chappel or Mosque of his Serail, or Palace at *Versailles*, praying to the Image of *Mary*, the Mother of their Prophet Jesus, she struck the Duke of *Savoy* with the Small-Pox. If this were true, the *French* would have much more Reason to worship that old Woman, than any of us believe they have.

But to leave these *Nazareens* to their Superstitions, certain it is, the Duke was taken so ill, and was brought into so much Danger of his Life by this Distemper, that it put a full Stop to all his Conquests, and the Troops retired in the best manner they could; quitted all the Places they had taken, broke down the Bridges behind them, and rather fled, than march'd quite out of *France*, and that faster than they came in, and yet the *French* Army was not in any Posture to precipitate them at all, neither did any one pursue them.

Whether the King of *France* will acknowledge this to be the Hand of God, or of the Woman *Mary*, I know not; but this I know, that if he takes the Honour from the Hand that has really sav'd him in so remarkable a Manner, and pays the Acknowledgment of it to the Image of that Woman, it would be very righteous in the great Retalliator of just Sentences, to make the same Hand of *Savoy* scourge him into a more rightly directed Devotion.

But he has had another Deliverance also immediately from Heaven; for the *English* Army, who were not only appointed, but actually shipp'd and sail'd, in order to make

a Descent upon the Kingdom of *France*, and which it was apparent the *French* were in great Apprehensions of, because they knew not where to look for them, or provide against them, are returned and relanded in *England*, having given over the Design, without its being possible to see any apparent Reason for their doing so.

Being thus at once delivered from these two great and threatning Articles, they were not only easie, but at leisure to apply proper Remedies to the other Parts where they were weakest; and first, the Duke of *Luxemburg* having been attack'd by the King of *England*, at *Steenkirk* in *Flanders*, he repulst him, after a very obstinate Fight, with the Loss of near 8000 Men kill'd, wounded, and taken Prisoners; and believing himself, by this Victory, able to stand his Ground with fewer Troops than before, great Detatchments have been made to the *Rhine*, and to *Piedmont*; of which I shall give thee a full Account in my next.

Illustrious Aga, as these bloody Wars destroy Multitudes of Men, and the *Nazareens* are thus cutting one another in pieces; let thy victorious Ensigns cheerfully advance, secure of Conquest, assisted by the Prayers of our great Prophet, and thy unwearied Valour and Council.

Paris, 10th *of the* 8th *Moon*,
of the Year, 1692.

LET-

LETTER V.

To the venerable Mufti, fage Mirror of celeſtial Wiſdom, the inlighten'd Prince of the Oracles of Virtue, Guide of the true Believers to the Glories of Paradiſe, and Keeper of the Garden of Pleaſure.

VERILY, the Affairs of Religion in theſe Parts of the World tend apparently to the forgetting entirely that there is a Rule for Men on Earth, or a God to judge in Heaven; it would amaze thee, venerable and wiſe Patron of Piety, it would amaze thee, *I ſay*, to ſee how that Bawble called Religion, is kick'd about here, even among the Men pretending to Learning, Underſtanding, and the Height of humane Knowledge, till it grows into Contempt, and will in a little Time be entirely loſt; nay, perhaps it may be no more remembred, no, not ſo much as the Name of it.

It is true, there is ſo much Gain made here by the Shew of it, that, for ought I know, the Formalities of Religion may continue ſome time, at leaſt till the Pride, Luxury, and Lewdneſs of the Clergy provoke the common People to do themſelves Juſtice upon the Prieſts, which will certainly happen the firſt Occaſion the Mob have to get ſo much Power into their Hands; and then, as the Subſtance of

Religion never was among them, the Shadow will wear off with ſmall Difficulty.

Here was a Book publiſh'd a few Months ago by a Man who does not want Wit, entituled, *The Vanity of Religion, and the Neceſſity of the Diſguiſe of it being thrown off*: He would inſinuate, that ſeeing the wicked Lives of the Clergy or Dervices, makes it manifeſt to the World that there is no ſuch thing as Religion, really and at the Bottom of all their Schemes; but that it is a meer Grimace, and a Piece of Hypocriſie, to get Money and Dominion one over another; that therefore Men ought to deliver themſelves from the inſupportable Weight of the Diſguiſe of Religion, and make no farther Pretences to it in the World.

Some People take this to be a Satyr only, and pointed at the Hypocriſie and Cheats of the Clergy, who, under the Colour of religious Habits and Orders, are the Protectors and Encouragers of all ſorts of Wickedneſs; but we, as true Muſſulmen, join in the litteral Senſe of the Words, and believe they ought to throw off all the Diſguiſe, own the Cheat, and pretend no more to any thing of that which they call Religion here, embracing at the ſame time the moſt pure and perfect Rules of Bleſſedneſs from the Mouth of undiſguiſed Truth, owning and adhering to the everlaſting Oracle, and the Law of the great Prophet *Mahomet*.

Some time ſince, I heard that the great Mufti of the *Nazareens*, the Prince of Deluſions, and Patron of apoſtate Myſteries, who calls himſelf the Head of the Followers of Jeſus the Son of *Mary*, the infallible Guide of the Law, and Interpreter of the Faith and Doctrine

ctrine of the Christians, was at the Point of Death.

Upon this News, it is scarce possible to describe to thee what running and posting, what intreaguing and caballing there was among the Princes and Courts in this Part of the World, to make an Interest for a new Election; *France* is particularly concerned, if possible, to have a new Pope elected out of the Number of Cardinals, who are in the *French* Interest, and Couriers are dispatch'd to all the Cardinals that are so, to set out immediately for *Rome*, to be present at the new Election, and take Care of the main Point in the Conclave. It is worthy of thy self, sublime Judge of venerable Truth, to search into the Policies of those People, and to have an Account of this Election faithfully laid before thee; I shall take care to obtain as many Particulars as may be depended upon, and lay them at thy sacred Feet as they go on.

In the mean time, I observe no Grief for the Loss of him that is going: Of what Import, say they, is the Death of an old Man; the Regard to the Person of the late Pope is all swallowed up in the politick Bustle they make for a new Election, and in this Part *Spain* and the Emperor are the particular Opposers of the *French* Interest.

This dead Pope has sat in the Chair of the Pontiff but fifteen Months, and is no less than Eighty one Years of Age. I call him dead, because soon after an Express arrived with an Account of his Death, the Particulars I have of it, as published here by the Court, are thus:

He had been indisposed for four or five Days, and having Reason, on Account of his great Age, to expect the first Shock would

carry him off, he disposed himself for his Exit; he discours'd much the 29*th* of the Moon called *January* to the Cardinals, concerning the several Interests of *Europe*, and his Endeavours to prevent the growing Mischiefs of the War, which however he saw was impossible: He passed some Bulls, and declared against some Encroachments of the King of *France* upon the Church.

The 30*th*, he found himself very ill, and the 31*st* much worse, and his End drawing on, which obliged the Cardinals, and more especially his Favourites, to keep near his Person; next Morning, being somewhat better, he received the sacred Oil, as they call it, and the rest of the Seals of their Religion, and discoursed a long Time with Cardinal *Colorede* his Confessor, and other Ecclesiasticks, upon Matters of Piety: After which, the Cardinals being brought to his Bed, one after another, he recommended it earnestly to their Care to cast their Eyes, in the next Conclave, upon a worthy Person to fill St. *Peter*'s Chair, more especially considering the Consequence of the Election at such a Juncture of the Affairs of *Europe*; he expired the Night of the same Day about Four of the Clock in the Morning, aged fourscore and one Years, after he had sat fifteen Months and twenty two Days, being elected the 16*th* of the Moon which they call *October*, 1689.

The Meeting of the Conclave, their manner of electing, the Rules of their strict, or rather mock Confinement, during the Time of their electing, this thou art fully acquainted with, and I have no need to trouble thee with Repetitions.

It is not yet known who shall succeed in the Pontificate of Idolaters, neither is it of much

much Consequence; for tho' the Popes themselves labour very assiduously to make themselves considerable to the Princes of *Europe*; yet the Princes, on the other Hand, oftentimes take occasion to mortifie the Popes, and to let them see the Insignificancy of their Power, when it comes in competition with temporal Interest; I say, this makes the whole System of the Papacy a meer Piece of political Pageantry, carried on to support the Pride and Luxury of the Clergy, and which is in itself nothing at all but a Bubble of Air and Emptiness when it comes to be tried with its Superiors, the secular Powers of *Europe*.

The Conclave is met, and the last Pope has left it full, which has not been known in the Memory of Man. This Pope was a Person of the least Signification of any that has sat in this Chair of Abomination for many Ages, and can only have this said in his Favour, that he has done neither Good nor Harm; he has left little but his Name to put Posterity in mind that ever he was here. He was superannuated when he came in, and after a Stay only of One Year and three Moons, left the Chair of the old Fisherman just where he found it.

Paris, 10*th of the* 4*th Moon*,
of the Year 1692.

LET-

LETTER VI.

To Ali, *Bassa, Chief of the Engineers, and Seraskeir of the* Morea.

I Cannot have a fairer Occasion to give thee an Account of something in thine own Way, than what offers just now among the *Nazareens*. The Castle of *Montmelian* is a Fortress in the Dutchy of *Savoy*, which for many Ages has been thought impregnable, as well by the Difficulty of its Scituation, as the Addition of all the Fortifications that Art could invent, or the best Engineers of this Country contrive, to render it perfectly inaccessible.

It is seated upon a monstrous Rock, exceeding high, steep, and inaccessible, except on one End, where it runs out long, narrow, and sloping down till it gradually comes level to a little Plain, from whence they pass to a little River with a Bridge over it, called the *Isera*.

This is the only Passage into the Fort; but is so taken up with Works innumerable, one above another, and one defending another, that it is not to be conceived how Art should find its Way, among such Opposition, to work it self into the Town.

It is commanded by one Rock, which indeed overlooks this Part; but there is no possible getting any Cannon up to that Rock, except by Pullies and Engines, and this must be done in the Face of the Fire of the Forts on the Hill of the Castle.

Yet

Yet this impregnable Fortreſs has been taken by the *French*, after a long Blockade, in a few Days formal Siege, and that in the moſt ſevere Seaſon of the Year, when the Mountains, of which the whole Country is compoſed, were all covered with Snow, and the Cold ſo ſevere, that every one thought it inſupportable.

This, however, ſurprizes no Body here, whatever it may do in other Countries; for *France* has always his Men ready to take the Field, his Magazines and his Arſenals are always well furniſhed, and he has ſuch good Generals, and ſuch a great Number of Officers, that they make it a Point of Honour to expoſe their Lives when it is for the Glory of the *French* Monarchy; beſides, the Monarch himſelf little cares how he ſacrifices his beſt Soldiers, and being abſolute, exacts ſuch vaſt Sums from his Subjects, makes his Soldiers march all Seaſons of the Year, and takes his Time and his Meaſures ſo exactly, that he may be ſaid to play a ſure Game whenever he has a Mind to make himſelf Maſter of any Place.

Of this, they that have to deal with *France* ought to be ſenſible in good earneſt; for ſo long as they are not vigilant, and upon their Guard, *France* will be always upon the Surprize with them; 'tis in vain to truſt in the Scituation of a Fortreſs, if there be not Men in a Condition to be ſtirring at all times: There are no Places now a-days impregnable, unleſs they be relieved in Time: The Fortreſſes that are the higheſt raiſed, are no leſs ſubject to the Deſtruction of the Bombs and Carcaſſes, than to the Strokes of thundering Cannon; ſo that all that great Guns can tear down, muſt yield at length to a Conqueror that reſolves

to

to ſpare neither Lives nor Limbs to make himſelf Maſter of a Place, eſpecially when unmoleſted from without; ſince Artillery came in uſe, there is nothing can reſiſt the Force of it, when the General that beſieges has no Enemy to diſturb him behind: The Engines now a-days made uſe of give the Beſieged ſo little Time to look about 'em, that many times they are taken when they think to make the ſtouteſt Defence; and therefore the ſureſt Way is always to have Men lie ready near thoſe Places which are moſt in Danger, that in Caſe of Neceſſity they may be able to form a Body ſufficient to encounter the Enemy.

This Place was taken in two and thirty Days, principally by the Power of battering and mining; for there was not any one Attack made of any Conſequence.

The Beſieged defended themſelves without much uſe of either great Shot or ſmall Shot, and yet they kill'd the *French* a great many brave Men, and ſome conſiderable Officers; their chief Defence was countermining the Works of the Aſſailants, and rolling great Stones upon them from the Tops and Aſcents of the Rocks, which coming ſo furiouſly, and receiving additional Strength to the Motion from the Heights from whence they were caſt, were not to be reſiſted, no not ſo much as the Shot of great Guns might have been reſiſted.

The Garriſon plied them with this Sort of Battery inceſſantly; ſo that no ſooner had the Aſſailants raiſed a Battery of Cannon, or any Work to cover or lodge their Men, but in one Night's Time it was overthrown, and as it were buried with Stones, and the vaſt Quan-

tity

tity of Rubbiſh the Stones brought with them; ſo that the Cannon were diſmounted, as it were, in a Moment, or perhaps broken, and the Carriages clogg'd ſo as not to be ſtirred, Stones of two or three Ton coming down continually upon them from the Summits of an immenſe Mountain.

The Bombs, however, and Miners, reduced the Place, and a Bomb, by Accident, breaking into one of the Mines which the Garriſon themſelves had made to ruin the Approaches, blew up the great Baſtion of the Place, at which Breach the *French* taking hold of the Occaſion, Six hundred Men immediately entered, and the Garriſon ſeeing themſelves ſurpriſed, beat a Parly.

The Garriſon were but 300 Men, and it is obſerved, that they were ſo ſecured in the Retreats, which they had in the Rock, from the Shot and Bombs, that tho' the *French* were not ſparing of either one or other, yet they loſt very few Men within the Place, I think leſs than 20, whereas the *French* loſt above 1500 Men without, beſides ſuch as died by the Extremities of the Weather, which were a great many.

But that which is yet more ſtrange than all this is, that the King of *France* has given poſitive Orders to have the Place entirely demoliſhed, which ſome People think to be very ill Policy; but I am of Opinion, I confeſs, that the King is in the Right; for he concludes, that on a Peace, which he knew would ſometime or other happen, it muſt be reſtored, and he is not willing it ſhould coſt him 2000 Men again, if he ſhould ever have an Occaſion to lay another Siege to it; and as the Fortifications before were made by the

French,

French, he knows the Duke of *Savoy* cannot spare so much Money as it must cost, to restore them to what they were before.

For thy farther Improvement in the Art of Fortifications and Attacks of Towns, and to acquaint thee with the noble Experiment daily made on these Occasions by this aspiring Infidel Nation, I shall send thee several Plans and Drafts of the several Fortifications of the Places which have been attack'd by the *French* in this War; and likewise Plans of the Approaches, Batteries, Circumvallations, and Contravallations, for the Security of their Camps and Works, that thou mayest extract from thence whatsoever shall be useful to thee in the Conquests the Grand Seignior's Armies shall make upon the *Germans*.

The Wisdom of *Sephar* the Son of *Omar Caled*, attend thy Undertakings: The Blessing of *Mahomet*, and the Garlands wrought by the divine Hands of *Sega Ogleda*, and her Companions, who walk on the bright Terras of *Eden*, crown thy Head; they are wrought with the sublime Plants of the perfum'd *Aourisna*, the Lawrels of the Vale, and the beautiful never fading Roses of the celestial Garden.

Victory attend thy Undertakings, let the Turrets of *Buda*, and the impenetrable *Canisia*, the strongest Fortresses in the *Nazareen* Empire, sink under thy Attacks, or be blown up into the Air by the Assistance of thy irresistible Art.

Paris, 10*th of the* 8*th Moon*,
of the Year 1692.

LET-

LETTER VII.

To Ibrahim Ebn Allhazar Reis Effendi, *or Secretary of State.*

I Never doubted, after I had heard that the Grand Seignior trusted to thy Judgment in the Choice of a Person to succeed me in this retired Piece of secret Service; I say, I never doubted but if there was one Man in the whole Empire, fitter than another for the Work, thou wouldest find him out.

And yet it never entred into my Thoughts that thou shouldest send as far as *Algier*, on the Borders of the Empire of *Morocco*, for a Man who has for many Years had upon his Hands an Employment, in its Nature the same, tho' not so fill'd with Variety as this of mine.

Morat Oglou, the Son of the late chaioux Bassa, is a Person so well vers'd in the Courts and Affairs of the *Nazareens*, that I know not a Man fitted like him for this Employment. I remember very well the Errand he was sent upon to the *English* Court, and how well he discharg'd himself during his Residence there for twelve Years, and I have much wondred that such a Genius could be buried in Silence for so long time as he has been in *Africk*, tho' I doubt not but he has employed his Hours in the most useful Manner, and with the most Advantage possible to himself.

I know he will come hither stored with Knowledge in the publick Affairs of the *Nazareen*.

Zareen Countries, as well as with the Wisdom of the *Arabians*, whose Language and Manners, as well as Studies, he is thoroughly Master of; his Genius enclines him to all useful Studies; he is a great Master of History and of natural Philosophy, and, as I have been told, has, for some Years among the *Moors*, addicted himself to the Study of the heavenly Motions, and is the most perfect Astronomer in that Country.

I shall rejoice at his arriving here, and shall not fail to dispatch the Orders I have receiv'd from thee to the *Jew* at *Florence*, that he may give him Notice of the Grand Seignior's Pleasure.

It will not a little contribute to our great Master's Service, if he takes the nearest Passage by Sea to *Alicant*, and travels through *Spain* and *Portugal*, to bring with him some Account of things transacting in those Courts.

I shall obey the Orders of the Divan, who direct that I should assist a Year after his coming here, to introduce him into the Methods of his Conduct, proper for his Concealment, and for his more effectual serving the Grand Seignior's Interest.

Happy is *Mahmut* in thus effectually finishing the long Course of his Services, and almost of his Life, to the Satisfaction of the most glorious Emperor of the World, the Lord of Sovereigns, and King of Kings in the Earth.

The remaining Moons will be but a gentle Slumber, taken up entirely with the pleasant Contemplation of my Return, and the soft Dreams of my Retirement into my native Country.

I shall

I ſhall bear the ſmall Delay without [the leaſt Reluctance, when the Hours ſhall paſs with the ſweet Reflections that I am a releas'd Man, that my Succeſſor is arrived, and I am, as it were, at the Gates of *Mecca*, the higheſt of my Deſires, and to me the Perfection of Bliſs on this Side the Mountain of Perfumes, in the full Plain of *Eden*, whither I ſhall, in a few Moons more, be tranſported in the Bofome of the bright Cloud of Glory always apparent without the firſt Gate of Paradiſe.

There I ſhall wait thy coming, illuſtrious *Alhazar*, and ſhall be Witneſs to the Honour done to the moſt uſeful Servant of our great Prophet.

Paris, *7th of the 6th Moon, of the Year* 1692.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

To the Aga of the Janizaries.

I Have already written to thee an Account how the good Fortune of the King of *France* is returned to him, and this Campaign, which in one Part of it was most fatal to *France*, and threatning to be still more so, has appeared more to the Glory of the *French* Nation, and particularly of the King, than any since the War begun.

The Beginning of the Season, the Campaign was opened with the Siege of *Namure*, a terrible Place for Strength, and yet taken in the View of an Hundred Thousand Men, and headed by the greatest and most formidable Enemy the King of *France* has in the World, (*viz.*) the King of *England*, a Man whose Character rises in the World like a new Star (in a Constellation) never discovered before.

After this, the same King of *England*, with that great Army, warmly endeavoured to bring the Duke of *Luxemburgh* to a Battle; but yet when he attempted to force him to it, by attacking him at *Steenkirk*, was repuls'd, and oblig'd to retreat with very great Loss of his best Men, several Generals of great Reputation have been kill'd in this Attempt, with abundance of Officers, and Six or Eight Thousand Soldiers.

The Campaign on the *Rhine* seemed to be going off without Action, but the Duke *de Lorge*, the *French* General, who commanded there,

there, having received ſome Forces from *Flanders*, followed the *Germans* ſo well, and managed ſo ſubtilly, that at length he trick'd them into a Separation, and then turning ſhort upon one Half of them, before they could join again, fell upon that Part of their Army which march'd under the Duke of *Wirtemberg* towards *Germany*, defeated them entirely, cut 4000 of them in pieces, took 3000 Priſoners, a great many Officers of Note, and among them the Duke himſelf.

After this, purſuing the other Body, who were commanded by the Landgrave of *Heſſe*, and had laid Siege to the ſtrong Fortreſs of *Ebrenburgh*; he obliged them to raiſe the Siege with great Precipitation, and in the mean Time Monſieur *de Lorge* had ordered a Body of Troops to make the uſual Havock of a Conqueror, in the Duke of *Wirtemburg*'s Country, and the Circles adjacent, where, beſides the Plunder they gain'd, which was prodigious great, they raiſed ſome Millions of Money for Contribution.

The *Germans* have receiv'd this Blow as a juſt Return for their drawing ſo many of their Troops from the *Rhine*, to fight againſt the faithful Muſſulmen in *Hungaria*; which they do, upon a Suppoſition that the Princes of the Confederacy would ſupply them with other Troops in their ſtead; how well they perform it, this is an Example: And I rather ſend thee this Account, becauſe thou mayeſt gather from it, that the Emperor of the *Nazareens* has already ſent for five *German* Regiments of Foot, and four Regiments of Horſe from *Hungary*; the Foot making 12900 Men, and the Horſe 4000: and thou mayeſt depend that every Blow the Emperor receives upon the *Rhine*, will be felt

in

in *Hungary*, where the Troops of the Grand Seignior, on whose Arms be the Lustre of Heaven, will have so much the more Room to act with Success.

In *Catalonia*, the *French* General, with the Assistance of a Squadron of Men of War from *Thoulon*, has, in less than twelve Days, taken the strong Town and Port of *Roses*; a Conquest the more considerable, because of its being the best Harbour for shipping that the *Spaniards* have upon the whole Continent of their Dominions in the Mediterranean.

The Method the Court of *France* takes when any Prisoners of Quality fall into their Hands, is very singular, and worth thy Observation in this Place, as it recommends the Civility of the *French* Nation to all the World. The Prince of *Wirtemberg*, taken Prisoner, as I have said, by the Duke *de Lorge*, is a Man of Arms, a Lieutenant General in the Emperor's Army, and a Prince of the Empire also; tho' he was but Administrator at present of the Dutchy of *Wirtemberg* for the Heir his Nephew, who is a Minor.

Thou wilt observe, in the Usage this Prince met with, how well the *French* Soldiers know their Duty, and what Respect their King, and all his Generals by his Command, shews to captiv'd Princes or Officers of Quality; when he was taken Prisoner, which, it seems, was by a Lieutenant of Horse, he had not the least Violence offer'd him, or any thing taken from him; only the Officer desired some Token from him that he was the Person that gave him his Hand, *that is to say*, that took him Prisoner, and sav'd him from the Fury of the Soldiers; upon which the Duke took a fine Diamond-Ring from his Finger, and a

Gold

Gold Watch out of his Pocket, and gave to the Lieutenant, who returned him his Watch again, and took his Parole of Honour that he would not offer to escape.

The Duke, however, desired the Lieutenant to accompany him to the General's Tent, which being in the Heat of Action, he could not do without Leave of his Captain; but the Captain, upon the News, saluted the Prince, and gave the Lieutenant Orders to attend him.

When he was brought to the Duke *de Lorge*'s Tent, at his first Salute he presented his Sword and Pistols to him, the Prince holding the Point of the Sword and the Muzzles of the Pistols towards himself, which is the Custom in the Field, when an Officer demands Quarter.

The Duke *de Lorge* treated him with all possible Respect, gave him back his Sword, and taking his Parole, gave him a Guard of two Captains to attend him, but without any Restraint, except that as he was under Promise, it was understood that he was not to quit the Camp.

After the first Ceremony, the General ask'd his Highness, if the People that took him had offered him any Violence, or taken any thing from him; the Prince told him no; but that, on the contrary, the Lieutenant, to whom he surrendered, had, with some Hazard to himself, prevented two Troopers, with whom he (the Prince) was engaged, from wounding him first, as well as rifling him afterwards.

Upon this, the General caused the Lieutenant to be called in, and asking the Prince what the Value of what he had about him might amount to; he said about a Thousand Crowns: Immediately he made the Lieutenant,

Captain

Captain of a Troop in the ſame Regiment he ſerv'd in, and told him that was for the Service he had done the King; then he gave him a Thouſand Crowns in Money, and told him, that was for his Care of the Prince his Priſoner: In return to this, the Lieutenant pull'd off the Ring he had taken of the Duke as a Token, and reſtored it; the Duke took the Ring; but the next Morning ſent it him again, and an Aſſignment on the Town-houſe of *Nurembergh* for 500 Crowns a Year during his Life.

When the Prince had been ſome time at *Strasburgh*, the King ſent him an Invitation to come to *Paris*, ordered his Journey to be defrayed all the Way, ordered all the Governours of Towns to receive him as a Prince, to ſhew him all military Honours, to let him viſit the Fortifications, and to beat the Drums as he paſs'd, as if he had been a General of their own Army.

When he came to *Verſailles*, he was treated with the ſame Generoſity, and with great Magnificence; the King received him with the utmoſt Civility and Ceremony, only told him he was obliged not to ſay he was glad to ſee him, becauſe of the Circumſtances.

He was invited to come often to Court, and whenever he did come, the Officers of the Kitchin had Orders to provide a Table for him; the Maſter of the Horſe had Orders to provide the Coaches for him; and whenever he pleaſed to hunt, the Querries furniſhed him with Horſes, Hounds, and Attendance from the King's Stables.

The King preſented him with his Picture ſet with Diamonds, and with a very fine Jewel, and told him, he was ſorry his Ranſome

ſome was not ſufficient to make it worth his preſenting him with his Liberty; but he hoped he would take the Freedome of going home whenever he pleaſed, and in the mean Time all the Care poſſible ſhould be taken to make him forget his Misfortunes.

Valiant Aga, may the Angel that keeps the holy Gate, guard thee from falling into the Hands of the Enemies of *Mahomet*; let Princes be thy Priſoners, and the Swords of the mightieſt of thy Enemies be delivered into thy Hands: Cruelty is not in thy Nature; happy will they be who fall into thy generous Hands, who knoweſt as well how to be merciful to the Miſerable, as terrible to the Deſperate.

I muſt confeſs this courteous Uſage of Priſoners is a generous Practice, and very conſiſtent with the fierceſt and moſt vigorous Methods of making War, and always has this Effect to the Advantage of thoſe that practiſe it, that it is a Debt which ſome time or other comes to be paid to Advantage.

It is to be obſerved alſo, that tho' the Prince had all poſſible Liberty to go where he pleas'd, yet having paſs'd his Parole, (*viz.*) to be a Priſoner, he was obliged not to ſerve again, or to appear in the Field again, till his Ranſom was paid, or that he was exchanged according to the Cartel, or Agreement for Exchange of Priſoners.

Paris, 8*th of the* 9*th Moon*,
of the Year 1692.

LETTER IX.

To Zema Ellmahannon, *an old Dervice at* Damaſcus.

THE Affairs of the World are not uncertain by a meer fortuitous Accident of Cauſes, or in Obedience to the ill Fate of Men, upon whom thoſe Uncertainties fall, but by the meer Courſe of Nature, the neceſſary Event of things, tending naturally to daily Revolution.

Death, the common Law of Nature, is not an Accident to Life, but a meer Conſequence of Being; every thing that has a Beginning, muſt neceſſarily end; otherwiſe it would be a monſtrous Rupture in the Courſe of Nature.

Nature it ſelf is mortal; it is a Machine made up of innumerable Conſequences attending the firſt great Cauſe; the Motion given, it ſhall continue as long as the Hand which firſt put it together appointed it to go; but when the Weights are once run down, when the Clue is wound off, all the Powers ceaſe, nothing can wind it up again.

Hence thoſe Philoſophers here, who follow the old Notion of *Epicurus*, that the World was made, or rather made it ſelf by meer Chance, by a fortuitous Conjunction of Atoms; I ſay, theſe Philoſophers argue not only abſurdly, but even to the laſt Degree weakly and fooliſhly; for having traced the Beginning of Nature to the Atoms or Particles of Matter flowing in the Abyſs, by whoſe Conjunction

ction and Attrition the beautiful Frame of the World has been made, and its Motion perform'd, I ſay, they argue abſurdly; for they moſt ignorantly paſs over the juſt Progreſs of the Inquiry who firſt gave Being to thoſe Atoms, which one Queſtion deſtroys all their Syſtem, according to that Diſtich of the Poet, ſpeaking of the Atoms jumbling together into the Frame of the World.

Forgetting that ſome Power muſt firſt beſtow
Exiſtence on thoſe Atoms that did ſo.

They have another Fable here among the Naturaliſts; but it ſeems not only an ignorant one, but a very unnatural one, (*viz.*) That Man made himſelf: I remember a learned *Arabian* at the holy City, when in my Youth I attended the ſacred Service with my Father, I ſay, a learned *Arabian* had a Debate with as learned a *Jew* on the Point I mention, (*viz.*) of a firſt Cauſe in Nature; and coming down to the Being of Man, the *Jew* urged an Argument which I now find much in Uſe in this Nation of Atheiſts and Deiſts, among whom I live, (*viz.*) of Man being his own Maker: *Why then*, ſays *Amiaz Zebir Oglou*, ſo was the ancient *Arabian* called, why then, ſays he, *Man muſt be eternal*; for what could give it ſelf Life, could certainly preſerve Life; and if Man is eternal, ſays he, then Man is God; for whatever is eternal is God.

The Ancients told a merry Fable of *Prometheus*, who having made a Man of Clay, ſtole Fire from the Sun to put Life into his Figure, for which Felony, ſay they, he was condemned to be chained down to a Rock,

where a great Vulture was always preying upon his Bowels.

But looking into an *English* Poet lately, where this Fable was mentioned, as alluding to the ancient Principle of Atheism above, I met these Lines drawn from the same reasoning as those above.

The great Promethean *Artist, Poets say,*
First made the Model of a Man in Clay;
Contriv'd the Form, of Parts, and when he had done,
Stole Vital Heat from the Prolifick Sun:
But not a Poet tells us to this Day,
Who made Prometheus *first, and who the Clay;*
Who gave the great Prolifick to the Sun,
And where the first Productive Work begun.

I wonder often how these *Nazareens*, who are nevertheless a knowing and learned People, especially in these Parts; I say, I often reflect with Wonder, whence this brutish Notion is derived, I mean, of denying the Being of a God, and all the subsequent Notions of the World's Eternity, Man's self-existent Power, and the like.

Upon the whole, I have resolved it into this, that it is the natural Consequence of the Corruption of their own Religion; for while their Priests set up here so many Absurdities, and pay their Adorations to so many supposed Deities, Men of Penetration frequently see through all the false Glosses of the Clergy, and find it often a Legend of Forgeries, a meer Bundle of Nonsense, and Inconsistencies, and then not being enlightened from Heaven with the sacred Knowledge of the true ONE God, it leads them into a Contempt of all Principles,

ples, and their Religion dwindles away to nothing; they begin in ridiculing their own Profession, and then go on to the great Extream of denying even God himself.

Such a Crime is never found among the Followers of *Mahomet*, the first Principle of whose Religion contains a Confession of One God; the Faithful are therefore called Mussulmans, the Name we boast of, signifying a Believer of the One God, and of *Mahomet* his Prophet.

The Light of the divine Oracle, which inspired *Mahomet*, shines into the Understandings of the Faithful, and they worship the Creator of the World: They neither kneel to a Piece of Bread, nor worship an old Woman, and call her God's Mother; but declare to all the World, that God is One God, and to him alone we pray with incessant Prayers, revolving the Moon, and constant as the Day.

Receive, righteous *Zema*, the Relation of the Blasphemies of these Mockers of God, and pray to *Mahomet* that all his faithful Followers may be kept in the right Way.

Paris, 20th *of the* 9th *Moon*,
of the Year, 1692.

LETTER X.

To Ali, *Bassa, Chief of the Engineers, and Seraskeir of the* Morea.

WHEN I wrote last to thee, I gave thee an Account of the taking the strong Town of *Montmelian*, in the Dominions of *Savoy*, with some Description of the Fortress it self, and bad thee to expect to hear from me again.

According to my Word, I here send thee true Drafts of the several Towns, and the Sieges of them, which have been carried on these last two Years by the *French*, who are now certainly the best Masters in the World of the Art of raising Fortifications, and of attacking them when they have done.

The Fortifications of the Town and Port of *Dunkirk* I send thee as a thing by it self, because I am inform'd the Grand Seignior has commanded thee to make a Port and Harbour at *Candia*, which he designs to make the strongest City, and the safest Harbour in the World.

Thou wilt see by this Plan, that the *French* Engineers had a Piece of Work to do here, the Scituation of which did not appear to the Eye capable of being made to bear the Perfection of it; they had a Harbour and Basin to build, which the King resolved should be capable of receiving his largest Men of War, some of which drew 24 to 26 Foot Water, and the Channel of the Port they had to work it on, had not above 11 Foot Water at the highest

highest Tides; and this upon a flat Shore, where the Sea, except at Spring-Tides, scarce flow'd 4 Foot in a Tide, sometimes scarce flow'd at all into the Town.

To bring this to Perfection, the Engineers first considered a small River which pass'd through the flat Country above, and emptied it self into the Sea at this Place, whose little Channel, scarce deserving the Name of a River, made the Port.

The first thing the Engineers had to do, was to draw the Water of several other small Rivers, which, in their natural Course, ran into the Sea at other Places on the Coast, to join their Waters with this little Stream, and then they laid the large Parts of low Land (which you see mark'd in the Plan) together, for receiving the Quantity of Water when it should come in, and stop it in this River when the Sluices were shut.

Below the Conjunction of these Waters, several large Sluices were made, to stop their Course, and swell them till they flow'd over all those Lands, and so keep them up till a very great Head of Water was gotten together, for the Uses of which I shall speak presently.

When this Provision for a Back-water was first made, then they went to work with the Channel of the Port, which they cut 14 Foot in Depth into the Earth deeper than it was before.

To secure this Work, and preserve the Depth of the Channel, which the Sea would otherwise fill up, even in one Tide, it being a very flat and sandy Shore; I say, to secure this, they built those two prodigious Jettes or Peirs, which you see in the Draught, which

ran out into the Sea no less than 11000 *Hemizu's*, being almost an *English* Mile and a half, even to low Water-Mark, form'd of an innumerable Number of Trees, of an immense Size, bound with Iron, and sharpen'd at Bottom, and driven with the Force of mighty Blows by a *Bolqueen* of a Ton Weight, raised high in the Air, and let fall at once. They call these Trees here *Pilotis*.

These two Peirs being made solid, the Spaces fill'd up with Stone and Chalk, and the Heads joined together with Bars of Iron, are firm as the solid Earth; and breaking off the Violence of the Sea make the Space between a calm, safe Channel, into which when Ships were entred, they were secured from any Hazards of Wind or Weather.

They also took Care to preserve the Channel, which, as I have said, was thus deep, from filling up by the Sea; and at the upper End of it, and within the Fortifications of the Town, a large Basin or Pool was made, able to receive the biggest Ships, and able to contain above 300 Sail; at the Entrance into which was a Sluice or Water-Stop, the Gates of which were Six and fifty Foot wide; being a Work of that prodigious Expence, and requiring so much Skill of the Engineer, that some Workmen of very good Experience declared to the King, it was impossible that Monsieur *Vauban*, whose Undertaking the whole Work was, could ever bring it to Perfection.

But he laugh'd at them all, and went on, finish'd it, and brought the Gates of that immense Sluice to so exact a Ballance, that they are now made to open and shut by the Hands of two Men only, (*viz.*) one at each Gate.

The

The Sluice first spoken of, which kept in the Land-Water, now discovered its Usefulness, and the exquisite Skill of the Workman; for whenever the Channel seem'd to fill, or the Sea cast any Banks of Sand up against the Mouth of the Peirs, as it would have done in two or three Tides, the opening this Sluice let go a mighty Stream of Water, which they call a Back-Water, or Back-current, which always keeps the Channel open to its full Depth.

Thus this mighty Work is finish'd, the Wonder of this Part of the World. As to the innumerable Works for strengthning the Town, the Risebank for farther strengthning the Port, an immense Work, advanced in the very Sea, and founded also upon Piles, yet made so strong as not only to carry 100 Guns, which are planted on its Parapet, but to bear 300 Dwelling-Houses and a Church or Mosque, and so become a little Town of its self: All this I refer thee for to the Plan of the Work, which is without Question the most perfect Fortification in the World; and if it ever should be attack'd, as it will require an Army to defend it, so they must expect to lose a good Army before it that attempt it.

They are aware here that the King of *England*, the most enterprizing Prince in this Part of the World, has his Eye upon it; especially since the Victory over the *French* Fleet has secured him the Superiority at Sea; and therefore the Generals always keep a watchful Eye over it, and very rarely have less than 18 or 20000 Men in it, or within Reach of it, when the Campaign is over.

The Fortifications of this Place, including the Harbour, *&c.* is said to have cost the

King of *France* Twenty Thousand Purses, which, in the Coin of this Country, is called no less than an Hundred Millions of their Money.

The Draft of this Place is worth thy Study, and worthy the Hand of a Power immense and inimitable, like that of the Grand Seignior; half the Care and Art which is shew'd here, would make the City of *Candia*, which is so much envied by the *Nazareens*, be the safest and most terrible Port in the *Levant*.

Success and Wonders be the End of all thy Undertakings, and let the Glory of thy illustrious Lord be made more and more conspicuous by thy exquisite Performances. The other Plans which I send thee I shall write of by thy Servant the *Chaioux*, *Mustapha*, who is here with me, and who I shall dispatch in Twelve Days to the Kaimacham on Business of Importance.

Paris, *17th Day of the 8th Moon, of the Year* 1692.

LETTER XI.

To the Kadilescher of Romelia.

THERE has happened this Month a thing which, as it is the subject Matter of Conversation all over the *Nazareen* World, so it tends more to the personal Dishonour of the King

King of *France*, than any thing that I have ever heard charged upon him through the whole Course of a long and flourishing Reign.

There has been a Conspiracy detected in the Confederate Army in *Flanders*, to assassinate the new King of *England*; the Conspiracy it self, tho' odious and detestable in its Nature, is not the main thing I take notice of to thee; for such things are frequent among these *Nazareens*, tho' not heard of among the true Believers of the One God, the faithful Followers of *Mahomet*; I say, among the Mussulmans, no such thing is ever heard of; it is below the Dignity of Man, as a Man, to kill by Treason; nor can the religious Principles of those, who believe the Rewards of Paradise, or the Torment of Fire, permit them to think of such Practices without Horror. Thank *Mahomet*, it is only practised among Christians, the Mussulmans abhor it.

I say therefore, I had not mentioned this Crime, odious in its self even to humane Nature, it is not the Fact it self which I insist upon, but this in particular, that there is great Reason to believe the King of *France* himself, or at least his chief Ministers of State, (and they, we know, dare do nothing without his Orders) have been discovered to be in the Design.

It is scarce to be thought of, without Horror and Execration, that Men of Honour, *as they call themselves here*, should stoop to murther the Man they cannot conquer. In all the Reigns of the *Ottoman* Princes, or of the Caliphs of *Syria*, in all the Days of the *Saracen* Empire, the true Successors of our great Prophet *Mahomet*, whose more righteous Law forbids

bids

bids Rapin, Injustice, and Blood, no such thing has yet been left upon Record.

Was it ever known that any of the Princes, Followers of *Mahomet*, ever sent an Assassinator, or Murtherer, to cut off a *Nazareen* Prince, General, or Commander of an Army, by Treason, tho' we esteem the *Nazareens* as Dogs, Enemies of God, and such as of right demand to be cut off from the Earth; yet it is always attempted honourably, by War and the Arm of Battle; as open Enemies ought to deal with one another, leaving the Sword to decide the Quarrel, and God to direct as best pleases him.

Never, I say, was any *Nazareen* Prince, Captain-General, or other Enemy, surprized on our Account, by Treason and Murther: These People value themselves upon the Name by which they pretend to be distinguished, (*viz*) Christians; and the King of *France* is called the most Christian King; as if he was more a Christian, or a better Man than other Kings; but this Affair has sullied his Face, and blackened his Character in such a Manner, as all the other idolatrous Nations in the World would abhor: and let them say what they will, it seems to me that these assassinating Principles are not allowed, at least not so much, if at all, by any People in the World, but these Christians. In the Name of *Mahomet* let them have the Praise of it; let them be the only People in the World who deal in secret Murther.

As to the King of *France*, Men may call him the most Christian King as long as they please; but if he gives Encouragement to such Villanies as these, I dare pronounce *Caius Fabritius*, a *Roman* Pagan, a far better Christian than

than the most Christian King; for he being General of the *Romans*, against *Pyrrhus* King of *Macedon*, one of the stoutest Enemies the *Romans* ever had; when the *Macedonian* Prince's Physician came and promised him to poyson his Master for a Sum of Money, he not only scorn'd his Proposals, but sent him with a Letter, discovering his Treachery to the King, to deal with him according to his Deserts.

This was done like a *Roman*; but the King of *France*, like those who they call here Christians, has not thought fit to act in such a generous Manner; for Monsieur *Granval*, who, it was proved openly, had undertaken the Business of assassinating the King of *England*, had, it seems, been encouraged to, and employed in this horrid Work, first by Monsieur *Louvois*, the first Minister of State to the King of *France*, and since his Death by Monsieur *de Barbasieux* his Son, with the Gift of Eighty Pistols, a small Piece of Gold Coin which goes here for four Ducates, and with the Promise of twenty Thousand Livres *per Ann.* Reward when the Murther was committed.

This it seems has been proved in the military Divan, or as they call it here, the *Court Martial*; and the Person has been condemned and executed for it; even himself not denying the Fact.

Nor do they concern themselves much to deny it here, or to disown that he was employed by the *French* Ministers; for these are, it seems, above covering such things from the World, not valuing the Censures of Men however just.

There is a noble Principle in the Minds of wise Men, which qualifies them to support the Censures and Reproaches of the World, and

to

to receive the vileſt Uſage with the higheſt Contempt, and this is an Attainment worthy of a good Man, and makes a Man truly great; but this is always built upon this Preliminary as a Foundation, (*viz.*) that the Charge is unjuſt, as well as indecent; that the Perſon is innocent; for no wiſe Man can bear a juſt Cenſure; if his own Heart reproaches him with the Crime, his Face is covered with Bluſhes at the Cenſure, and he ſinks under the Weight of the Reflection, as a Child does under the Stripes of his Preceptor.

To contemn juſt Cenſure is the Token of a Face hardened by Crime, grown wicked to a Degree, above being touch'd by Conſcience or Principles of Honour, and is a Token not of a very wiſe Man, but of a very wicked Man.

It is with ſome Horror I write of this particular Circumſtance; if Kings can thus juſtifie the ſurprizing their oppoſite Princes with Murther and Aſſaſſination, what need is there of making War? It is enough to revenge the Injury done by the Hands of Villains and Aſſaſſinators, and we may leave the Kings of the Earth to kill one another, without engaging Armies of innocent People in the Quarrel.

Men of juſt Principles abhor theſe things, and indeed the King is exclaimed againſt univerſally in all Foreign Courts on this Affair. At home here, 'tis true, People dare ſay nothing; ſo they caſt it all upon Monſieur *Barbiſieux*, and clear the King of the Scandal of it.

If this wicked Cuſtom prevails, Kings are the moſt unhappy of Men; they muſt live wrapt in Iron for the Day, and ſleep covered with Terrors in the Night; the Dagger and the Piſtol would be their daily Dread; and as it was ſaid of the firſt *James* King of *England*, they

they would bewray Nature at the Sight of a naked Sword.

It appears upon Record, in the Histories of these Parts of the World, that the Ancestor of this Prince, the King of *England*, was murthered in the same Manner as has been thus attempted now; and that it was done in Consequence of the Proscription of his Enemy the King of *Spain*; who publickly invited all the Men of villainous Principles, of which the *Nazareens* never want Examples, to murther the Prince of *Orange*, promising a Reward of a Thousand Pistols to the Person who should kill him.

But the whole World blamed the King of *Spain* for it; even when he published the Invitation to Murther, and several of the Princes, even of the King of *Spain*'s own Party, openly protested against it; but much more after the Murther was committed, and the Murtherer confess'd, that it was upon the hearing of that Proclamation that he undertook it; I say, from that Time the King of *Spain* was abhorr'd by all Men of Honour, as a Tyrant, a Man of Cruelty, and a Murtherer; nor did righteous Heaven prosper any of his Affairs after it.

After all, the King of *England* lives; the Traytor has been put to Death, and the Horror of the Fact has cemented, rather than weaken'd the Confederacy; nay, it has fill'd the Enemies of *France* with that Animosity against her Management, that it may be truly said of the King, he has nothing to trust to but the Sword; for the least and weakest of his Enemies are deaf to all Accommodations.

Paris, 28*th of the* 9*th Moon*,
of the Year 1692.

LET-

LETTER XII.

To Ali, *Bassa, Chief of the Engineers, and Seraskeir of the* Morea.

I Am to thee like a Student in Divinity, who I have heard much of among the *Nazareens*, who being appointed, in one of their Tetrehs or Colleges, to read Lectures to the Scholars upon some of the Books of the old Prophets in the Law of *Moses*, chose the Book called the Prophet *Isaiah*, containing above Sixty Chapters, and read Forty-four Year upon the first Chapter, and did not finish it neither.

Thus designing, in my last Letter, to send thee a Lecture of Fortifications and Attacks upon all the Towns or Sieges which have been the Subject of Discourse here during this War; I spent my whole Letter upon the Town and Port of *Dunkirk*, and have done very little indeed towards finishing it either; but thy mathematical Genius will supply the rest.

Next to this Town, I begin with the Town of *Mons*, of the Siege of which I wrote formerly to the Port; after thou hast surveyed the Works, how regular, how large, how well scituated for Defence, and how well defended by a resolute Garrison, who fail'd in no Part of their Duty, thou wilt perhaps wonder how it came to be carried, as it were, Sword in Hand, that is to say, in about 18 Days after the Trenches were opened.

But thou wilt be more fully satisfied when thou shalt observe some Marks I have made in

in the Plan of the Siege, by which it will be seen, that the *French* began with draining the Morass, which lies on one Part of the Town, which the Confederates thought was impracticable, and by which Means they came dry-footed to the Town, on a Side where there were very slight Works, the *Germans* believing that the Place was inaccessible on that Side.

The Siege of *Namure* is the most remarkable in this Part of the Country, of which also I have written particularly before: The Castle is a very inaccessible thing, and is defended by its Scituation, which is not only raised high on the Summit of a Rock, as you will see by the Plan; but is seated in the Angle of two large Rivers, the *Sambre* and the *Maez*, like the City of *Belgrade*, between the *Sauve* and the *Danube*.

But the Strength of this Castle is doubled by a Work call'd the *Cohorne* Fort, which is a Royal Fortification, built by one Monsieur *Cohorne*, a *Flemish* Engineer, and a Lieutenant General in the Confederates Army. The Plan of this Fort will shew thee the Skill of the Engineer; and the gallant Defence he made in it, against the whole *French* Army, will shew thee his Bravery; but the Consequence of this Fort best appears by telling thee, that the Castle, however strong in it self, made very little Defence after the Surrender of this Fort.

The Plan of the Port of *Nice* and the City of *Villa Franca*; as also of the Port and Town of *Roses* in *Rousillon*, on the Frontiers of *Spain*, as they have a great Similitude to one another, and have both met with the same Fate, (*viz.*) to be attack'd by the *French*, during this War; so they will shew thee perfectly well, how fatal an Error it is, to leave Ports of such

Con-

Consequence, and so capable of being render'd impregnable, so naked and defenceless, as both those Places were.

This is a Mistake the *French* King is never guilty of; whatever Town is taken by him, is sure to get by the Exchange of Masters; for he always makes it stronger than it was before; and almost all the Frontier Places having been first or last in the Possession of *France*, owe most of their Strength to his Diligence in fortifying them.

This also is like to be the Fate of *Roses* and of *Nice*; for the *French* Engineers are at work already upon them both, and they tell us, that *Nice* especially shall be made impregnable, and the Harbour be made capable of receiving the largest Men of War; and tho' he may do this, yet 'tis odds but in Time he comes to render this Town up to the Duke of *Savoy*.

The Reason indeed of this Difference between the Towns possess'd by *France*, and those possess'd by other Princes, is chiefly this, that the latter want Money, and the King of *France* always abounds; that the latter, when they have Money, care not to lay it out on such things; and the other spares no Expence to make Places strong; believing it, *as it often times appears to be*, the best Money he can lay out.

I cannot but think the Frontiers of the Grand Seignior's Dominions deficient on this very Article, how else could the effeminate *Muscovites* have reduc'd so important a Town as that of *Asoph* on the *Paulus Meotis*? Had the King of *France* been possess'd of such a Fortress, it would have been made as terrible as *Dunkirk*, and it would never have been in the Power of any Enemy, much less a contemptible

ble Nation, of whom it usually was a Saying at the Port, that they neither knew how to make Peace or War.

I doubt not thou art forward enough to regulate these Matters, and had the Royal imperial Mandate issued out to thee, *Asoph* would long ago have been a Place as impregnable as any of the King of *France*'s Ports are, to none of which the Confederates have been yet able to approach, through the whole Series of the War, no not since they have boasted of their Superiority at Sea.

Nor is our Lord the Grand Seignior, whose Name I mention with Reverence, bowing my Head to the Ground, the Brightness of the upper Regions of Light be on his Head; I say, our mighty Emperor, the Lord of the World, is not unwilling to allow the Expence of necessary Fortifications to strengthen the Towns exposed to his Enemies; but it has been the Negligence or Covetousness of the Viziers, to whom the Emperor has committed the Charge of those things.

Vigilant *Ali*, thou art always awake to the Interest of thy Master, and to the Glory of his Empire, extended from the *East* to the *West* Seas. I know that nothing escapes thy Observation. I conjure thee by the Dust of happy *Icharrah*, thy Predecessor, whose Dwelling is in Paradise; by the Bones of thy great Grandfather *Ibrahim*, who was principal Engineer to *Solyman* the magnificent, at the famous Sieges of *Rhodes* and *Maltha*; by the brazen Gates of *Mecca*, and the invincible Turrets of *Medina*, let not the Hint I am now going to give thee be forgotten, neither take it in evil Part from me, who am anxious for the Glory of our invincible Lord *Achmet*, Emperor of the World.

Take

Take it not in evil Part that I ask this important Question, why is not *Belgrade*, which is now fallen into the Hands of thy Lord, why, I say, is it not made the most invincible Place on Earth?

Thou knowest it is not, and that it has all the Advantages by Scituation which can be desired; two mighty Rivers wash its Walls with their furious Currents, (*viz*) the *Sauve* and the *Danube*; the Angle where they join is wholly taken up with the Town and Castle, which are thereby utterly inaccessible on two Sides of three; had the King of *France* this important Place, his Engineers, in spight of the hardest Rocks, the highest Mountains, the most impenetrable Parts of the Earth, would long ago have brought the *Sauve* to have entirely surrounded the Town, and to have embraced it with its divided Stream, equally deep, navigable, and rapid like the other Part.

Infinite Bastions, Cavaliers, Parapets, Lines, Courtins, Tenails, Ravelines, Counterscarps, Motes, covered Ways, Horn-works, Crown-works, Lunettes, Retrenchments, Redoubts, *&c.* should have ere now so surrounded the Town, as not to make it possible for any Army to attack it without the certain Ruin of their Infantry.

When it was last taken, the Works were, generally speaking, entirely demolished by the Blast of Powder, which blew it up: Why should not all the Plan of the Place have received a new Face, and why not make it strong enough to be worthy the Name of the Bulwark of the *Ottoman* Empire?

Flatter not thy self that the Power of thy Lord is so great, that it will never suffer any Revolution, or that the victorious Vizier can

never

never meet with any Foil; these things are influenced by the secret destinated Appointments of him that guides thee and I, and every Head that bears the Charge of a Soul; and albeit that what is thus appointed shall not be revers'd, yet such Agency as that of giving a Stop to the Enemies of *Mahomet*, by the Assistance of humane Power, is always allowed to be bestowed on the Faithful; and the Aids of Art to support us in the Defence of the Dominions of our Emperor was always allowed not as lawful only, but expedient at all Times, leaving the Issues of things to God and *Mahomet*.

Rouze up thy self, thou Man of Knowledge, and apply thy self to strengthen this Frontier, surround it with innumerable Works, spare no Cost or Labour to make it a Terror of the *Nazareen* Empire, extend it to such Limits that its Garrison may be an Army, and that to invest it may require 200000 Men.

Draw round it a treble Counterscarp, I know the Scituation will allow it; for the inmost Works are high as a Mountain, and will overlook seven Descents below it.

The two Heights of *Orwar* next the River *Sauve*, will require a double Crown-work to surround them, with a Parapet high as a Cavallier, if it should be attack'd; and suppose it should be carried Sword in Hand, it is impossible an Enemy can make a Lodgment in it, the Troops which shall be posted in the Mountain, will pour in such Floods of livid Fire of Shot, of Grenadoes, *&c.* that nothing can support it.

On the Side next the *Danube*, the Hill *Ibrahim*, *Bassa*, readily guides thy Hand to erect a Royal Fort; under its Protection no Ships from the

Da-

Danube can batter it, the Rock defending its Flanks; the ſame Rock affording at the ſame Time a natural Line for 100 Pieces of Cannon, to cut off even the Navigation of the *Danube*, and ſend to the Bottom the ſtrongeſt Veſſels which ſhall attempt to lie open to it.

Glorious *Ali*, why is not this City made the Bulwark of the *Ottoman* Empire? Depend upon it, as the Arms of the victorious *Kuprioli* have conquered this Fortreſs, ſo the *Nazareens* will loſe no Opportunity of recovering it; and if once they are Maſters of it again, they will not fail to make it the ſtrongeſt Fortreſs in the World.

Then ſhall the Blood of the Faithful, which it ſhall coſt to recover it from the Infidels, be laid to their Charge who neglected ſtrengthening it while it was in their Hands.

Paris, 8th *of the* 10th *Moon*,
of the Year, 1692.

LET-

LETTER XII.

To the Kaimacham.

Note. *This Letter ſhould have been printed in page* 157, *Book* II. *and Letter* XII. *in the ſame Book, ſhould have been placed here.*

WOnder not that I follow ſo ſoon my laſt Expreſs with another Letter almoſt upon the ſame Subject: The King of *France* is certainly the moſt politick Prince in the World; he knew not only what was concluded againſt him at the *Hague*, in the great Congreſs of Princes, which I mentioned in my laſt, and which met there the Beginning of the laſt Moon; but he knew the Reputation that illuſtrious Appearance of Princes would give to the confederated Arms, if they had leiſure given them to go on as they began, and therefore, to give ſome ſudden *Coup de Eclat* in the Infancy of their Alliance, was not only the beſt way to weaken and diſconcert them, but alſo to leſſen the Reputation of a Body, monſtrous like *Hydra*, and compoſed of many Heads as well as many Members.

However, he lay ſtill till the Prince of *Orange* had broken up his Congreſs, and was gone to his Palace of *Loo*, a Houſe of Pleaſure in, the *Dutch Gueldre*, where he deſign'd to paſs the Time till the Seaſon for taking the Field ſhould call him away.

But he was ſcarce gotten thither, when Expreſſes, in the Heels of one another, brought him

him Word, that the *French* were making Preparations, in all their Frontier-Garrisons, for some great Enterprize; and that tho' the Season for Armies to take the Field was not yet, by two Moons at least, yet it was certain the *French* would march very quickly.

This alarmed the Prince, who was himself perfectly vigilant, and as able to judge of the Designs of the Enemy as any Officer in his Army. The *Hague*, which but a few Days before was throng'd with Princes, General-Officers, and Colonels of the Army, was, on a sudden, an abandon'd desolate Place, compared to what it was before, the Governors of Towns and Provinces, the Generals, the Officers, were all flown to their respective Commands, as if they had been driven away with a Storm of Wind.

Nor was it without Cause; for in about ten Days after the first Alarm, they found the *French*, whose Motions are the swiftest of any Nation in the World, were actually in the Field with 60000 Men, and in less than Five Days more, in Spight of the Severity of a terrible Season, Difficulty of impassable Roads, and of all the Inconveniencies of a Winter-Siege, they had invested the City of *Mons*, the Capital of *Hainault*, in the *Spanish Low Countries*. This was the 14*th* Day of the third Moon.

This Place is not only considerable in its self, as it is a very strong Frontier; but also as it secures a spacious Country, which will be at the Disposal of the *French*, if they succeed in their Design; it is environed on every Side with good Fortifications, except on that Side which is between the Gates of *Brussels* and *Ach*, where there is only a bare Wall, secured by a large and deep Morass; so that 'tis impossible to

to be approach'd that Way: But they ſay the Deſign of the *French* is to drain the Moraſs, which being done, the Town will be eaſily taken; and to that Purpoſe, as impoſſible as the Deſign ſeems to be, yet they have got together Twenty Thouſand Pioneers, from all the Frontiers, which they have ſet to work, under the Protection of an Army of Sixty Thouſand Men. The Garriſon is ſaid to conſiſt of Seven Thouſand well diſciplined Soldiers, of which the greateſt Part are *Germans*; and beſides them there is a great Number of the Townſmen, well exerciſed in Arms, who have promiſed to make a vigorous Reſiſtance, all under the Command of the Prince of *Bergues*, who pretended to hold it out to the utmoſt; nevertheleſs *France* made this Buſineſs a Point of Honour, and there could be no Queſtion but they will put as fair for it as poſſible; the King, the Dauphine, moſt of the Mareſchals of *France*, and all the beſt Generals of the Kingdom, were there to ſee the general Aſſault; to which Purpoſe they have drawn out of *Germany* all their beſt Men; in a Word, it may be ſaid, that the whole Power of *France* is going to fall upon that poor City.

The Prince of *Orange* came immediately back from *Loo*, having ſtaid there but two Nights; Expreſſes flew like Poſts riding on a Whirlwind to all the Confederate-Princes for Help, and all the Troops near Hand were ordered to the general Rendezvous.

But *alas!* what ſignified Troops in *Brandenburgh*, the Land of *Heſſia*, or other remote Countries, to an Army in full March, and a Town already inveſted with Ten Thouſand Horſe. The *French*, ſecure of the Succeſs, puſhed the Siege with the utmoſt Vigour; and to

encourage the Soldiers, by the Presence of so illustrious a Leader, the King himself resolved to command the Siege; he arrived in the Camp the 21*st* of the third Moon, visited the Posts himself, had an Officer killed with a Cannon-Shot just at his Elbow, and saw the Trenches opened before the Place, in his own Presence, on the 24*th*. and on the 8th of this Moon the Town capitulated.

The King of *England* drew together all the Troops which were within Reach, and encamped at *Hall*, not far from the *French* Camp; but he never could get above 34000 Men together.

The Town made a very vigorous Defence, and the Garrison were reduced to 2400 Men; but the Fury of the *French* could not be withstood, who, with a numerous Artillery, beat down all the Defences of the Place, and followed it with such continued Attacks, not valuing the Lives of their Men, that it was impossible to hold out.

The Town having capitulated, the *French* have put 10000 Foot and 4000 Horse into it, as a Garrison, and are retir'd into Quarters, having thus cut their Enemies out Work enough, in the Morning of the Campaign, to keep them employed perhaps all the rest of the Time.

As the King, by this sudden Blow, has been before hand with the Confederates, so he lets them see that by entering the Fields, so before the usual Time, he will be always before them, and that their Confederacy will have no Effect so long as they march every Country Troops back to their own Limits for Winter-Quarters.

But

But the King of *France* has not contented himſelf with this Advantage; for on the Side of *Piedmont* he has done juſt the ſame thing, taking from the Duke of *Savoy* the City of *Nice* and the Town of *Villa Franca*, the principal Port that Prince had on the Side of the Mediterranean Sea.

This Action was carried on with all that Secreſie and Celerity which is peculiar to the *French* Conduct, and in which they are a Pattern to all that would proſper in great Undertakings: Monſieur *Catinat*, a vigilant and fortunate General, commanded the Expedition; they began to draw the Troops together at *Thoulon*, and the general Rendezvouz was between that Place and *Grace*, a Town on the River *Vaar*; they were all at the Place the 22*d* of *February*; but the March being difficult, they could not ſit down before the Town till the 13*th* of *March*, which, however, was ſo early in the Year, that no Troops but thoſe of *France*, who conquer all kinds of Difficulties, could pretend to take the Field.

This City of *Nice* is ſurrounded with Forts, Palanques, and Fortifications, at a Diſtance from it, and on the particular Places which muſt be paſſed to come at it; as firſt, *Villa Franca*, a Town about a League from *Nice*; ſecondly, the Fort, called the Caſtle of *Villa Franca*; thirdly, the Fort of St. *Hoſpitio*; fourthly, the Fort of *Montalban*, then the City of *Nice*; and laſtly, the Citadel; all theſe Places were fortified, and moſt of them, eſpecially the Caſtle of *Villa Franca* and the Fort of *Montalban*; yet by the 26*th*, in the Morning, the *French* had maſter'd them all, and ſat down before the Citadel of *Nice*, having brought alſo a Squadron of Men

of War to block up the Port by Sea, that no Relief might get in.

In a Word, *Nice* had the Fate of *Belgrade*; for a Bomb falling into a Magazine of Powder, blew it up with three other Magazines, killed 700 of the Garrison, demolished the best Part of the Fortifications, and frighted the Governour and his remaining Part of the Garrison into an immediate Surrender.

Thus this King makes himself a Terror to the World; the Duke of *Savoy* is in a fair Way to be ruined, and they say is desirous to make his Peace; whether that be true or no, Time will discover; but 'tis certain, if he does not, or is not immediately assisted in a powerful manner by the Emperor, his Destruction is not far off; for the King of *France* resolves to give Monsieur *Catinat* 50000 Men to reduce him at once, and make quick work of him; on the other hand, Monsieur the Duke of *Orleans*, the King's Brother, whose Daughter the Duke of *Savoy* has married, has sent an Express to *Turin*, to inform his Son-in-Law of the Dangers that attend him, and to advise him to take speedy Measures to accommodate his Affairs with the King, offering his good Offices, at the same Time, to dispose his Majesty to his Interest; but it seems the Duke is not so apprehensive as others are, or has some secret Dependences which they are not informed of.

However, the King of *France* has, by these two Actions, so anticipated the Glory of the next Campaign, that his Enemies have nothing to do but to try if they can regain in the Summer what he has taken from them in the Spring, and he has nothing to do but to act upon the Defensive, if he pleases, till they are dispers'd again, and then they may ex-

expect him to fall upon them again just as before.

I need not lay these things before thee as a Pattern, the Success of the *Ottoman* Affairs against the Infidel Nations manifest that the Grand Vizier wants no Experience, Vigilance, Council for contriving, or Vigour for Execution of his glorious Attempts; may Glory and Vertue encrease his Fame, and may the Sultan our Lord, the inexhaustible Source of Magnificence and Lustre, lift up his Head above the Kings of the Earth, crowned with inconceivable Glory, and the Light of an Hundred Thousand Constellations.

Paris, 12*th of the* 5*th Moon*,
of the Year 1691.

LETTER XIII.

To Mahomed Elmaken, *Student in History in* Trapezond.

IF there is any thing to be gathered from outward Appearances, the Desolations Nature works upon her self with her own Hands must be Tokens of the Anger of God upon the Nations; Nature is never lunatick, *Non compos mentis*, or so out of her Wits, as in the Frenzy to lay violent Hands upon her self: If the Author of Nature does not lay his irre-

ſiſtible Commands upon her to do ſo, for the Puniſhment of wicked Men.

Certain it is, that in violent Tempeſts, Hurricans, or Tournadoes, Eruptions of Fire and Water, Earthquakes, and the like, Nature ſeems *Felo de ſe*, ſhe appears armed againſt her ſelf, tearing her own Bowels, defacing her own beautiful Countenance, and, *in a Word*, acting all the Parts of a Man, who being demented by the Fury of a Diſeaſe, a Fever, or the like, lays violent Hands upon himſelf.

This has been a Year terrible in the *Nazaren* Nations for theſe things, and particularly for Earthquakes, of which there are ſome very affrighting Inſtances this Year. In *Holland*, *France*, *Germany*, and *Great Britain*; as near as can be gathered, the whole Body of the Earth felt a Jogg or two at the very ſame Moment of Time, which, tho' it did no harm, yet it put all theſe Parts of the World into a moſt terrible Conſternation.

But in *America*, they tell us dreadful Stories; for Example, that in the Empire of *Mexico*, three and twenty Villages are overwhelm'd, with great Part of the Inhabitants, and a great Town called *Truxillo*, almoſt quite demoliſhed; that in *Peru*, a great Mountain ſunk down into a plain Country, and a great Hill roſe up out of a Lake.

But the moſt affrighting Story of all is, that of the Iſland of *Jamaica*, ſituated in the Gulph of *Mexico*, and now a Colony of the *Engliſh*, who formerly took it from the *Spaniards*; the principal Town or Port of this Iſland was called *Port-Royal*, and of that Town the principal Part was called the *Point*, being a Neck of Land running out into the Water like a Peir;

Peir ; this had upon it very fair Buildings, and the principal Merchants of the Iſland reſided there.

It was in the Middle of the Day, or rather a little before Noon, when, by a furious Earthquake, one whole Side of that Neck of Land I mentioned, which they called the *Point*, ſunk by a ſudden and violent Earthquake, and the Buildings having then no Foundation, ſlid all down into the Sea ; ſo that above 2000 People were immediately ſwallowed up, with their Habitations, Goods, and Effects.

The Calamity of this Country is not to be expreſs'd ; for in the other Part of the Iſland, where the Dwellings were not ſwallowed up, the Earth for ſeveral Days moved ſo violently, that the People could not ſtand upon it, even in the very Fields, but lying down, roll'd with it up and down the Earth like Veſſels on the Sea, and you may be ſure they were all the while in the utmoſt Horror and Diſtraction, expecting every Moment to be ſwallowed up alive.

Certainly the Conſternation muſt be inexpreſſible among the miſerable Inhabitants ; for it was a Calamity which they had never felt before in the Place : And ſince I am ſpeaking of Earthquakes, things which very rarely happen among the righteous Nations ; it is not improper to give thee a brief hiſtorical Account of ſome of the moſt remarkable Earthquakes which have happened in theſe *Nazaren* Parts of the World, where they are more frequent than in any other Places.

'Tis about Two Thouſand and Sixty ſix Years ago that there happened one in *Achaia*, which almoſt utterly deſtroyed it ; and which

was attended with Inundations, which in the very Heart of *Corinth* delug'd the Cities of *Helice* and *Buris*, of which *Ovid* makes mention in the 15*th* Book of his *Metamorphosis*.

Si quæreas Helicen *&* Burien, *Achæidas urbes,*
Invenies sub aquis; & adhuc ostendere nautæ,
Inclinata solent cum manibus oppida mersis.
Ovid. Met.

The last Year of the Two Hundred and Seventieth *Olympiad*, the most Part of the Buildings of *Tyre* and *Sidon* were overturn'd, and an infinite Number of People buried under their Ruines. The third Year of the 181 *Olympiad*, *Rome* was shaken for three Days and three Nights together, and *D rrachium* was levell'd with the Ground, together with several Cities of *Campania*; nay, in our own Country I have read in the holy Writings of *Aaiada*, that in the Reign of *Bajazet* II. the mighty and most invincible Emperor, there was an Earthquake at *Constantinople*, that lasted forty Days; and that during all that Time there was not an Hour past but the City suffer'd extraordinary Shocks; so that the Grand Vizier, by the Grand Seignior's Command, employed Forescore Thousand Workmen to repair the City, till by the Prayers of the Faithful, Rest was obtained.

In the Year 1180, of the *Nazaren* Account, an Earthquake ruined a great Part of the City of *Naples*; that of *Arian*, a smaller City, was swallowed up of the Sea, and several other Towns utterly overthrown in that Part of *Italy* called *Calabria*. In the Year 1456. there arose upon the Sea of *Ancona*, together with a thick

thick gloomy Cloud that extended above two Miles, a Tempest of Wind, Water, Fire, Lightning, and Thunder, which piercing to the most deep Abysses of the Sea, forc'd up the Waves with a most dreadful Fury, and carried all before it upon the Land. This afterwards caused, as the Writers here testify, so dreadful an Earthquake, that the Kingdom of *Naples* was in a Manner quite ruined, and all *Italy* carried the dismal Marks of it; a Million of Houses, Castles, and Palaces were buried in their own Ruine; above thirty thousand People were crush'd to Pieces by their Weight, and a huge Mountain was overturn'd into the Lake *de la Guarde*, in the *Milanese*. *Joseph Acosta* relates, that in *Peru*, the Year 1581 there happened an Earthquake which removed the City of *Anguaquim* two Leagues from the Place where it stood, without demolishing it, in Regard the Scituation of the whole Country was changed. And every Body has heard of the Earthquake which happened among the Mountains of the *Alps*, in a Place called the *Valtoline*, in the Year 1660. by the Violence of which a great Mountain near *Bigorre*, sunk down into the Earth, and was covered over with the Water of a Lake hard by; but the greatest and most dreadful Earthquake was that which divided *America*, from *Africa* and *Europe*; for we read in *Plato's Timæus*, that they talked in his Time of an Island near the Pillars of *Hercules* that was call'd *Atlantis*, bigger than *Europe* and *Africa* both together, which, by a horrible Earthquake and a Deluge of twenty four Days, was swallowed up and covered with the Sea, and never seen since, 500 Millions of People being destroyed with it; and that the Sea which

ſwallowed it up, has from thence been called the *Atlantick* Ocean to this Day.

Some of the Ancients among theſe People have been of Opinion, that the Earth was a great Animal, and that the Shivering, occaſioned by ſome Diſtemper not unlike that of an Ague-Fit, was the Cauſe of its trembling. Father *Bourhours*, one of their Prieſts here, but an Author of Fame among them, ſpeaks many pretty things upon this Fancy, in his Diſcourſe of *Eugenius* and *Ariſtus*, upon the Ebbing and Flowing of the Sea.

The greateſt of the Heathen Philoſophers accuſed the Stars of theſe Diſorders upon the Earth, and ſome of them expoſtulated with the Gods very earneſtly on this Account; but to ſpeak one Word of the Cauſes of them in general, I ſay that there are two which are natural, and may very rationally be accounted for, and it is moſt profitable to ſpeak of ſuch, rather than of imaginary Cauſes, 1. that the ſubterranean Fires and Winds are the firſt Cauſe; the Bowels of the Earth are full of bituminous Matter, ſulphurous, and nitrous Particles, Salt-Petre, and the like; and when it happens that one Stone, by ſecret Operation, falling upon another, ſtrikes Fire by Colliſion, or that Air penetrates in unuſual Quantities, thoſe combuſtible Matters being kindled, and the Winds blowing up the Flames, they cauſe moſt terrible Overturnings of the Earth, unleſs they find Outlets, as in *Etna*, *Veſuvius*, and other Mountains, whoſe opening Tops give Vent to the Flame. The ſecond natural Cauſe which I obſerve, proceeds from the Water that is under the Earth, which undermining the Foundations that ſupport the ſubterranean Vaults,

Vaults, which extend themselves for several Leagues together in several Parts. Those Vaults, deprived of their usual Prop, and overpress'd by their own Weight, shrink down, and all of a sudden impetuously pushing forward, the Air and Water enclosed in the Earth, give the upper Parts those violent and boistrous Jolts, which quickly overturn the weaker Structures of humane Art, which must of Necessity give way to those more than gigantick Impetuosities that rend and shatter the more solid Frame of Nature it self.

Grave *Mahomed*, thou, who hast searched the most retired Parts of Nature, art fully instructed in these things; may that Power which uses these most furious Distortings of Nature as Weapons or Scourges in his Hand, to correct Infidels, preserve the Faithful in Safety, that the Mussulman's Empire may be the Epitome of *Eden*, and be the Retreat of the Universe, whither the People may flee from the Deluges of Life, and enjoy the Tranquillity of the Blessed.

Paris, *10th of the 9th Moon, of the Year* 1692.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

To Simeon Ben. Habbakkuk, *a* Jew *at* Salonica.

I Have just written at large to thy old Friend and mine *Elmakem* at *Trapezond*, with an Account of a very terrible Earthquake, which, they say, has happened at the Island of *Jamaica*, in the Gulph of *Mexico*, belonging to the *English Nazarens*.

It might be agreeable to thee to give thee an Account of the Particular, of this terrible thing; but thou art too familiarly acquainted with such things in the Country where thou liveſt, to need any Information from me, one Circumstance only I cannot omit, because it relates to the People whom thou belongeſt to.

The Earthquake there, as the Relations which come from *England*, and also others from the *French* Colonies in those Parts, particularly at *Cuba*, *Martinico*, and the *French* Part of *Hispaniola*, give an Account was very terrible; and that in particular that after the first Shock, which overthrew the capital Town of the Island, for several Days the Earth rolled up and down like the Waves of the Sea, that in sundry Places great Chasma's appeared, the Earth parting, and leaving several Openings, gaping dreadfully to a frightful Depth.

That the poor People amaz'd and terrified to the last Extremity, lying in the open Fields, expected to be swallowed up every Moment, and

and that ſome were even frighted to Death, anticipating Death it ſelf with the Apprehenſions of it, and confirming that juſt Notion, that the Fear of any Evil is greater than the Evil it ſelf, like as the Deſire of any Good is far greater than the Poſſeſſion.

I need not ſpend Time to inform thee of that, who haſt too juſt Notions, and too large a Portion of Judgment not to know, that what is preſent affects the Senſes in a quite differing manner from what is to come; what is preſent to us is ſeen in its genuine Form, but what is diſtant and repreſented only by the Paſſions, as by Fear or Deſire, is magnified to an infinite Degree, as thoſe Paſſions get the Victory over our Reaſon.

But what Apprehenſions of Death, or rather of the World after Death produced the Effect I am going to relate to thee, that I know not, and leave to thee; but the Fact is thus, I am aſſured that the *Jews*, for there are a great many Families of thy Nation in that Iſland, I ſay the *Jews*, in the Extremity of the Terror they were in, upon Occaſion of this Earthquake, called upon Jeſus the Son of *Mary* to ſave them.

I have no Room to queſtion the Truth of the Fact; becauſe divers *Jews* here have not only heard of it, but do approve and juſtifie the Relation.

If the Muſſulmans, who acknowledge Jeſus to be the Meſſiah, and that he was a Prophet ſent from God, as we acknowledge *Mahomet* alſo to be, had in ſuch a Calamity called upon any of the Prophets, and upon Jeſus alſo to aſſiſt them in that Extremity, it might have been ſaid, it was becauſe we do believe him to have been a juſt Man, and that he was

or-

ordained of God to be one of the six great Masters of the Law of God, an Oracle of Truth, and one of the Instructors of Men. Certain it is we give a just History from God how that he has caused the Truth and the Doctrines of Righteousness to be instituted by six Oracles, (*viz.*) the Oracle of *Adam*, handed on by oral Ministration to the Deluge; the Oracle of *Noah*, forming the Institutions of divine Worship to the renewed World; the Oracle of *Abraham*, whose Preaching and Institutions was received by all his numerous Posterity, who were Founders of many Nations, and from whose Bowels our Ancestor *Ishmael* is descended; the Oracle of *Moses*, whose Law was prescribed to your Nation only; the Oracle of Jesus, whose Institutions, howbeit they are profess'd by his Followers, have yet suffered so many Corruptions, Interpretations, and Addition of humane Inventions, that the pure Professors of his Law are very rarely found, and very difficult among so many Professors to be known; and the Oracle of *Mahomet*, whose Light and Empire is spread over three Parts in four of the discovered World.

But how inconsistent must it be for thy Nation, who have condemn'd this Jesus as an Impostor, and would, as we believe, without Question, have put him to Death, had not God took him; I say, how inconsistent must it be with that Hatred of him which they profess'd, to call upon him in their Trouble; wherefore, O *Simeon*, consider and judge of these things with righteous Judgment; for if God has owned the said Jesus to be his Prophet, and you continue to despise him, you ought to take this for a Judgment from Heaven upon your Infidelity, that

that the *Jews* were brought, by his invisible Power, in the Extremity of their Terror, to recognize the Messias in the Person of that Jesus whom you had intentionally at least murthered before.

Be wise then, and cease to adhere to the Oracle of *Moses*, and the Talmudic Systems of thy misguided Rabbies, seeing other Oracles have succeeded by the Appointment of God, every one exceeding each other in Purity and Excellence, as the Oracle of *Moses* likewise, in his Days, excelled all those which were before him.

Paris, 8th *of the* 10th *Moon*,
of the Year, 1692.

The End of the THIRD BOOK.

A Continuation of LETTERS *written by a Spye at* Paris.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

To the Selictar-Aga, or chief Sword-Bearer.

I Was ordered by *Isuff Bassa Reis Effendi*, in case of his being gone a Journey to *Bagdat*, to negotiate a Peace with the *Persians*, as I find he is, to write to thee what I had purposed to say of the Affairs of these Parts of the World; it is always of Importance for the principal Secretaries, prime Ministers, Statesmen, and Managers in the Court of our illustrious Master, to know the minutest Matters relating to Government, to Peace, and to War; how much more then the important

Af-

Affairs in the Court of the greateſt King in theſe Parts of the World, whoſe Actions none can imitate, whoſe Glory is only outſhin'd by the Mirror of ſuperior Glory, the Luſtre of the ſublime, the ever great and reſplendent Grand Seignior, whoſe Days be happy, and his riſing every Morning victorious?

If one may gueſs by the encreaſing Power of the King of *France*, by his Vigilance and Application to the Buſineſs, as well of War as of Government; if one may calculate from the immenſe Treaſures he lays up, the Numbers of his Armies, the Vigor of his Councils, the Experience and Bravery of his Generals, the early Motion of his Troops, and from the Progreſs of his Arms the laſt Year, it would intimate that this muſt be a Year of Wonders.

It is true, that the King of *England* is a reſplendent Star, encreaſing in Magnitude; a Prince, whoſe martial Genius fills the World with Expectations, gives Vigor and Spirit to the Soldiery, is the Life of the Confederacy, and is not to be diſcouraged by the greateſt Repulſes; but ſtill he amaſſes Troops, raiſes new Armies, encreaſes the Numbers of his Confederates, and cauſes every Day new Enemies to riſe up to the King of *France*.

But the King of *France* bullies them all, and appears equal to their greateſt Deſigns, ſuperior to them in Numbers, and above all, ſuperior in the exquiſite Adminiſtration of all his Affairs, as well Civil as Military.

Men always believed the King of *France* would outdo the ancient Giants in the deſperate Efforts of the preſent War; nay, conſidering who he has to engage with, it muſt be ſo, or he muſt fall under the Weight of ſo many Enemies; but it was thought alſo that his

Trea-

Treasure would fail him before his Troops; and that he must be at last exhausted and enfeebled that way.

But he disappoints them all that way too; for he finds such ways to raise Money, and that in such immense Quantity, that 'tis almost incredible; his Enemies boast that he raises it with Difficulty, which indeed is true; but what is that to their Purpose? seeing difficult or not difficult, he does raise the Money. Indeed such is his Skill to direct his Demands of Money, and his absolute Power to enforce those Demands, that his Officers will tear it out of the Bowels of the People, so long as there is any Silver in the Kingdom.

When I look on the Application of this Court to raise Money, how intense upon it, and how absolutely necessary it is to them to have it; I have wondred they have not thought of empting the wonderful Lake of *Thoulouse*. This is a great standing Pool of Water near the City of *Thoulouse*, into which, they tell us, that the ancient *Gauls*, after they had sack'd the Temple of *Delphos*, threw an Hundred and Ten Thousand Pound Weight of Gold, and five Millions of Pounds Weight of Silver, on its being suggested that it was sacrilegious Wealth, and that the Gods were angry with them. 'Tis true, that *Cepio*, the *Roman* Consul, got up a great deal of it some Ages afterwards, and carried it away; but a modern Geographer of this Place tells us, there is a great deal still left, which the People of *Thoulouse* would fain have been fingering, but that they were still frighted with Devils and Monsters of all kinds; now the King of *France*, who has so many Dragoons, that fear neither God nor the Devil, might easily make himself Master of

of it ; or if this failed, one would think that all the ſacred Reliques in *France* ſhould turn to a vaſt Account; he had better ſell them than ſqueeze out the very Heart-Blood of his Subjects ; there's half St. *Peter's Beard* at *Poitiers*, would be worth to him half a Million of Money ; and the Shrines of the Apoſtles at St. *Stephens* in *Thoulouſe*, would ſuffice tofurniſh him for ſeven Years together. But this by the way.

The King of *France* has not only very exquiſite Methods of raiſing Money, but the Oeconomy of his Government is ſuch, that when it is raiſed, it is always applied to the proper Uſes ; we never hear of Embezzlements and Miſapplication among his Finnanciers or Treaſurers ; and by this punctual Management of his Treaſure, he has this Advantage, that his Troops are always in the Field before his Enemies, let them make the utmoſt Speed they can.

This he threatens them with on all Hands this Year, and tho' I am now writing to thee but in the ſecond Moon, we ſee already his Cavalry new mounted, his Houſhold Troops new clothed, his Recruits diſtributed, and moſt of his Armies in a Condition to march, while ſome of the Confederates are little more than got home into their Winter-Quarters ; and I am miſtaken if we do not ſee him give them ſome conſiderable Blow before they can get into the Field.

Every Year he encreaſes his Troops, and it is ſaid that this Year he adds ſixty Thouſand Men to his Armies, beſides a prodigious Number wanting to recruit his old Regiments ; expect therefore I ſhall in a little while ſend the News of ſome *Coup de Eclat* on this Side.

Fail

Fail not alſo to communicate to the Grand Vizier, that the *French* reſolve to puſh the Emperor ſo vigorouſly on the *Rhine*, that he may expect few Troops will be ſpared to go to *Hungary* this Summer ; and the *Germans* talk already of bringing Six Thouſand Horſe away from the hereditary Countries, which is the ſame thing as from *Hungary*.

Thou knoweſt, wiſe and penetrating Commander, what Advantage the happy Port ever made of the inteſtine Broils of the *Nazarens*, the very firſt Riſe of the *Ottoman* Name deriv'd from the Weakneſs of the Chriſtian Princes, and that Weakneſs from their being divided one againſt another.: Wiſdom riſes upon the Ruines of Folly, in all Ages and Places in the World, whether Perſonal or National.

Let the *Ottoman* Glory ſtill riſe ; and while the Hands of Infidels and Idolaters are thus lifted up againſt one anorher, let the Faithful embrace the Occaſion, and advance the Muſſulman's Empire, till it ſpread the Face of the *German* Dominions, and ſtrike Terror into the Heart of this great Emperor of the *French*, who at preſent bids Defiance to the World, and can never be effectually reduced till the Queſtion lies between him and the glorious Emperor of the World.

Paris, *5th of the 2d Moon, of the Year* 1693.

LET-

LETTER II.

To the Grand Mufti.

I Once gave a brief Recapitulation of the Hiſtory of Earthquakes to thy holy Slave *Elmakem* at *Trapezond*; my Letter was occaſion'd by looking back with Horror and Regret on the Convulſions of Nature, which I have lately met with of that kind, particularly ſome remarkable and dreadful Caſualties which have happened in theſe few Years time in theſe Parts of the World.

Here is now a new and moſt dreadful Return of this particular kind happened in *Italy*, and the Iſland of *Sicily*. I intimated in my Letter to *Elmakem* how theſe kinds of God's Judgments ſeem peculiar to theſe Countries: Thou wilt ſay ſo too when thou ſhall hear the following Story, which is juſt now come to Hand: It was the Ninth of the Firſt Moon, about Four of the Clock in the Morning, that a terrible Earthquake was felt at the City of *Meſſina* in *Sicily*: The Protection of *Mahomet* be upon every true Muſſulman; for certainly the like of this Earthquake was never heard of; eſpecially in ſome of the moſt dreadful Parts of it, of which ſuch undoubted Authorities are brought, that there is no Room to queſtion the Truth. Take the Heads of it as follows, (*viz.*) At firſt it did no Damage, only that it ſhook the whole City in a moſt frightful Manner, and terrified the People moſt ſtrangely: the greateſt Part of them fled to the Fields, the

reſt

reſt run to the Moſchs, to make their Prayers; however, in about three Hours it went off for that Time: But the third Day after, it returned with ſuch Fury, that the whole City was terribly ſhatter'd, the Violence of the Shock in a Moment overturn'd Four and Twenty Palaces, and endanger'd all the reſt of the Buildings; all the People throng'd to the *Dome*, that is the chief Moſch, where the Archbiſhop preached, and gave that provoking Inſult upon the One God, called ABSOLUTION; as did alſo, ſuch is their Deluſion here, a great Number of their Dervices, diſpers'd for that Purpoſe into all the Quarters of the City. After this every Body thought of nothing elſe but eſcaping from the Danger, by retiring into the Country; thoſe who could ſet up Tents were ſafe from the Injuries of the Weather: But many of the others were deſtroyed; the Air being all on a Flame by Reaſon of a moſt terrible Thunder and continual Flaſhes of Lightning: But this is but the leaſt Part of this Story; for notwithſtanding the great Damages done to this City, it was nothing to what many others received; the Towns of *Faormina*, *Maſeal*, *Madica*, the Cities of *Agouſta*, *Catanea*, *Syracuſe*, *Carlentino*, and ſeveral other conſiderable Cities, Towns, and Provinces, are utterly ruined. *Agouſta* is become a meer Lake, by Reaſon of a Rupture which the Sea made into that Part where the Houſes ſtood, while at the ſame Time the Lightning flaſhing into the Fortreſs of the City, blew it up into the Air. *Catanea* was utterly overturned, and Sixteen Thouſand Perſons were buried under the Ruins of the great Moſch only; the 18*th* and 19*th*, two freſh Jolts gave new Alarms, but without Damage. Nor is the News from *Palermo* leſs

ſur-

ſurpriſing; but I have not yet the Particulars; all that is known at preſent is, that the Palace Royal is quite overturn'd, and the Vice-Roy had much a-do to eſcape to the Galleys; it may be truly ſaid, that *Sicily* is utterly laid waſte, as alſo the lower *Calabria*, being a Country in the Southermoſt Part of the Kingdom of *Naples*. 'Tis thought that above a Hundred Thouſand Perſons are deſtroyed in this diſmal Calamity, beſides above Twenty Thouſand wounded.

With this I muſt inform thee a little of the Wickedneſs of the audacious Prieſts in that Country on this Occaſion in particular, (*viz.*) that as *Meſſina* received leſs Damage than the other Cities, and for that the People in that Country are very ſuperſtitious, the Monks, who underſtand how to make their Advantages of the Simplicity of the Country-People, ſpread abroad a Report at the Time of the Earthquake, that the bleſſed Virgin, *ſo they call Mary the Mother of the Prophet Jeſus*, had revealed to a young Girl of Nine Years of Age in that City, who was her particular Favourite, that by Means of her Interceſſion ſhe had obtained that the City of *Meſſina*, which is under her Protection, ſhould not be deſtroyed in the common Calamity with the reſt, and this has cauſed a Thouſand idolatrous Extravagances among them, in Gratitude to this Woman; they have dreſt up her Effigie or Image in all the Moſchs, deck'd with Jewels of an ineſtimable Value; they put a Crown upon her Head, and impiouſly call her *Queen of Heaven*; and all the City, old and young, flow into the Temples to ſay their Prayers to her.

Allow me, tranſcendent Mirror of Piety, Image of the divine Prophet, allow me to ex-

expreſs my Abhorrence of ſuch execrable Idolatry, blaſpheming the ineffable Glory of the One great God, who has ſaid, *before me only ſhall Men worſhip.*

I frequently talk to them of this Woman *Mary*, and grant to them ſhe was highly honoured in being the Mother of their Prophet; but I challenge them to ſhew me one Word in all the Inſtitutions, even of their Prophet himſelf, directing his Diſciples to worſhip her, or empowering her to any Part of the Office of an Interceſſor in Heaven, much leſs crowning her as a Queen, who was her ſelf a poor humble Wife to a mean, and a laborious Mechanick; but they grow angry, and croſs themſelves, as if they ſaw the Devil when I talk thus, and calling me Hugonot, tell me, if I was in *Italy*, I ſhould be ſent to the Inquiſition; ſo I talk of ſomething elſe.

But to return to the Story: The Citizens of *Catanea* found, to their Coſt, the Impotence of the like Church-Pageantry; for tho' the Dervices there, brought forth the Image of St. *Agatha*, another old Woman, who they have made an Idol of too, and who they call Patroneſs of that City, and that many Thouſand of the poor frighted People fled after her to the great Moſque or Cathedral, grovelling on the Ground on their Hands and Knees to their Saint; yet they were all involv'd in the general Deſtruction; for the whole Cathedral being tranſvers'd by the Earthquake, the poor Votaries, with their Saint, were buried in the Ruines of that very Church they fled to for Safety. It is ſaid no leſs than 8000 People, chiefly Women, Children, and Prieſts, periſhed in that one Moſque.

There is not so much as one Edifice left standing in that whole City; infinite Numbers of People are maimed and bruised, besides those who are kill'd, and very few escaped but such as got into the Fields; for as for the Sea, it retreated above two Miles from them by the first rising of the Earth.

Immortal Prince of the Priests of *Mahomet*, fill all the faithful Mussulmans with a just Contempt of the Idolatry of Infidels; for which, no doubt, these Strokes of the Anger of the great *Alla*, the God of Thunder, is fallen upon them.

Paris, 20th *of the* 1st *Moon*,
of the Year, 1693.

LETTER III.

To Hassan El Abmenzai, *Steward to the Sultanness* Alfaraiza.

IT is the Sum of humane Misery to have no Body to communicate our Joys and Griefs with: The Heart is not able to contain its own Excesses, but they will break out; and if we have not a Friend to unburthen the Soul to, it will discover its Burthen in every Line of the Countenance.

Old *Nathan* the *Jew*, furnish'd me with an Equivalent for this Violence of the Mind, which

which was a kind of a Charm, repeating a certain Number of Words in (a Corruption of) the *Syriac* Tongue, and then to tell my whole Story with my Face towards the Sun, as if I were talking to a particular Friend.

But all these things have appeared empty Shadows to me, and my Heart has been ready to burst for these thirteen Moons past, with the violent Agitations of Joy and Despair, revolving in their Turns, equally strong and equally unsupportable.

It was next to impossible for me to conceal the Transports of my Soul, when I had, by three several Expresses from the Port, the most comforting agreeable News, that the Grand Seignior, the Lord of benign and heavenly Council, the merciful Rewarder of his faithful Slaves, had heard my repeated Prayers, and had granted me licence to return to the Graves of my Fathers, and to close an Age of Misery and Retirement with the Consolation of the Faithful, (*viz.*) to die at the Feet of our great Prophet, kissing the Steps of his Tomb, and the Dust of the Feet of ten Millions of Pilgrims.

This happy News was seconded by another no less agreeable, from the *Reis Effendi*, wherein he congratulates my compleating my Desires, and gives me the Name of my Successor, (*viz.*) *Ali Mezzawar* of *Damascas*, my old Friend and Acquaintance, who has for many Years resided, for the Service of the illustrious Port, among the reconciled Rebels of *Algier*.

At the same time that this happy News made glad my Heart, I received Letters from *Ali* himself, to whom a Chaioux had been sent, with Orders to him to repair to *Paris*, intimating how readily he would obey

those Orders, and that he was just taking Ship for *Marseilles*, in order to come to *Paris*.

Judge you, my Friend, how surprizing all these good Tidings were to a Soul ready almost to fly out of its Prison at the first Account of it, and who had lived eleven Moons in the most perfect State of Satisfaction that it was possible for me to represent to my self in the World, insomuch that I fed, as it were, upon the Air of Expectation, with a Mind satisfied even to a Surfeit of Contentment.

Nay, as if Fate intended to sport with my Misfortunes, and I was still to be made more miserable than any Man was before me, I was still lifted up higher, to add to the Weight of my Fall, and to dash me utterly in pieces by the Force of it. In a Word, my Deliverer arriv'd, and I received a Letter from him, dated at *Marseilles*, where he landed, assuring me that he lost no Time to come forward, and promised himself a singular Pleasure in dismissing me, and setting me at full Liberty for my Return.

Is it possible that all this could be an *Ignis fatuus*, to ensnare my Mind, and plunge me in the deepest Despair; was there any thing now but the single Hazard of Mortality between me and my Deliverance? who would not have looked upon himself as a Freeman, and have begun to truss up his Baggage to depart?

But see the Product of surprizing Decrees, the next Letter I received was from *Chalons*, where my dear Friend was taken sick, and sent an Express, a faithful Messenger, to desire me to come to him thither, for that he was dangerously ill.

It was with a Surprize of Grief, that I received this Account, and immediately I posted

ed to *Chalons*; but it was with an inexpressible Sorrow, that when I came to him he had but just Life left in him enough to know me, and being not able to speak, expired in my Arms.

Thus all my Comforts are blasted at once, and the Hopes I had entertained of being set free from the diconsolate Circumstances I am in, are entirely cut off.

It was with great Secrecy that I caused his Body to be washed with clean Water, and having hired a Carriage, which they call here a Hearse, I embalmed the Corps, and caused it to be put into a Coffin of Lead, and went away with it as travelling for *Paris*.

When I came upon the Road to a Place where the Ways parted, sloaping one towards the Right, and the other towards the Left, I discharged the Hearse and its Attendance, having told them, that another Hearse was to meet me there, and so setting the Coffin upon the Ground, they went their Way. Here, with a just Solemnity of Tears, I buried my deceased Friend, laying the Coffin on one Side with his Face towards the sacred Repository at *Mecca*, that he may awake again with his Eyes directly against the golden Gate at the Entrance into Paradise.

And now I am a disconsolate Mourner indeed; condole with me, my Friend *Hassan*, and deliver the Letter here inclosed to the *Reis Effendi*, that I may obtain another Successor, and may not die here among *Mahomet*'s Enemies, and my Dust be blended with that of Infidels, Enemies to *Mahomet*, Blasphemers and Idolaters.

Think of *Mahmut*, O you my Friends, who have the Joy of being surrounded with the Temples of the Faithful, and who say your Prayers

in their just Courses, to the great Prophet, and to the great One God, the common Father of all the true Mussulmans; think what it is to be excluded from the Society of the Blessed, and left to starve here with the Hunger of disappointed Expectations.

Paris, *5th Day of the 2d Moon, of the Year* 1693.

LETTER IV.

To the Mufti.

THESE *Nazarens* are the most addicted to Fiction and Forgery of any People that ever I met with; it is a received Custom among them, that whenever they have to do with any Sect or Opinion of People, differing from their own, the first thing they go about is, to represent them as monstrous and unnatural, either in Person or in Principle, or perhaps in both; dressing them up in ridiculous Shapes, and imposing a Thousand Stories about them upon the Credulity and Ignorance of the Vulgar, that they may entertain immoveable Prejudices and Aversions against the Persons and Principles they profess.

It would amaze thee, illustrious Prince of Wisdom, to hear what absurd romantick Tales, what imaginary Histories, and what innumerable forged Stories, they tell of our sublime Pro-

Prophet *Mahomet*; in what Colours they represent him, and the sacred Institutions of our Law, which we are satisfied were handed from Heaven to us by his Ministration.

What fabulous Miracles they muster up to be pretended by him; how he used Sorcery and Witchcraft, and feigned the Inspiration of the Spirit of God by the Help of a Pidgeon; how his Tomb, in which is his Coffin, hangs suspended in the Air between Heaven and Earth; and what strange Inspirations and Agitations he was represented by to his Followers; all which the true Mussulmans disown, and take no Notice of.

We have a famous Instance of this just now among themselves in the Court of their horrible Inquisition, where they dress the People up whom they determine to the Flames, in Coats painted all over with Devils and tormenting Spirits, to fill the Minds of the People with Horror and Detestation at the poor Victims; determining them to be Enemies to God and his Church, hating and abhorring them as such, without enquiring into any thing of which they are accused.

There is another Example of their Injustice in the Story of Father *Molinos*, a Dervice of great Fame among them, and who they call the Quietist; because he placed the Sum of Religion in the secret Contemplations of the great One God, and declared against the Pageantry of Worship with which the *Nazarens* abound.

I cou'd not doubt but thou wouldst be pleased with some Account of this extraordinary Man, of his Principles, and of his End, which has been in the Prisons of the Inquisition, where he was condemn'd to remain during

Life; his Name was *Michael de Molinos*, a *Spaniard* by Birth, and of a very good Family and Fortune.

He betook himself to study from his Youth, wrote several Books before he commenc'd a Dervice or Priest. In the Year 1625. he publish'd one of these Books under the Title of the *Spiritual Guide*, which won him the Esteem of several Cardinals, or such as afterwards were made Cardinals; as the Cardinals *Coloredo*, *Attieri*, *Petrucii*, (the last of which *Molinos* call'd his *Tomotheus*) *Cassanata*, *Azolini*, and *Carpegna*, together with Cardinal *d'Estrees*, who, of all the rest, was he who most familiarly visited him, and shew'd him most Affection, and Tenderness; but at last betrayed him. This Book he wrote argues very strenuously against *Penances*, *Mortifications*, *Visions*, *Extasies*, *vocal Prayers*, the Abuses of Confession, and the Insipidness of Catholick Sermons and Books; and, in a Word, against all their ecclesiastick Frippery, by which they carry on the Cheat of their Religion at *Rome* among the People, and from whence they spread the Fraud over the World.

The next Year Cardinal *Odeschalchi* being created Pope, under the Name of *Innocent* XI. was no sooner install'd, but he gave apparent Marks of his Friendship to *Molinos*, by open Familiarity with him, lodging him in the *Vatican*, and conversing with him on Affairs of the greatest Consequence, which acquir'd him the Respect of all Men; and his Method was so applauded at *Rome*, that except the Jesuits, the most Part of the Confessors followed it, and caused their Penitents to quit their Rosaries, and betake themselves to mental Prayers, and a contemplative Life. Cardinal *d'Estrees* also,

also, that he might contribute to the Propagation of this Doctrine, caused to be translated out of *French* into *Italian* a certain Book, entitul'd, *An easie way to raise a Soul to Contemplation*; and at the same Time Father *Petrucis* publish'd several Letters, and some Treatises upon the same Subject. If ever there was any real Danger that the *Nazarens* should return to the first Principles of their Prophet Jesus, and worship God in the Spirit; if ever the Fraud of Popes and Cardinals was in a way to be effectually overthrown; in a Word, if ever the Popes and popish Tribe were like to turn Hugonots, now was the Time; but the Jesuits, who were too cunning not to see the Danger, and to ward off the Blow, finding the new Doctrine of *Molinos* get Ground, and that all People forsook the *Confessionals*, thought it Time to lay about them; and therefore taking the Alarm, in behalf of Religion, they first branded *Molinos* for a Heretick, and accused him for denying the Trinity, so they call their Doctrine of three Persons or as we call it, of three Gods; maliciously inferring, that his Maxims tended to the destroying the Humanity of their Prophet Jesus; they likewise insinuated, that he was an Enemy to Prayer, because he affirmed, *that the Perfection of the Soul consisted not in speaking, nor in thinking of God, but in the loving him after an extraordinary Manner*: They accused him that he made all Christians indifferent, because he adds, *that Men ought not to disturb themselves when they fall into any Transgression; but to make their Advantage of it*: This was occasioned by a Prayer which he calls a Prayer of *Quietude*, and the Maxim they called Heresie, is now called *Quietism*. These Accu-

ſations, and ſome others, made ſuch a Noiſe, that the Inquiſition took Cognizance of 'em; but the Office for that Time found nothing blame-worthy in *Molinos*, or in his Doctrine; beſides, the Pope gave a Biſhoprick to Father *Petrucii*, who was one of *Molinos*'s moſt zealous Diſciples. This put the Jeſuits almoſt out of their Wits; ſo that they cauſed a Report to be whiſper'd about, that the Biſhop being a *Spaniard*, he might as well be of the Race of the *Jews*; but this did not hinder the Number of the *Quietiſts* from encreaſing every Day.

However, as I ſaid above, the Cardinal *de Eſtrees* influenced, it ſeems, from hence; for the Jeſuits have all the Power here in *France*, betrayed him, and from his greateſt Friend, became his Accuſer and Enemy, and left not till he got him into the Priſons of the Inquiſition, where he ended his Days; for it is no eaſie thing for any Man to get out of ſuch Hands, when he is once abandon'd of his Protectors, let his Quality be what it will, or his Innocence ever ſo clear.

I think this Man was brought to the Entrance of Truth, and had he been enlightened by the Beams of *Churuth*, and the bleſſed Viſion of *Atluzared*, the Angel of Paradiſe; had he been guided ſo, as to come into the Society of the Faithful, he would have been a juſt and a wiſe Man, qualified for the immortal Contemplations of *Haarimut*, and the Plains of Illumination; but as he was ſo near the Truth, it could not be expected that he ſhould eſcape the Perſecutions of the Sons of Error.

Enlightened Guide to immortal Truth, bleſs the Eyes of thoſe, who, ſearching after ſublime Contemplation, are raiſed above the Enjoy-

ments

ments of Life, and give themſelves up to the Enquiry after exalted Wiſdom.

Paris, 4th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1693.

LETTER V.

To the Grand Vizier.

THE Devil muſt certainly deal with the *French* Kings Generals, whether the *French* King deals with the Devil or no, that I cannot tell. It is true, his new great General, the Duke of *Luxemberg*, of whom I am now to ſpeak, has been charg'd with it, and many Accounts have been made publick about his being a Sorcerer, that he was invulnerable, and that the Devil had engaged to keep him free from Sword and Gun for a certain Term of Years.

I do not affirm theſe things; but as it is certainly true, that the *Nazarens* have ſome People among them ſo abandon'd of Heaven, as to enter into ſecret Compacts with Hell, what Wonder if thoſe, who are already deluded into Infidelity, ſhould be capable of the Extremes of all Deluſions, and outdo thoſe Nations in Wickedneſs who never heard of a divine Law, or a ſovereign divine Being.

But

But to return to the Duke of *Luxemberg*, they do not indeed ſtick to ſay here, that he is a Witch or Wizard, and that he has a ſecret infernal Correſpondence; but they do not ſay that he is any forwarder for that to expoſe himſelf to Sword or Gun, or to venture his Fleſh farther than other Generals when he comes to Action.

But he does the greateſt things in the Field, and is ſo much Maſter of Fortune, that the amaz'd People ſtand and look on with Surprize, and ſay, he deals with the Devil. He has now given the greateſt Blow to the Confederates that ever they have yet received, and, contrary to the Expectations of all the World, has firſt drawn the confederate Army into that irrecoverable Overſight of dividing their Army, and then forcing them to fight with an Inequality of Forces.

The King of *England*, who is now very juſtly eſteemed the greateſt General the Confederates have, has been always forward to bring the *French* to a Battle; eager to fight, but vigilant not to be taken at an Advantage; but however vigilant, he was, the Duke, has overreached him: The two Armies lay encamp'd upon the little *Mehaign*, a River on that Side of the *Netherlands* next to *Namure*, their Numbers about 70000 Men on a Side, not much odds on one Side or other.

The *French* General having taken *Huy* before the Confederates could come up to relieve it, made evident Shews of attacking the City of *Liege*, where there was a Garriſon; but as the Place was large, and not capable of Defence, the King of *England* ſent away, in ſeveral Detachments, about 16 Battallions of Men, with Orders to encamp under the Cannon of the Town, and for-

fortifie themſelves, which they did ſo ſtrongly as not to be attack'd, but in the Forms of a Siege: The Duke made ſhew of falling upon them with his whole Army, and in the mean time the Mareſchal *d'Harcourt* lay with a Body of 11000 Men as a flying Camp, poſted at a Diſtance from the Army towards *Huy*; and this obliged the King of *England* alſo to make another ſtrong Detachment to watch his Motions.

Theſe Detachments reduced the Confederate Army to about 52000 Men; the D. of *Luxemberg* taking hold of this Advantage faces about with his whole Army, at the ſame Time giving ſecret Orders to the Mareſ. *d'Harcourt* to decamp with all poſſible Secrecy with his Cavalry only, which were 32 Squadrons, and join him, which he perform'd ſo well, as to come up in the Heat of the Battle, while the other Body ſent to obſerve him knew nothing of his March.

Thus every thing conſpir'd to give the *French* the Advantage: The confederate Army, tho' inferior in Number, was compoſed of ſome of the choiceſt Troops in thoſe Parts of the World, pick'd ſelect Regiments out of all the Nations concern'd, and led on by the greateſt Generals they had, ſuch as the Prince of *Orange*, whom the World now calls King of *England*, tho' we do not here give him that Title; a Prince whoſe Courage and Gallantry they ſpeak very well of here, tho' they hate his Perſon; alſo the Elector of *Bavaria* was there, and a World of Princes and Noblemen of all the Nations concern'd in the War.

They had about half a Day's Notice of the Battle, and ſome blam'd the King that he did not retreat, but in Truth he had not Time; for the *French* would have been upon him before

fore it had been possible to have carried off his Cannon and Baggage, and would have put all in Confusion; so he resolved to fight.

Nothing more surpriz'd the *French*, than to find, that when they view'd the Confederate-Army over Night, they saw them drawn up in Battalia in the open Field; but in the Morning, when the Fight was to begin, found them entrench'd up to the Teeth, with a regular Parapet in Front, and in a Posture not to be attack'd without infinite Disadvantage.

Then it was that the Duke was advised to retire, and give it over; but he was gone too far to retreat with Honour, and resolved to attack them cost what it would.

Never was a more terrible Fight; 'tis in vain to describe it to thee, it would take up a Book, not a Letter. The Attacks were so furious, the Defence so resolute and obstinate, that nothing that is humane can be supposed to do more; the *French* found every Avenue so guarded, every Regiment so well posted, seconded and supported, that they saw it impossible to penetrate any where but in one Village, and there the Flower of the Confederate-Troops were posted; so that the Resistance was terrible.

They attack'd this Village with such Fury, that they drove out or cut in pieces all the Troops posted there; but in a Moment fresh Troops attack'd them again, and drove them out with the same Fury and Slaughter.

Judge, illustrious *Ali*, thou who hast seen the most bloody Attacks, and the most obstinate Defences at *Buda*, *Belgrade*, and all the other great Actions of the War in *Hungary*, where thou so often hast repell'd the Fury of the *Germans*, to their Confusion; judge what

Slaughter

Slaughter muſt be the Conſequence of taking and loſing this Village three times in this Manner in the Space of about five Hours.

At laſt the Duke of *Luxemberg* putting the Sum of the whole Battle upon this one Action, came on the third Time, and carried the Village, ſuccouring his Troops ſo well, and ſupporting them with ſuch Numbers, that they could not be diſlodg'd; and when the King of *England* would have attack'd them again, he found ſome of his beſt Troops ſo diſcouraged by the Danger of the Service, that they did not do their Duty, nay, as it is ſaid, refuſed to march.

Upon breaking in here, the Duke of *Bavaria* preſs'd the King to give it over, who was himſelf leading up his own Guards, *Engliſh* and *Dutch*, to drive the *French* back; but the Duke aſſuring the King that the *French* had entered ſo many Troops that it was impoſſible to remove them, prevailed on him, with much Difficulty, to make a Retreat before the Troops were puſh'd into Diſorder; upon which the King immediately ordered the left Wing of his Army to draw off, and with his uſual Preſence of Mind made a deſperate Stand in the Rear till they were quite clear off the Field of Battle.

But his Right had not ſuch good luck; for the *French* having driven them from their Poſts, and having form'd themſelves in two Lines within the Entrenchments, no ſooner ſaw them begin their Retreat, but they attack'd them with ſuch Vigour, that they put them into the utmoſt Confuſion; eſpecially the Cavalry, who coming to a little River, which was in their Rear, called the *Geet*, and the Bridges not being able to receive them, they tumbled into

it

it one over another, that tho' there was ſcarce Water enough to drown them, they were rather ſtifled in the Mud with the Weight of one another, than drowned in the Water.

Several whole Squadrons ſeeing the Conſequence of attempting to paſs the River, choſe rather to face about and charge again; but there being nothing but Deſperation in ſuch an Attempt, they were all cut in pieces.

In ſhort, the *French* have an entire Victory; they have taken 76 Pieces of Cannon, 8 Mortars, above a Hundred Colours, Standards, and Kettle-Drums, with all their Carriages, Ammunition, and Baggage, five General Officers, 200 other Officers, and 2000 Soldiers; and we are told that the Enemy has left 12000 Men kill'd on the Field of Battle, beſides the wounded, which are at leaſt as many.

This Victory is ſo much the more glorious to *France*, becauſe the Confederates lay ſo much Streſs upon the Goodneſs of the Troops, and the Conduct of the King of *England*, that they thought it impoſſible they ſhould be beaten; but that Confidence has often times been the Ruin of great Armies.

It is true, the Loſs of Men is exceeding great in the *French* Army, and eſpecially among the Officers, of whom they have loſt abundance, and a great many even of the King's own Blood are wounded; for the terrible Conflict in the Village, and the Manner in which they carried on the Attack, was ſuch, that their Loſs of Men muſt be very great.

They own here the Loſs of 5286 Men killed and wounded; but others ſpeak of three Times that Number.

Let

Let the Infidels fight, and tear one another to Pieces, that the Faithful may triumph over them; but Peace be in the illustrious Port for ever.

——————————*Pax optima Rerum,*
Quas homini novisse datum est. ——

Paris, 10th *of the* 8th *Moon,*
of the Year, 1693.

LETTER VI.

To the Selictar Aga, or Chief Sword-Bearer to the Sultan Achmet, *Lord of the illustrious among Men, Prince of the Kings of the three Corners of the Earth.*

THERE is not a more empty and insignificant Pageantry on Earth than this the *Nazarens* make such a Noise about the World with, (*viz.*) about Orders of Knighthood.

Old Sultan *Saladine,* the happy Leader of the victorious Mussulman, exposed the *Nazaren* Knights to the last Degree of Ridicule and Laughter. In the Account of his glorious Victories over the enthusiastick Crowds, rather than Armies, of those Fools that pretended to fight

fight for the Sepulchre of Jesus, had several of these sort of People Prisoners in his Armies, who caused them to be led about in Chains, with all their Trumpery, their Crosses, their Caps, their Mantles and Sashes, and afterwards hang'd them; they carried always such a ridiculous Weight of Trophies and Badges of one sort or another, as render'd them more like Porters, bearing a vast Burthen on their Backs, than Men prepared to buckle with an Adversary.

One of these, a Prince by Birth, and of a Sovereign Title, was taken by one of the Sultan's Dwarfs, and for the Honour of the pigmy Soldier, *Saladine* caused him to lead his Prisoner by a Halter tied about his Neck through the *Saracen* Camp; in a Word, they were at last a Shame to their own People, and have been with good Reason wholly extirpated, except a sorry Remain of them at the Island of *Maltha*, where they fled after the immortal *Solyman*, the magnificent Emperor of the Mussulmans, drove them from the Isle of *Rhodes*.

Here, (*viz.*) at *Maltha*, they live by Rapin, Piracy, and Mock-Piety, and carry on the Cheat of their Knighthood among those that please to be cheated; but at present their Reputation is very low.

But however, the first Contrivers of these honorary Trifles have sunk, the thing it self remains; and the *Nazarens* are so fond of it, that there is now scarce a Nation without what they call their Order of Knighthood; the King of *Spain* and the Emperor have that of the golden Fleece, the King of *England* the Garter, and the King of *France* a blasphemous Order, called Knights of the Holy Ghost. I could say much of the Impiety of it, if I were one of those

who

who believe the Divinity of the Holy Ghost; but that is not to the Case before me.

The Order of the Garter, which is that of the King of *England*, is a merry Institution, and sounds well enough, being conceived in a Frolick of one of their King's, dancing with a Lady, who drop'd a blue Ribband from her Leg, which they call a *Garter*, which the amorous King took up, and wore over his Shoulder; which blue Ribband is, to this Day, the chief Ornament of the Order; this last Month it was sent as a mighty Piece of Honour to the Elector of *Saxony*, who received the gawdy Trifle with wonderful Acknowledgments, and all possible Ceremony, wearing the blue Ribband above his Cloaths wherever he goes.

The like Compliment the King of *Spain* has made to Prince *Lewis* of *Baden*, of the Order of the golden Fleece; and that great Warriour walks about wirh the Image of a dead Sheep hanging about his Neck. One would think these People were mad, that upon every Whimsie make the meanest Animals the Trophy of Honour to them, as in their Heraldry, another of their sumptuary Whimsies, one carries a Goat's Head for his Device, another a Bunch of Hops; and an eminent Family in *England*, I have heard, give three Owles for their Emblem or Coat of Distinction, which Bird they nevertheless esteem as the most contemptible. Another great Family here shews a Crab, and another yet greater, a Ladder, to say nothing of their Veneration to a Cross, which is to them the highest of all Ensigns, tho' it be nothing less or more than a Gibbet or a Wheel, is (*viz.*) an Engine of Horror and Death.

But to go back to the Order of the *dead Sheep*; for so it ought to be called. I shall give thee from

from their Histories a Summary of its Antiquity and Institution, and that in few Words, and leave the ridiculous Part to thy wiser Observation.

The Order of the golden Fleece was instituted at *Bruges* by *Philip the good*, Duke of *Burgundy*, in the Year 1429. who commanded that all who were admitted into this Order should carry, in a Collar composed of Steel, flint Stones, and St. *Andrew*'s Crosses, the Representation of a Sheep; the *Spaniards* generally believe that this Order was instituted in Honour of the holy Virgin and St. *Andrew*, by Reason of an Apparition of an Angel that appeared to a certain Countryman, and gave him a Fleece of Gold, commanding him withal to raise Forces under that Standard, and so exspel the *Moors* out of *Spain*. Others believe it to have been instituted in Memory of the great Gain which the Dukes of *Burgundy* got by Wool. Others, in Remembrance of *Gideon*'s Fleece, who, with Three Hundred Men, defeated the whole Army of the *Midianites*: The Chymists will have it to be a chymical Mystery, in Imitation of the famous golden Fleece of the Ancients, which the most Refined in that Art say was no more than the Secret of their Elixir written in Parchment. Others pretend, that it owes the Institution of it to the fishing for Gold in some Rivers of *Spain*, at which Time they used to fling a Sheep's Fleece into the Water, and after it had lain a little while, draw it up again, and picked out the Grains of Gold that stuck to the Wool, which was practis'd formerly by the Inhabitants of *Calchis*, who by that Means became so rich, that they drew the covetous *Argonauts* to invade them and make themselves Masters of their Wealth; but they who imagine:

gine that all these Orders owe their Originals to the Gallantries of Princes, affirm, that it was in Memory of a Lady's Combings, whose Hair was extreamly white, and with whom *Philip the good* was passionately in Love; however it were, it is a very ancient and honourable Order, in Regard that the King of *Spain* not only wears it himself, but presents it to Foreign Princes: The Habit of the Order is a Coat of Cloth of Silver, a Mantle of Crimson Velvet, and a Hood of Violet colour'd Velvet.

Happy the inspired Genius of the Faithful, who, despising this taffety Glory, establish their Names on the Basis of Virtue, and make themselves truly great by their own heroick Actions, leaving the Praise of their Deeds to the Trophies and Garlands of the inlighten'd Train of Beauties in the Garden of Pleasure, who despise the Ensigns of temporary Honour, expecting a sublimer Fame among the Millions of Heroes, whose Blood has raised the Mussulmans Empire above the Songs or the Tongues of Men; and whose Merit seeming to lie in the Dust of Oblivion, shall rise like a Comet, resound in Glory, and enlighten with its Lustre the Vallies of Beauty in the Garden of Pleasure.

Paris, *the 15th of 6th Moon, of the Year* 1693.

LET-

LETTER VII.

To Mustapha Osman, *a Dervice of* Adrianople, *his Friend.*

HERE is such a Tale of *Nazaren* Superstition told here just now as thou hast not heard of, I believe, in many Years; and as I dare affirm, may challenge all the Follies of the blindest Ages of Paganism in the World to shew any thing like it.

Thou art no Stranger to the Manner of the *Nazaren*'s Devotion, having lived among them so long at *Vienna*, where they are as devout, that is, as superstitious as any where; among the rest of their Fopperies, thou knowest they make *Allazehiah*, or consecrate a little Bit of Wafer, or Bread, which they persuade the People to believe; mark, I do not say they believe it themselves, I say they persuade the People to believe that this Piece of Bread is turned, by the Crossings and Mutterings of Words which they use over it, into the Substance, the very Body, Bones, Blood and Flesh of the Son of *Mary*, who they worship and call their Saviour.

In a Word, I speak it with Horror, they call this consecrated Wafer the real God that made them and the whole Globe of Heaven and Earth; and this Trifle of their own making they adore, as if Jesus the Son of *Mary* were really there. Were this Jesus, who they call their Prophet, to come down from the Mansions of Paradise, where he is surrounded with

with Glory inconceivable, with the four mighty Prophets that went before him, and where we believe our great Prophet ſhines in unſufferable Light with him; I ſay, were he to deſcend hither, and ſee what a paltry Demi-God they ſubſtitute in his Place, and what Adoration they pay to it in his ſtead, he would certainly ſcourge this Idol out of his Worſhip, and out of the Moſchs of his Worſhippers, as he did the Pawn-Brokers out of the Temple at *Jeruſalem*.

But to return to the Biggotry of the *Nazarens*. It was near a City called *Bruges* in *Flanders*, where the Scene I am to repreſent to thee was laid: A certain ſacrilegious Wretch, who had, thou mayeſt be ſure, leſs Veneration for the Son of *Mary* than for the golden Pix, ſo they call the Veſſel in which theſe conſecrated Gods are placed, and left upon the Altar in their Moſchs; or if not ſo, did not perhaps believe the Truth of the Prieſts Allegations, (*viz.*) that God was laid up in the little Gold Box upon the Altar; I ſay, this Thief having more Mind to the Gold, than Veneration for the thing repoſited, broke into the Moſch in the Night, and ſtole it away.

The City, thou mayeſt imagine, was in a great Uproar upon the Diſcovery of ſuch a dreadful Crime; the Moſch or Church was interdicted for 60 Days, and ſhut up, being eſteemed unclean after a Wretch ſo impious had ſet his Foot in it. The Gates of the City were immediately ſhut, as if a Murtherer had been to be ſearch'd for; and the ſtrict Enquiry was ſuch, that it was impoſſible the Criminal could eſcape.

When he was apprehended, the main thing which was enquired of was, what he had done

done with the Deity, as they esteemed it to be, which the Man, not without torturing to Extremity, at length confess'd he had thrown into a House of Office.

This was received with the utmost Amazement and Surprize; the Criminal was put to Death with most exquisite Torment, being broken alive upon the Wheel, after his Flesh had been first torn with burning Pinchers.

But that which is behind is more strange still; for no sooner was it known where the Wretch had cast the Host, so they call the consecrated Wafer I have named to thee; but the People flock'd Day and Night to the unclean Place, to say their Prayers to the Idol, swallowed up in Excrement; they continued this stinking Devotion with such Zeal, that the finest Ladies were not ashamed to be seen kneeling in that nasty Place, and crowding one another almost to Death to get in; nay, if any one had fallen in; for it was a deep Vault, I believe they would have esteemed it meritorious of Heaven; nor would they have suffered the Filth to have been wiped off of their Clothes, least any Part of the holy Article should have been mingled with it.

In a Word, the whole City concerned themselves in the thing, and to expiate the Offence which was committed within their Walls, they caused the Vault, full of Filth as it was, to be arched over, and a Chappel to be built there, which is actually done, and thither the biggotted Citizens go to say their Prayers Morning and Evening.

Righteous *Osman*, view the Enthusiasm of blinded Zeal in these Infidels, with a just Abhorrence, and rejoice in paying a more pure Devotion to the great One God in the Moschs of

of the Faithful; surely the *Nazarens* have forgotten the Institutes of their great Prophet, wherein he taught them a more reasonable Service, and are worshiping a worse God than ever the *Egyptians* did.

But nothing is more true, than that Ignorance accompanying Devotion will lead Men to do the meanest, vile and loathsome things, if they are but once perswaded it is meritorious, as these *Nazarens* believe: If ever these People are accepted by their great Prophet upon the Merit of these Devotions, Jesus, the Son of *Mary*, must be a meaner Person than even we, the Followers of *Mahomet*, believ'd him to be.

Paris, 10*th of the* 4*th Moon*,
of the Year 1693.

LETTER VIII.

To Muley Hamet Mahomozzi, *an* Egyptian *at* Medina, *a Master in the Study of Magic.*

THOU knowest, old Friend *Muley*, that I always condemned the Art thou hast so many Years made thy Study; that I thought it an unperforming romancing Piece of Froth; that I recommended to thee rather the Study of Antiquity and History, and to restore to the World the first Ages of the *Arabs*, and the mighty Wars and magnanimous Deeds of our Ancestors the *Saracens*; the founding their glorious Empire, since devolved upon the invincible Sultan, our glorious Emperor, upon whose Head be Ten Thousand Years of Joy in the bright Paths of Paradise.

Otherwise I recommended to thy capable Genius the Study of Astronomy, the Search into the Motions, Magnitude, Distance, Revolutions, and Eclypses of all the heavenly Bodies; but to turn Sorcerer and Magician in thy old Age, and to have all those illuminated Parts which formed thy Genius, and made thee capable of mounting thy Thoughts up to Heaven; I say, to have these all sink down to Hell; and instead of ranging through the shining Mazes of Light in the Summits of Paradise, be groping continually in the Darkness of Tophet, where you can have no Light but that of the infernal Pit, no Oracle but that of the Arch-Devil Beelzebub, and in which thy highest Qualification or Acquirement must be that of bringing evil Tidings to the World; this is an unaccountable Folly.

But I found thee obstinate and unpersuadable, so I left thee to go on till old Age and Experience should bring thee to see thy self in the wrong, and that all the wonderful Pretences thou hast made to the Knowledge of hidden things, amount to no more than the Tale of a roasted Horse.

And now after thirty Years Study, and all the Searches thou hast made into the dark Regions of Horror; after all thy Acquaintance with the Inhabitants of the Air, and with the World of Spirits; here's a Device among the *Nazarens*, that, I dare say, has outdone thee in all that thou hast not only arrived to thy self, but in all that thou hast ever heard of that any one else arriv'd to; nay, I much question whether the Prince of evil Spirits himself, were he permitted to assume humane Shape, could act the like amazing things as this Man has done.

It

It is a Religieuse, or a Student, as he calls himself, of the City of *Leon*, who carries about with him a shaking Rod: I fancy it sometimes to be just such another as that miraculous Rod which *Moses* carried in his Hand when he stretched it out to bring Plagues and Desolation upon thy Forefathers the *Egyptians*. This Priest, by the Means of this Rod or Wand, discovers Treason, Conspiracies, Murther, and Robbery; finds out lost Treasure, forgotten Land; marks secret Adulteries; and, in a Word, detects all sorts of Fraud, Lying, and malicious, false Accusations.

It was presently said this Man dealt with the Devil, and they talk'd of burning him for a Wizard or Familiar; but he confounded them with asking, whether it was the Devil's Business to detect Crimes, or to prompt Men to Crimes; to do good, or to do evil; intimating, that his Rod was qualified to expose Wickedness, discover all sorts of Villanies, and bring Offenders to Justice; but had no Power to prompt or encourage any thing that was evil. And this saved the Man from Censure.

There is no more doubt of the Truth of his Performance, than there is possibility of guessing by what Means it is performed; he is now in this City, where he does Wonders, and the World is astonish'd at him. Monsieur, the King's Brother, hid a great Parcel of Money in his Garden, and sunk a Steel-Box with some Jewels in a Fountain of Water; but the shaking Wand discovered both immediately. The Princess of *Conde* discovered by it a Servant who had stollen several Pieces of Plate from her Toilette, particularly two large Silver Candlesticks, tho' the Robbery had been

committed almost three Years before. It is impossible to question the Truth of the Stories they tell of this Man, and his wondrous Rod, unless one would doubt the whole City, and believe every one you meet a Party to the Fraud.

For my Part, I know not what to think of this Man; for as above, there is no denying the Facts he performs, so there is no resolving how he performs it.

I know the Southsayers and Diviners of the *East*, the wise Men of thy Country, and the Magicians of *Persia*, used a Wand in all their Performances of this Nature; also we find in many ancient Writings, that the *Scythians*, the *Sarmatians*, and the *Thracians*, and many other Nations, used Divinations and Sorceries by Twigs and Rods, in the same or like Manner as this *Leontine* does.

The *Goths* also retain'd this Custom; whether they received it from the ancient *Scythians* or not, I know not; but I find it crept in among the *Huns*, and perhaps march'd round through those desolate Parts of the World which are now call'd *Muscovy*, into *Laponia* and the *North*, where nothing is more certain than that they raise Storms and Calms, and cause the Winds to blow this Way or that, as the Mariners please or pay them, and that they do it by crossing little Switches or Wands in wild and irregular Motions to those Quarters from whence they will have it blow.

This Rabdomantick Art, or divining by Rods, I thought had been dropt out of the World, but they assure me here, that when *Gustavus Adolphus*, King of *Sweden*, made War in *Germany*, the *Swedish* Soldiers would, with Rods, find out the Treasure which the Monks hid in

their Churches and Convents, in Vaults and Places under Ground, where nothing but such an Art could do it.

For my Part, I have so little Faith in these things, that I cannot give the Credit to it that others do; tho' at the same Time I must confess I cannot detect any Falacy yet in it; tho' sometimes I begin to think there must be some *Legerdemain* in it, which no Body could yet find out, but which would, in Time, discover it self, as such things generally do: The rest I must leave to Time. But I dare say thou wilt confess thou art outdone by this Man, and perhaps will say it is impossible to be true; but for that there is no Room for Question; because there is no Argument against Demonstration.

Paris, 20th *of the* 4th *Moon*,
of the Year 1693.

LETTER IX.

To the Kaimacham.

THE good Fortune of the King of *France* is now indeed returned; and tho' he did not make the Advantage of the Spring, as he usually did, and undertook nothing early, yet the Successes which have flow'd in upon him since, have abundantly made him amends. In *Flanders*, he has gain'd the most glorious Victory that ever he yet obtained in all his Reign; of which I have given thee a full Account; but as if this was not enough, the Successes of his Armies have been on every Side equal to it, in Proportion to the Forces engaged.

While the Armies in *Flanders* were preparing for that glorious Action, the Duke *de Lorge* passed the *Rhine* in *Germany*, ravaged the Frontiers of the Empire with as much Fury as ever a Hoord of *Tartars* made an Inroad into *Poland*, only that they did not covet so much the sweeping away of the People; for they do not sell Slaves in these Countries, except such as are brought from *Africk*, who they call *Negroes*.

In this Ravage they resolved to attack the City of *Hidleberg*, the Capital of one of the Electors of the *Nazaren* Empire, which they did: They push'd the Siege with such Fury on one Hand, and the Place was so ill defended on the other, that they took both the City and the Castle in a very few Days.

In taking this Castle, they were Masters of one of the finest Palaces in all these Parts of the World, the Seat of the Elector *Palatine*; the Buildings, the Furniture, the Paintings inimitably fine and inestimably rich; all which the Mareschal *de Lorge* caused first to be plunder'd by his Soldiers, and then burnt down to the Ground; for which all the World blamed him, and spoke of the Mareschal with great Tokens of Abhorrence.

But they tell us the Mareschal had express Orders from the King his Master for what he did; and the Reason they give for that is still a greater Satyr upon the King, (*viz.*) that he ordered the Castle and fine Palace at *Heidleberg* to be demolished; because it was the only Palace in the World that exceeded his new House at *Versailles*.

If this were true, I say, it was a great Satyr on the Pride and Ostentation of the King of *France*.

On the other Hand, the Baseness of the Gover-

vernour, who so ill defended this City, has been treated with that just Disgrace which such a Piece of vile Cowardice well deserves, and of which I send thee a particular Account, that thou mayest present to the Divan a Precedent commendable and very fit to be used upon such Officers, who being entrusted with Places of Importance, fail in their Duty, or basely give up the Fortresses of the Empire of the Faithful into the Hands of the Enemy.

The Governour of *Heidleberg* was the Baron *Heidesdorf*, a Major-General of the Emperor's Armies, a *Franconian* by Birth, of a good Family, one of the Knights of the Teutonick Order, and till now he was thought to have been a very good Officer; but his Cowardice and Surprize was proved plainly on a full Hearing before a Court Martial, and his Sentence was very severe; for they sentenc'd him to be beheaded, after being degraded of all his Honours, which was done with the utmost Disgrace.

The Execution was in this Form, (*viz*) He was carried to the House of the Teutonick Order, which is in *Hailbrun*, where he was clad in the Robes of one of the Knights, and then having both his Collar and his Cross taken from him, they struck him twice upon the Face with it; then the youngest Knight, taking him by the Arm, thrust him out of the House, and gave him two Kicks at the Door that leads into the Street. Nor was this all, but he was carried in a Tumbrel by the common Hangman to the Prince of *Baden*'s Camp, and after he had been a Spectacle to all the Army drawn up in Battalia on Purpose, he was lead up to a Scaffold, where he was to have lost his Head, as the Sentence imported; but as the Executioner was preparing to do his Du-

ty, there came a Reprieve, which gave him his Life, at the Intercession of the Teutonick Order, but still more Disgrace: for after the Hangman had girt his Sword about him, he took it from him again immediately, broke it in two, and gave him three Slaps with the flat Side of the Blade upon his Face. At the End of this ignominious Execution, he was declared banish'd out of the Circles of *Suabia*, *Franconia*, the *upper Rhine*, and *Austria*; to which Purpose the Hangman carried him in his Tumbrel beyond the *Neckar*, and there left him; where, as some Letters say, the Country-People, much more his Friends than they who begg'd his Life on such shameful Terms, in a few Days after, knock'd him on the Head; some say he requested a Boor, that is, a Country-Fellow, to do him that Office, as of Kindness, that he might not live to see his Disgrace.

Heroick Prince of the immortal Spahis, thou art well able to judge how much more agreeable Death must be to a Man of Honour than such Usage; and after all, they say the Baron was a Man of as much personal Bravery as any Man, and had distinguish'd himself with great Advantage upon many Occasions; however, being overpowered now with great Numbers, and seeing no Relief at hand, he unhappily misbehav'd at last.

It is necessary sometimes too to let the Weight of all fall upon one Head, to excuse others; for after all, they alledge that due Care was not taken to repair the Fortifications of the Place, or to give him a Body of Men able to have made a good Defence.

Happy the invincible Empire of the Mussulmans, where it never was known that any Governour, Aga, or Bassa, in the numerous

Ar-

Armies of the Grand Seignior, being entrusted with the Defence of any fortified Town, betray'd it to the Unbelievers; let the *Nazarens* testifie for us, and let it be spoken openly, what Characters they give here to the Honour of our Bassa's, Governours of *Buda*, *Newhausel*, *Gran*, *Canisia*, *great Waradin*, and *Belgrade*; and to the Blood those Sieges or Blockades have cost the Unbelievers before they got them, or any of them, into their Hands.

In this the Empire of our immortal Sultan is truly invincible, (*viz*) that nothing falls out of the Hands of his Slaves, the Leaders of his mighty Armies, but with all the Resistance and Defence that Honour and an inviolable Fidelity to their Master calls for from them.

I remember the glorious Defence thou madest at the first Siege of *Buda*, made famous under thy Government by the Bones the *Nazarens* left in Heaps under the Walls; for which inimitable Conduct thou art still honoured among thy Enemies, and advanced worthily to the Favour and Cabinet of the greatest Emperor in the World.

Paris, 11*th of the* 5*th Moon*,
of the Year 1693.

LETTER X.

To the Captain Bassa.

IN my last to thee, I gave an Account of a terrible Blow given to the *French* Naval Power by the *British* and *Dutch* in the great Battle at Sea, and the burning their Ships afterwards

wards in their own Harbour, thou mayest now see the Reverse.

Certainly what the *French* want in Force, they make up in Policy and in Vigilance: it was true that the *French*, though their Diligence in repairing their Navy was beyond all that the World thought possible, were not able to fight the *English* and *Dutch* Fleet joined together, who were no less than 80 Men of War of the Line; yet by their Vigilance and Dexterity in taking hold of the Advantage offer'd them, they have given the Confederates a terrible Blow at Sea; and had not the Confederates been very fortunate, even in this Disaster, the Blow had been much greater.

The *English* and *Dutch*, whose Trade is their Wealth, and the Fountain of their Strength, especially at Sea, had prepared a mighty Fleet of Merchant-Ships bound to *Portugal*, *Spain*, and the *Levant*, and to the august Port also, (the Receptacle of Nations) richly freighted with all sorts of Wealth, and rich Commodities, proper for those Parts.

This great Fleet contained above 400 Sail, and the grand Navy being ready to sail, it was thought convenient to take the Advantage of their Convoy as far as they could be had, which was to the Mouth of the Bay of *Biscay*. Here the said united grand Navy left the Merchants to proceed on their several Voyages, and left them about thirty Men of War to be their Convoy.

It was in an ill Hour the grand Fleet left them, the 10*th* of *June*; for the vigilant *French*, who watch'd for such a desirable Booty, and well knew where they would part, sailed about 4 Days before them from the Coast of *France* with 50 Men of War, and waited for them in

Le-

Legos Bay, and on the Coast of *Portugal* and *Spain*, about Cape St. *Vincent*, which they call here the Southward Cape.

About the 23*d* they took a small *French* Bark, who told them there was 18 *French* Men of War in *Legos* Bay; but the *English* having 30 Men of War, thought of a Booty rather than a Battle on that Account. On the 26*th* they began to discover some *French* Ships of War, being at that Time about Cape St. *Vincent*, and the next Day in the Morning they plainly perceived the whole *French* Fleet, to their great Surprize, and even Amazement. The *English* Admiral with 22 Men of War, discovering plainly the superior Strength of the *French*, shifted his Course westward, and having some Advantage of the Wind, made all the Sail they could, giving a Signal to the Merchant-Ships and to the *Dutch* Men of War to follow: Among the Merchant-Ships there was the greatest Consternation, imaginable every one cried out to his Fellow, we are all undone.

The *French* not regarding so much the Men of War, fell in among the Merchant-Men, who, every one endeavour'd to shift for themselves the best they could; and the Fleet being so very great, many got away; however, above Threescore and Six Sail were taken or burnt, most of them richly laden; two *Dutch* Men of War, after an obstinate Fight, were taken; four *English* Merchant-Ships immensly rich, bound to the happy Port, were sunk by the *French* after they were entered the Harbour of *Gibraltar*, and a *Dutch* Ship burnt.

In a Word, tho' it was next to miraculous that the *French* got no more Booty, yet the Loss to the *English* and *Dutch* amounts to many

Mil-

Millions of Livres, and the Consternation throughout those trading Nations is inexpressible.

The *Dutch* lost three Sultanas taken, and two burnt; the *English* two, and a Store-Ship, besides the Merchant-Ships.

This Action has reviv'd the Courage, and restor'd the Credit of the *French* Seamen, who, it was said, were very much dispirited at the last Year's Misfortune, and at the manifest Superiority of the Confederate Fleets: The Loss of the Confederates in Ships and in Goods is esteemed at 25 Millions of Livres, and the *French* say, that now they are even with the *English* for the burning their Men of War at *La-Hogue*.

The very same Hour almost that this News makes glad the People of *France*, they are rejoycing also on the Accounts of accumulated Victories over their Enemies on all Sides: on the *Rhine* they have push'd the *Germans* far into the Empire, defeated several of their Bodies, raised infinite Contributions upon the Circles, dismantled their Towns, and ravaged the Country.

In *Catalonia*, the *French* Army and Navy has carried *Roses* by a short Siege of eight Days by Sea and Land, and has ravaged the Country far and wide even to the Gates of *Barcelona*, which it is said they will also besiege.

Invincible Captain of a Thousand Sultanas, chief Admiral of the Armadas of the Faithful, thou knowest what it is to gain Victories, as well as to rejoice in them; the Triumphs of the *French* Nation are faint Emblems of the glorious Conquests of our invincible Emperor, in the Days when the Kingdoms of the World fell faster into their Hands than Towns do here into the Hands of *France*.

May

May Victories continue still to crown the Head of thy immortal Master, till, surrounded with inimitable Glory, he ascends to Paradise in the Arms of our great Prophet *Mahomet*, there to enjoy the Treasures of Peace in the Company of *Omar*, *Ekir*, and *Alibeker* the blessed, and shine like the Sun in the Strength of inexpressible Glory.

Paris, *17th of the 8th Moon, of the Year* 1693.

LETTER XI.

To the Grand Vizier.

I Am destin'd to write of nothing but Victories for this whole Year; if *France* goes on thus a little longer, *Lewis* XIV. and the bright Scepter of the invincible Race of *Ottoman* the glorious, whose Days be many, and his People prosperous, will meet on the Banks of *Danubius*, and share the Empire of the World between them.

I have thrice already written of the Victories of the *French* by Land and Sea: The taking of Cities and Towns, and a vast Extent of Dominions depending on them, are things too mean to engage a Pen which has the Wonders of this Reign to describe: *France* has crown'd the Campaign with another compleat Victory, and that over the Enemy of all the rest which most moved his Choler.

It had been a Mortification almost insupportable to the *French* Court, to find the little D of *Savoy*, a Prince, who, the King, could, at another

Time

Time have crush'd with one of his Fingers, insult him while his Hands were, as it were, tied by the Struggles he had with more significant Enemies. The Mareschal *Catinat* complained, in his Letters to the King, that while the Mareschal *de Luxemburgh* had still 135000 Men in *Flanders*, even after the Confederates were defeated at *Landen*, the Duke *de Lorge* 70000 Men on the *Rhine*, and no Enemy to fight with, and the Duke *de Noailles* 22000 in *Catalonia*, while the *Spaniards* durst not look him in the Face, he only (*Catinat*) should be left with a handful of Men, as if condemn'd to the Misery of seeing his Majesty affronted by the *Savoyard*, without Power to resist; and concludes his Letter with earnest Entreaties for Succours, or that the King would give him leave with 4000 Horse (that were with him, and that were made desperate with seeing the Ruine of their Country) to break into the Enemy's Armies, and die as became them with their Swords in their Hands.

At length the King gave Ear to the Mareschal's Importunities, and ordered the Duke *de Lorge* to make a Detachment of 12000 Men from *Alsace*, to march to *Italy*, among which were the *Gens d'Arms*, and other Troops of the Household; and at the same Time, the Campaign being over in *Catalonia*, the Duke *de Noailles* was ordered to detach 4000 Foot and 2000 Horse from that Side; and tho' the March was long, yet both those Detachments, together with 4000 Men from *Provence*, joined Monsieur *Catinat* almost together, and came in so good time, that he had an Opportunity to enter *Piedmont* just as the Duke of *Savoy*, grown haughty by his Success, pretended to bombard *Pignerol*.

The Duke hearing of the March of the *French*, drew off, and retreated to cover *Turin*, which the

the Mareſchal *Catinat* made him believe he would attack, and the two Armies met in the great Plain of *Marſeglia*, about five Leagues from *Turin*.

The Mareſchal, an old Soldier, who knew his Army was now equal at leaſt in Number, and ſuperior in Cavalry to the *Savoyard*, and whoſe Troops were ſufficiently provoked by the Ravages which the *Germans* and *Spaniſh* Troops in particular had made the Year before in *France*; for which they waited an Occaſion to pay them home; I ſay, the Mareſchal and his whole Army breathing nothing but Revenge, made no Stop, but as ſoon as they came up with their Enemies, let them ſee they muſt fight for it, and acrordingly lying but one Night in Reach of the Duke's Army, the next Morning he marched in full Battalia directly to their Camp, and fell upon them with ſuch Fury, that nothing could withſtand them.

It was obſerv'd, that the Cavalry in the *French* left Wing and the Infantry in the main Battle charg'd their Enemy Sword in Hand without firing a Gun; the Foot with their Handjars ſcrew'd on the Muzzles of their Pieces, a Method never practiſed before, coming up to the Teeth of the *Milaneſe* Troops, overturn'd all that ſtood in their Way; ſo that receiving their firſt Fire, and not firing at all themſelves, the Enemies were cut in pieces before they had time to charge their Muskets a ſecond time.

In ſhort, this daring Courage of the King of *France*'s Troops, diſpiritted the Duke of *Savoy*'s Troops to that Degree, that they could no where ſtand their Ground before the *French*; their Army is quite broken, above 9000 kill'd on the Spot, 2000 taken Priſoners, 34 Pieces of Cannon, all their Baggage, and 106 Colours and Standards taken by the *French*. In-

Invincible Prince of Generals, the Particulars of this Battle will assure thee how easily the *German* Cavalry are to be conquered: Not the Curiassers themselves, of whom such terrible things have been said, tho' arm'd and barb'd Man and Horse, were able to resist the *French Gens d'Arms* and Light Horse; who despising Armour, and neglecting their Carabines, charg'd naked into the Line of the *German* Horse, and by the dextrous Management of their Horses, and an invincible daring Courage, broke them in an instant, and cut them in pieces with their Swords only.

Glory attend the Armies of the illustrious resplendent Emperor of the World, led by thy experienc'd and victorious Hand. These Victories of the *French* will make way for thy Conquests, and the *Nazaren* Emperor shall no more be able to stand before thee, being obliged to call off his Armies to defend his imperial Palace from the conquering *French*, who, if no sudden and unexpected Accident intervene, will soon make the Walls of *Vienna* tremble.

While I am writing this to thee, News is come from the Duke of *Luxemburgh*, that he has convinc'd the World that the Victory he obtained at *Landen* was compleat, by his besieging *Charleroy* in the Face of the King of *England*'s Army, who pretended to be recruited again, but did not think fit to try their Hands in another Battle. The Town held out but 26 Days after the Trenches were open'd, and is surrender'd, which makes the Victories of the *French* this Year be no less than 13 in Number.

Paris, 12*th of the* 10*th Moon*,
of the Year 1693.

F I N I S.